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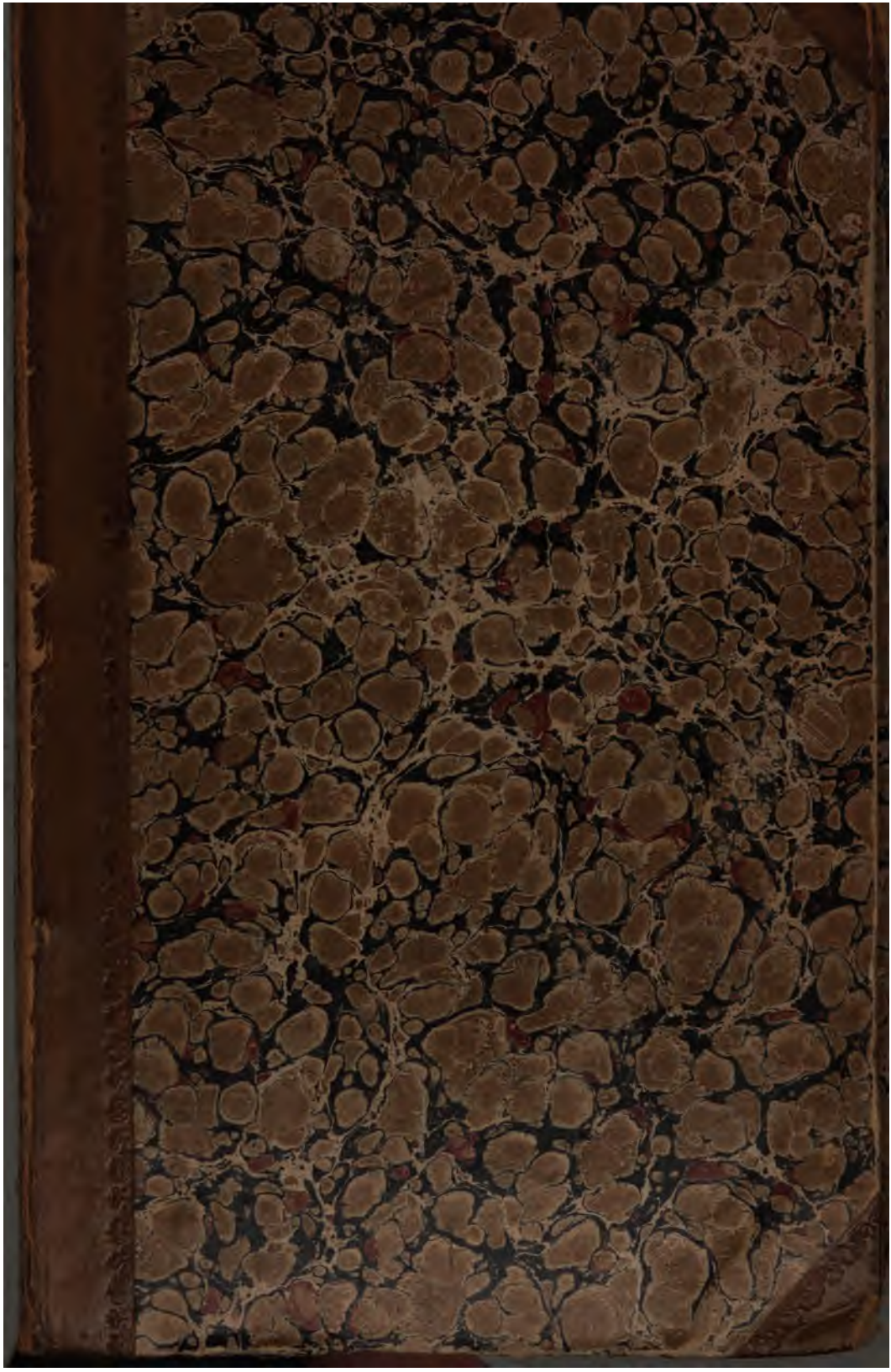

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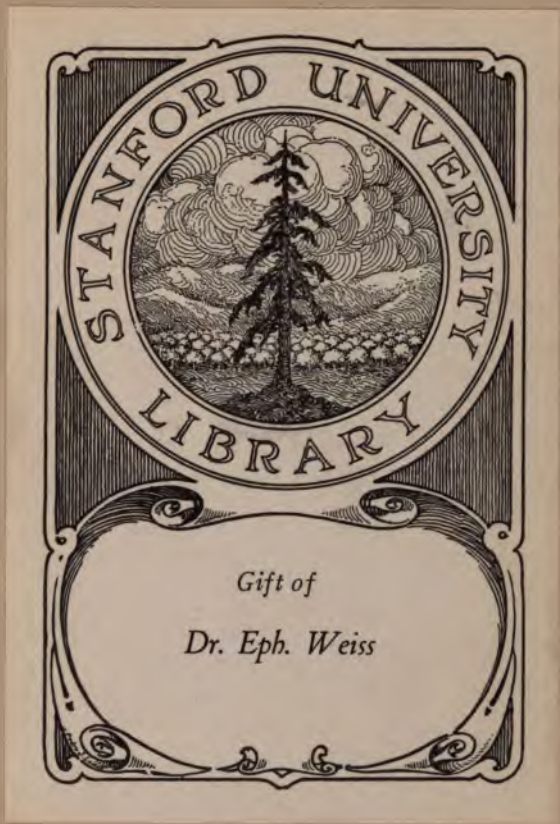

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THE

WORKS

OF

HANNAH MORE,

IN FOUR VOLUMES:

INCLUDING

SEVERAL PIECES NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

VOL. I.

Dublin:

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PREFACE.

WHATEVER objections may be urged against the literary character of the present day, it must however be allowed to exhibit an evident improvement in some material points. It is, for instance, no new observation, that vanity and flattery are now less generally ostensible even in the most indifferent authors than they were formerly in some of the best. The most self-sufficient writer is at length driven, by the prevailing sense of propriety, to be contented with *thinking* himself the prime genius of the age; but he seldom ventures to *tell* you that he thinks so. Vanity is compelled to acquire or to assume a better taste.

That spirit of independence also, which has in many respects impressed so mischievous a stamp on the public character, has perhaps helped to correct the style of Prefaces and Dedications. Literary patronage is so much *shorn of its beams*, that it can no longer enlighten bodies which are in them-

selves opake; so much abridged of its power that it cannot force into notice a work which is not able to recommend itself. The favour of an individual no longer boasts that buoyant quality which enables that to swim which by its own nature is disposed to sink. The influence of an Augustus, or a Louis Quatorze, of a Mecænas, a Dorset, or a Halifax, could not now procure readers, much less could it compel admirers for the panegyrist, if the panegyrist himself could command admiration on no better ground than the authority of the patron. The once dilated Preface is shrunk into plain apology or simple exposition. The long and lofty Dedication is (generally speaking) dwindled into a sober expression of respect for public virtue, a concise tribute of affection to private friendship, or an acknowledgment for personal obligation. It is no longer necessary for the dependant to be prophane in order to be grateful. No more are all the divine attributes snatched from their rightful possessor, and impiously appropriated by the needy writer to the opulent patron. He still makes indeed the eulogium of his protector, but not his apotheosis. The vainest poet of our day dares not venture, like him who has however so gloriously accomplished his own prediction, to say, in so many words, that his own work is more *sublime than the royal*

royal height of pyramids. Nor, whatever secret compact he may make for its duration, does he openly undertake to promise for his verse, that it shall flow *coequal with the rivers, and survive the established forms of the religion of his country.* The most venal poetic parasite no longer assures his protector, with "unhappy Dryden," that mankind can no more subsist without *his* poetry, (the Earl of Middlesex's poetry!) than the world can subsist without the daily course of Divine Providence. And it is but justice to the more sober spirit of living literature to observe, that our modesty would revolt (putting our sense and our religion out of the question), were a modern poet to offer even an imperial patron to pick and chuse his lodging among the Constellations; or, as some author has expressed it on a similar occasion, "to ask what "apartment of the Zodiac he would be pleased to "occupy."

So far at least our taste is reformed. And may we not venture to hope, from the affinity which should subsist between correct judgment and unadulterated principle, that our ideas of truth and manly integrity are improved also?

But it is time that I confine myself to the more immediate object of the present address, in which, in avoiding the exploded evil I have been reprobating,

probating, I would not affectedly run into the opposite, and perhaps prevailing extreme.

It may not, it is presumed, be thought necessary to apologize for the publication of this collection, by enumerating all the reasons which produced it. "Desire of friends" is now become a proverbial satire; the poet is driven from that once creditable refuge, behind which an unfounded eagerness to appear in print used to shelter itself; and is obliged to abandon the untenable forts and fastnesses of this last citadel of affectation. Dr. Johnson's sarcasm upon one plea will apply to all, and put to flight the whole hackneyed train of false excuses—"If the book were not written to be printed, I "presume it was printed to be read."

These scattered pieces, besides that they had been suffered to pass through successive Editions, with little or no correction, were, in their original appearance, of all shapes and sizes, and utterly unreducible to any companionable form. Several new pieces are here added, and most of the old ones considerably altered and enlarged. The third volume is preceded by its own apology. The "Essays" are omitted, as being a very juvenile production, and because the subjects of a few of them were analogous to some which have been taken up on higher ground and treated more in detail in the "Strictures on Female Education." If

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it should be questioned whether the Tales which occupy the second volume ought to have made a part of this Collection, I can only answer, that though in their original appearance it was found expedient to adopt a more than usually familiar manner, and colloquial style; yet, in all that relates to sentiment and principle, and the ends of general utility, I am not conscious of having, on any occasion, taken more pains. They are here given in an enlarged and improved form. I should blush to reproduce so many slight productions of my early youth, did I not findreason to be still more ashamed, that after a period of so many years the progress will be found to have been so inconsiderable, and the difference so little apparent.

If I should presume to suggest as an apology for having still persisted to publish, that of the latter productions, usefulness has been more invariably the object; whereas in many of the earlier, amusement was more obviously proposed; if I were inclined to palliate my presumption by pleading

That not in Fancy's maze I wander'd long;

it might be retorted that the implied plea, in favour of the latter publications, exhibits no surer proof of humility in this instance than in the other.

That

That, if in the firſt it was no evidence of the modesty of the writer to fancy she could amuse, in the last it furnishes little proof of the modesty of the woman to fancy that she can instruct. Now to amuſe or to instruct, or both, is so undeniably the intention of all who obtrude their works on the public, that no preliminary apology, no prefatory humiliation can quite do away the charge of a certain consciousness of talents which is implied in the very undertaking. The author professes his inability, but he produces his book; and by the publication itself controverts his own avowal of alleged incapacity. It is to little purpose that the words are disparaging while the deed is assuming. Nor will that profession of self-abasement be much regarded which is contradicted by an act that supposes self-confidence.

If however there is too seldom found in the writer of the book, all the humility which the Preface announces, he may be allowed to plead on humility, which is at leaſt comparative. On this ground may I be permitted to declare, that at no period of my life did I ever feel such unfeigned diffidence at the individual appearance of even the slightest pamphlet (the slenderness of whose dimensions might carry some excuse for the small proportion of profit or pleasure it conveyed), as I now feel at sending this, perhaps too volumi-

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nous collection into the world. This self-distrust may naturally be accounted for, by reflecting that this publication is deliberately made, not only at a time of life when I ought best to know my own faults, and the faults of my writings; but is made also at such a distance from the moment in which the several pieces were first struck out, that the mind has had time to cool from the hurry and heat of composition: the judgment has had leisure to operate, and it is the effect of that operation to rectify false notions and to correct rash conclusions. The critic, even of his own works, grows honest, if not acute, at the end of twenty years. The image, which he had fancied glowed so brightly when it came fresh from the furnace, time has quenched; the spirit, which he thought fixed and essential, has evaporated; many of the ideas which he imposed not only on his reader, but on himself, for originals, more reading and more observation compel him to restore to their owners. And having detected, from the perusal of abler works, either plagiarisms in his own, of which he was not aware, or coincidences which will pass for plagiarisms; and blending with the new judgment of the critic, the old indignation of the poet, who of us in this case is not angry with those who have *said our good things before us?* We not only discover that what we thought we had invented we have

have only remembered; but we find also that what we had believed to be perfect is full of defects; in that which we had conceived to be pure gold we discover much tinsel. For the revision, as was observed above, is made at a period when the eye is brought by a due remoteness into that just position which gives a clear and distinct view of things; a remoteness which disperses "the illusions of vision," scatters the mists of vanity, reduces objects to their natural size, restores them to their exact shape, makes them appear to the sight such as they are in themselves, and such as perhaps they have long appeared to all except the Author.

That I have added to the mass of general knowledge by one original idea, or to the stock of virtue by one original sentiment, I do not presume to hope. But that I have laboured assiduously to make that kind of knowledge which is most indispensable to common life, familiar to the unlearned, and acceptable to the young; that I have laboured to inculcate into both, the love and practice of that virtue of which they had before derived the principles from higher sources, I will not deny to have attempted.

To what is called learning I have never had any pretension. Life and Manners have been the objects of my unwearied observation; and every kind of

of study and habit has more or less recommended itself to my mind, as it has had more or less reference to these objects. Considering this world as a scene of much action, and of little comparative knowledge; not as a stage for exhibition, or a retreat for speculation, but as a field on which the business which is to determine the concerns of eternity is to be transacted; as a place of low regard as an end, but of unspeakable importance as a means; a scene of short experiment, but lasting responsibility; I have been contented to pursue myself, and to present to others (to my own sex chiefly) those truths, which if obvious and familiar, are yet practical, and of general application: things, which if of little show, are yet of some use; and which, if their separate value be not great, yet their aggregate importance is not inconsiderable. I have purſued, not that which demands skill, and insures renown, but

That which before us lies in daily life.

If I have been favoured with a measure of success, which has as much exceeded my expectation as my desert, I ascribe it partly to a disposition in the public mind to encourage, in these days of alarm, attack, and agitation, any productions of which the tendency is favourable to good order and Christian morals, even though the merit of the execution by no means keeps pace with that of the principle. In some instances I trust I have written

ten seasonably when I have not been able to write well. Several pieces perhaps of small value in themselves have helped to supply in some inferior degree the exigence of the moment; and have had the advantage, not of superseding the neceſſity, or the appearance, of abler writings, but of exciting abler writers; who, seeing how little I had been able to say on topics upon which much might be said, have more than supplied my deficiencies by filling up what I had only superficially sketched out. On that which had only a temporary use, I do not aspire to build a lasting reputation.

In the progress of ages, and after the gradual accumulation of literary productions, the human mind—I speak not of the scholar, or the philosopher, but of the multitude—the human mind, Athenian in this one propensity, *the deſire to hear and to tell some new thing*, will reject, or overlook, or grow weary even of the standard works of the most established authors; while it will peruse with interest the current volume, or popular pamphlet of the day. This hunger after novelty, by the way, is an instrument of inconceivable importance placed by Providence in the hands of every writer; and should strike him forcibly with the duty of turning this sharp appetite to good account, by appeasing it with sound and wholesome aliment. It

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is not perhaps that the work in actual circulation is comparable to many works which are neglected; but it is *new*. And let the fortunate Author militant, of moderate abilities, who is banqueting on his transient, and perhaps accidental popularity, use that popularity wisely; and, bearing in mind that he himself must expect to be neglected in his turn, let him thankfully seize his little season of fugitive renown; let him devote his ephemeral importance, conscientiously to throw into the common stock his quota of harmless pleasure or of moral profit. Let him unaffectedly rate his humble, but not unuseful labours, at their just price, nor despondingly conclude that he has written altogether in vain, though he do not see a public revolution of manners succeed, as he had perhaps too fondly flattered himself, to the publication of his book. Let him not despair, if, though he have had many readers, he has had but few converts. Nor let him on the other hand be elated by a celebrity which he may owe more to his novelty than to his genius, more to an happy combination in the circumstances of the times, than to his own skill or care;—and most of all, to his having diligently observed, that

'There is a tide in the affairs of men;'

and to his having, accordingly, launched his bark at the favourable flow.

The

The well intentioned and well principled author, who has uniformly thrown all his weight, though that weight be but small, into the right scale, may have contributed his fair proportion to that great work of reformation, which will, I trust, unless a total subversion of manners should take place, be always carrying on in the world; but which the joint concurrence of the wisdom of ages will find it hard to accomplish. Such an author may have been in his season and degree, the accepted agent of that Providence who works by many and different instruments, by various and successive means; in the same manner as in the manual labour of the mechanic, it is not by a few ponderous strokes that great operations are effected, but by a patient and incessant following up of the blow, by reiterated and unwearied returns to the same object; in the same manner as in the division of labour, many hands of moderate strength and ability may by co-operation, do that which a very powerful individual might have failed to accomplish. It is the privilege of few authors to contribute largely to the general good, but almost every one may contribute something. No book perhaps is perfectly neutral; nor are the effects of any altogether indifferent. From all our reading there will be a bias on the actings of the mind, though with a greater or less degree of inclination, according to

to the degree of impression made, by the nature of the subject, the ability of the writer, and the disposition of the reader. And though, as was above observed, the whole may produce no *general* effect, proportionate to the hopes of the author; yet some truth may be picked out from among many that are neglected; some single sentiment may be seized on for present use; some detached principle may be treasured up for future practice.

If in the records of classic story we are told, "that "the most superb and lasting monument "that was ever consecrated to beauty, was that "to which every lover carried a tribute;" then among the accumulated production of sucessive volumes, those, which though they convey no new information, yet illustrate on the whole some old truth; those which though they add nothing to the stores of genius or of science, yet if they help to establish and enforce a single principle of virtue, they may be accepted as an additional mite cast by the willing hand of affectionate indigence into the treasury of Christian morals.

The great father of Roman eloquence has asserted, that though every man should propose to himself the highest degrees in the scale of excellence; yet he may stop with honour at the second or the third. Indeed the utility of some books to some persons would be defeated by their very superiority.

periority. The writer may be above the reach of his reader; he may be too lofty to be pursued; he may be too profound to be fathomed; he may be too abstruse to be investigated; for to produce delight there must be intelligence; there must be something of concert and congruity. There must be not merely that intelligibility which arises from the perspicuousness of the author; but that also which depends on the capacity and perception of the reader. Between him who writes and him who reads, there must be a kind of coalition of interests, something of a partnership (however unequal the capital) in mental property; a sort of joint stock of tastes and ideas. The student must have been initiated into the same intellectual commerce with him whom he studies; for large bills are only negotiable among the mutually opulent.

There are perhaps other reasons why popularity is no infallible test of excellence. Many readers even of good faculties, if those faculties have been kept inert by a disuse of exertion, feel often most sympathy with writers of a middle class; and find more repose in a mediocrity which lulls and amuses the mind, than with a loftiness and extent which exalts and expands it. To enjoy works of superlative ability, as was before suggested, the reader must have been accustomed to drink at the same spring from which the writer draws; he must be at the

the expence of furnishing part of his own entertainment, by bringing with him a share of the sense or of the spirit with which the author writes.

Theſe are some of the considerations, which, while my gratitude has been excited by the favourable reception of my various attempts, have helped to correct that vanity which is so easily kindled where merit and success are evidently disproportionate.

For fair criticism I have ever been truly thankful. For candid correction, from whatever quarter it came, I have always exhibited the most unquestionable proof of my regard, by adopting it. Nor can I call to mind any instance of improvement which has been suggested to me by which I have neglected to profit*. I am not insensible to human estimation. To the approbation of the wise and good I have been perhaps but too sensible. But I check myself in the indulgence of this dangerous pleasure, by recollecting that the hour is fast approaching to all, to me it is *very* fast approaching, when no human verdict, of whatever authority in itself, and however favourable to its object, will avail any thing, but inasmuch

* If it be objected that this has not been the case with respect to one single passage which has excited some controversy; it has arisen not from any want of openness to conviction in me, but from my conceiving myself to have been misunderstood, and, for that reason only, misrepresented.

as it is crowned with the acquittal of that judge whose favour is eternal life. Every emotion of vanity dies away, every swelling of ambition subsides before the consideration of this solemn responsibility. And though I have just avowed my deference for the opinion of private critics, and of public censors; yet my anxiety with respect to the sentence of both is considerably diminished by the reflection, that not the writings but the writer will very soon be called to another tribunal, to be judged on far other grounds than those on which the decisions of literary statutes are framed; a tribunal at which the sentence passed will depend on far other causes than the observation or neglect of the rules of composition; than the violation of any precepts, or the adherence to any decrees of critic legislation.

With abundant cause to be humbled at the mixed motives of even my least exceptionable writings, I am willing to hope that in those of later date, at least, vanity has not been the governing principle. And if in sending abroad the present collection some sparks of this inextinguishable fire should struggle to break out, let it be at once quenched by the reflection, that of those persons whose kindness stimulated, and whose partiality rewarded, my early efforts; of those who would have dwelt on these pages with most pleasure, the eyes

of

of the greater part are closed, to open no more in this world. Even while the pen is in my hand framing this remark, more than one affecting corroboration of its truth occurs. May this reflection, at once painful and salutary, be ever at hand to curb the insolence of success, or to countervail the mortification of defeat! May it serve to purify the motives of action, while it inspires resignation to its event! And may it effect both without diminishing the energies of duty, without abating the activity of labour!

Bath, 1801.

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At fairs he never fail'd to find
The joy congenial to his mind.
This dear diversion would you know?
What was it? 'twas a Puppet-shew!
Transported with the mimic art,
The wit of Punch enthrall'd his heart.
He went, each evening, just at six,
When Punch exhibited his tricks;
And, not contented every night
To view this object of delight,
He gravely made the matter known
He must and would have Punch his own;
For if, exclaims the noble Lord,
Such joys these *transient* views afford;
If I receive such keen delight
From a short visit every night,
'Tis fair to calculate what pleasure
Will spring from *owning* such a treasure.
I need not for amusements roam,
I shall have always Punch at home.
He rav'd, with this new fancy bit,
Of Punch's sense and Punch's wit.
Not more Narcissus long'd t' embrace
The watery mirror's shadowy face;
Not more Pygmalion long'd to claim
Th' unconscious object of his flame;
Than long'd th' enamour'd legislator
To purchase this delightful creature.
Each night he regularly sought him,
Nor did he rest till he had bought him.
Soon he accomplishes the measure,
And pays profusely for his treasure:
He bids them pack the precious thing,
So careful not to break a spring!
So anxious not to bruise a feature,
His own new coach must fetch the creature!
He safely brought the idol home,
And lodg'd beneath his splendid dome;

All

THE PUPPET-SHEW:

A TALE.

A NOBLE Earl—the name I spare,
From reverence to the living heir—
Lov'd pleasure; but, to speak the truth,
Not much refinement grac'd the youth.
The path of pleasure which *he* trod
Was somewhat new, and rather odd;
For, that he haunted park or play,
His house's archives do not say;
Or that more modish joys he felt,
And would in opera transports melt;
Or that he spent his morning's prime
In Bond-street bliss till dinner-time;
No treasur'd anecdotes record
Such pastimes pleas'd the youthful Lord.
One single taste historians mention,
A fact, unmingled with invention;
It was a taste you'll think, I fear,
Somewhat peculiar for a Peer,
Tho' the rude democratic pen
Pretends that Peers are only men.
Whatever town or country fair
Was advertiz'd, my Lord was there.
'Twas not to purchase or to sell—
Why went he then? the Muse shall tell.

The moral of the tale I sing
To modern matches home I bring.
Ye youths, in quest of wives who go
To every crouded puppet-shew;
If, from these scenes, you choose for life
A dancing, singing, dressing wife;
O marvel not, at home to find
An empty figure void of mind;
Stript of her scenery and garnish,
A thing of paint, and paste, and varnish.
Ye candidates for earth's best prize,
Domestic life's sweet charities!
If long you've stray'd from reason's way,
Enslav'd by fashion's wizard sway;
If by her witcheries still betray'd,
You wed some vain fantastic maid;
Snatch'd, not *selected*, as you go,
The heroine of the puppet-shew;
In every outward grace refin'd,
And destitute of nought but mind;
If, skill'd in every polish'd art,
She want simplicity of heart;
On her for bliss if you depend,
Without the means you seek the end;
You seek, o'erturning nature's laws,
A consequence without a cause;
A downward pyramid you place,
The point inverted for the base.
Blame your own work, not fate; nor rail
If bliss so ill secur'd should fail.
'Tis after fancied good to roam,
'Tis bringing Punch to live at home.
And you, bright nymphs, who bless your eyes,
With all that art, that taste supplies;
Learn that accomplishments, at best,
Are but the garnish in life's feast:
And tho' your transient guests may praise
Your shewy board on gala days;

Yet,

Yet, while you treat each frippery sinner
With mere deserts, and call 'em dinner,
Your Lord, who *lives* at home, still feels
The want of more substantial meals;
Of sense and worth, which every hour
Enlarge affection's growing power;
Of worth, not emulous of praise,
Of sense, not kept for gala days.
O! in the highest happiest lot,
By woman be it ne'er forgot,
That human life's no Isthmian game,
Where sports and shews must purchase fame.
Tho' at the puppet-shew he shone,
Punch was poor company alone.
Life is no round of jocund hours,
Of garlands gay, and festive bowers;
Even to the young, to whom I sing,
Its serious business life will bring.
Tho' bright the suns which now appear
To gild your cloudless atmosphere,
Oft, unawares, some direful storm,
Serenest skies may soon deform:
In dim affliction's dreary hour
The flash of mirth must lose it's power;
Whilst faith a constant light supplies;
And virtue cheers the darkest skies.
To bless the matrimonial hours
Must three joint leaders club their powers;
GOOD-NATURE, PIETY, and SENSE,
Must their confederate aids dispense.
As the soft powers of oil assuage
Of ocean's waves the furious rage;
Lull to repose the boiling tide,
And the rough billows bid subside,
Till every angry motion sleep,
And softest tremblings hush the deep:
Good-nature! thus thy charms control
The tumults of the troubled soul;

By labour worn, by care opprest,
On thee the wearied head shall rest;
From business and distraction free,
Delighted, shall return to thee;
To thee the aching heart shall cling,
And find that peace it does not bring.
And while the light and empty fair,
Form'd for the ball-room's dazzling glare;
Abroad, of speech so prompt and rapid,
At home, so vacant and so vapid;
Of every puppet-shew the life,
At home, a dull and tasteless wife;—
The mind with sense and knowledge stor'd
Can counsel, or can sooth its Lord;
His varied joys or sorrows feel,
And share the pains it cannot heal.
But, *Piety!* without thy aid,
Love's fairest prospects soon must fade.
Blest architect! rear'd by thy hands,
Connubial Concord's temple stands.
Tho' Wit, tho' Genius, raise the pile,
Tho' Taste assist, tho' Talents smile,
Tho' Fashion, while her wreaths she twine,
Her light Corinthian columns join;
Still the frail structure Fancy rears,
A tottering house of cards appears;
Some sudden gust, nor rare the case,
May shake the building to its base,
Unless, bless'd Piety! thou join,
Thy key stone to insure the shrine;
Unless to guard against surprises,
On thy broad arch the temple rises.

THE

BAS BLEU:

OR,

CONVERSATION.

ADDRESSED TO MRS. VESEY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Trifle owes its birth and name to the mistake of a Foreigner of Distinction, who gave the literal appellation of the *Bas-bleu* to a small party of friends, who had been often called, by way of pleasantry, the *Blue Stockings*. These little Societies have been sometimes misrepresented. They were composed of persons distinguished, in general, for their rank, talents, or respectable character, who met frequently at Mrs. *Vesey*'s and at a few other houses, for the sole purpose of conversation, and were different in no respect from other parties, but that the company did not play at cards.

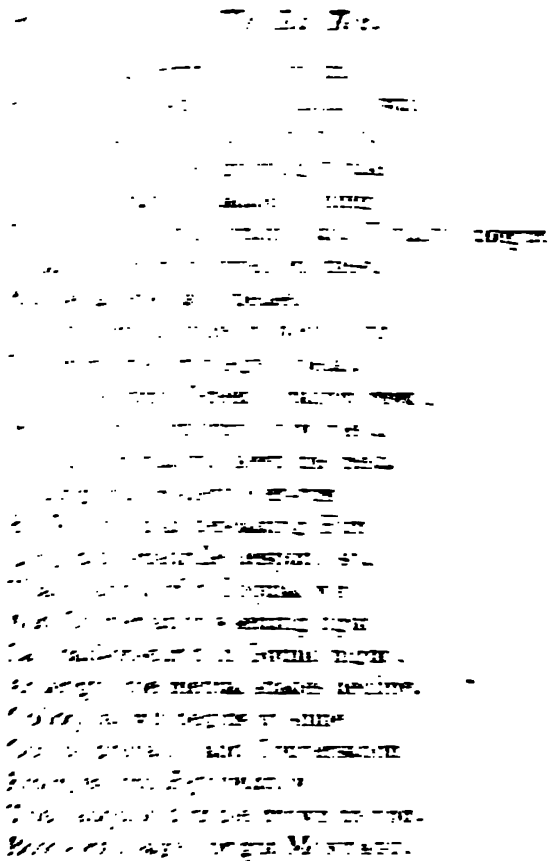
May the Author be permitted to bear her grateful testimony (which will not be suspected of flattery, now that most of the persons named in this Poem are gone down to the grave) to the many pleasant and instructive hours she had the honour to pass in this company; in which learning was as little disfigured by pedantry, good taste as little tinctured by affectation, and general conversation as little disgraced by calumny, levity, and the other censurable errors with which it is too commonly tainted, as has perhaps been known in any Society.

THE BAS BLEU.

OR, CONVERSATION.

VESEY! of Verse the judge and friend!
Awhile my idle strain attend:
Not with the days of early Greece,
I mean to ope my slender piece;
The rare Symposium to proclaim
Which crown'd th' Athenians' social name;
Or how ASPASIA's parties shone,
The first *Bas-bleu* at Athens known;
Where SOCRATES unbending sat,
With ALCIBIADES in chat;
And PERICLES vouchsafed to mix
Taste, wit, and mirth, with politics.
Nor need I stop my tale, to shew,
At least to readers such as you,
How all that Rome esteem'd polite,
Supp'd with LUCULLUS every night;
LUCULLUS, who, from Pontus come,
Brought conquests, and brought cherries home.
Name but the suppers in th' Apollo,
What classic images will follow!
How wit flew round, while each might take
Conchylia from the Lucrine lake;
And Attic Salt, and Garum Sauce,
And Lettuce from the Isle of Cos;
The first and last from Greece transplanted,
Us'd here—because the rhyme I wanted:
How Pheasants' heads, with cost collected,
And Phenicopters' stood neglected,

To



And

* Seneca says, that in his time the Romans were arrived at such a pitch of luxury, that the Mullet was reckoned stale which did not die in the hands of the guest.

† See Molière's Comedy.

And she, who SHAKESPEARE's wrongs redrest,
Prov'd that the brightest are the best.
This just deduction still they drew,
And well they practis'd what they knew;
Nor taste, nor wit, deserves applause,
Unless still true to Critic laws;
Good sense, of faculties the best,
Inspire and regulate the rest.
O! how unlike the wit that fell,
RAMBOUILLET*; at thy quaint Hotel;
Where point, and turn, and equivoque,
Distorted every word they spoke!
All so intolerably bright,
Plain Common Sense was put to flight;
Each speaker, so ingenious ever,
'Twas tiresome to be quite so clever;
There twisted Wit forgot to please,
And Mood and Figure banish'd ease;
No votive Altar smok'd to thee,
Chaste Queen, divine Simplicity!
But forc'd Conceit which ever fails,
And stiff antithesis prevails;
Uneasy rivalry destroys
Society's unlaboured joys:
NATURE, of stilts and fetters tir'd,
Impatient from the Wits retir'd,
Long time the Exile, houseless stray'd
'Till SEVIGNE receiv'd the maid.

Tho'

* The Society at the Hotel de RAMBOUILLET, though composed of the most polite and ingenious persons in France, was much tainted with affectation and false taste. See VOITURE, MENAGE, &c.

The late Earl of MANSFIELD told the Author, that when he was Ambassador at Paris, he was assured that it had not been unusual for those persons of a purer taste, who frequented these Assemblies, to come out from their Society so weary of wit and laboured ingenuity, that they used to express the comfort they felt in their emancipation, by saying,—"*Allons! faisons des solecismes!*"

Tho' here she comes to bless our isle,
Not universal is her smile.
Muse! snatch the lyre which CAMBRIDGE strung,
When he the *empty ball-room* sung;
'Tis tun'd above thy pitch, I doubt,
And thou no music wou'dst draw out;
Yet, in a lower note, presume
To sing the full, dull Drawing-room*.
Where the dire *Circle* keeps its station,
Each common phrase is an oration;
And cracking fans, and whisp'ring Misses,
Compose their Conversation blisses.
The Matron marks the goodly shew,
While the tall daughter eyes the Beau—
The frigid Beau! Ah! luckless fair,
Tis not for you that studied air;
Ah! not for you that sidelong glance,
And all that charming nonchalance;
Ah! not for you the three long hours
He worship'd the "Cosmetic powers;"
That finish'd head which breathes perfume,
And kills the nerves of half the room;
And all the murders meant to lie
In that large, languishing, grey eye:
Desist;—less wild th' attempt wou'd be,
To warm the snows of Rhodope:
Too cold to feel, too proud to feign,
For him you're wise and fair in vain;
In vain to charm him you intend,
Self is his object, aim, and end.
Chill shade of that affected Peer,
Who dreaded Mirth, come safely here!
For here no vulgar joy effaces
Thy rage for polish, ton and graces.
Cold Ceremony's leaden hand,
Waves o'er the room her poppy wand;

Arrives

* These grave and formal Parties now scarcely exist, having been swallowed up in the reigning multitudinous Assemblies.

Arrives the stranger; every guest
Conspires to torture the distrest;
At once they rise—so have I seen—
You guess the simile I mean,
Take what comparison you please,
The crowded streets the swarming bees,
The pebbles on the shores that lie,
The stars which form the galaxy;
These serve t' embellish what is said,
And shew, besides, that one has read;—
At once they rise—th' astonish'd guest
Back in a corner slinks, distrest;
Scar'd at the many bowing round,
And shock'd at her own voice's sound,
Forgot the thing she meant to say,
Her words, half utter'd, die away;
In sweet oblivion down she sinks,
And of her next appointment thinks.
While her loud neighbour on the right,
Boasts what she has to do to-night;
So very much, you'd swear her pride is
To match the labours of ALCIDES;
'Tis true, in hyperbolic measure,
She nobly calls her labours *Pleasure;*
In this unlike ALCMENA's son,
She never means they should be done;
Her fancy of no *limits* dreams,
No *ne plus ultra* stops her schemes;
Twelve! she'd have scorn'd the paltry round,
No Pillar's wou'd have mark'd her bound;
CALPE and ABYLA, in vain
Had nodded cross th' opposing main;
A circumnavigator she
On Ton's illimitable sea.
We pass the pleasures vast and various,
Of Routs, not social, but gregarious;
Where high heroic self-denial
Sustains herself inflicted trial.

Day

Day lab'rers! what an easy life,
To feed ten children and a wife!
No—I may juster pity spare
To the *night* lab'rer's keener care;
And pleas'd, to gentler scenes retreat,
Where *Conversation* holds her seat.
Small were that art which wou'd ensure
The Circle's boasted quadrature!
See VESEY's* plastic genius make
A Circle every figure take;
Nay, shapes and forms, which would defy
All science of Geometry;
Isosceles, and Parallel,
Names, hard to speak, and hard to spell!
Th' enchantress wav'd her wand, and spoke!
Her potend wand the circle broke;
The social Spirits hover round,
And bless the liberated ground.
Ask you what charms this gift dispense?
'Tis the strong spell of COMMON SENSE.
Away dull Ceremony flew,
And with her bore detraction too.
Nor only Geometric Art,
Does this presiding power impart;
But Chymists too, who want the essence,
Which makes or mars all coalescence;
Of her the secret rare might get,
How different kinds amalgamate:
And he, who wilder studies chose,
Find here a new metempsychose;
How forms can other forms assume,
Within her Pythagoric room;
Or be, and stranger is th' event,
The very things which nature meant;

Nor

* This amiable Lady was remarkable for her talent in breaking the formality of a circle, by inviting her parties to form themselves into little separate groupes.

Nor strive, by art and affectation,
To cross their genuine destination.
Here sober Duchesses are seen,
Chaste Wits, and Critics void of spleen;
Physicians, fraught with real science,
And Whigs and Tories in alliance;
Poets fulfilling Christian duties,
Just Lawyers, reasonable Beauties;
Bishops who preach, and Peers who pay,
And Countesses who seldom play;
Learn'd Antiquaries, who, from college,
Reject the rust, and bring the knowledge;
And, hear it, *age*, believe it, *youth*,—
Polemics, really seeking truth;
And Travellers of that rare tribe,
Who've *seen* the countries they describe;
Who study'd there, so strange their plan,
Not plants, nor herbs alone, but man;
While Travellers, of other notions,
Scale mountain tops, and traverse oceans;
As if, so much these themes engross,
The study of mankind—was Moss.
Ladies who point, nor think me partial,
An Epigram as well as MARTIAL;
Yet in all female worth succeed,
As well as those who cannot read.
  Right pleasant were the task, I ween,
To name the groupes which fill the scene;
But Rhyme's of such fastidious nature,
She proudly scorns all Nomenclature,
Nor grace our Northern names her lips,
Like HOMER's Catalogue of Ships.
  Once—faithful Memory! heave a sigh,
Here ROSCIUS gladden'd every eye.
Why comes not MARO? Far from town,
He rears the Urn to Taste, and BROWN;
Plants Cypress round the Tomb of GRAY,
Or decks his *English Garden* gay;

Whose

Whose mingled sweets exhale perfume,
And promise a perennial bloom.
Here, rigid CATO, awful Sage!
Bold Censor of a thoughtless age,
Once dealt his pointed moral round,
And, not unheeded, fell the sound;
The Muse his honour'd memory weeps,
For CATO now with ROSCIUS sleeps!
Here once HORTENSIUS* lov'd to sit;
Apostate now from social Wit:
Ah! why in wrangling senates waste
The noblest parts, the happiest taste?
Why Democratic Thunders wield,
And quit the Muses' calmer field?
Taste thou the gentler joys they give,
With HORACE, and with LELIUS live.

Hail, CONVERSATION, soothing Power,
Sweet Goddess of the social hour!
Not with more heart-felt warmth, at least,
Does LELIUS bend thy true High Priest;
Than I the lowest of thy train,
These field-flowers bring to deck thy fane;
Who to thy shrine like him can haste,
With warmer zeal, or purer taste?
Oh may thy worship long prevail,
And thy true votaries never fail!
Long may thy polish'd altars blaze
With wax-lights' undiminish'd rays!
Still be thy nightly offerings paid,
Libations large of Lemonade!
On silver vases, loaded, rise
The biscuits' ample sacrifice!
Nor be the milk-white streams forgot
Of thirst-assuaging, cool orgeat;
Rise, incense pure from fragrant Tea,
Delicious incense, worthy Thee!

Hail,

* This was written in the year 1787, when Mr. EDMUND BURKE had joined the then opposition.

Hail, Conversation, heav'nly fair,
Thou bliss of life, and balm of care!
Still may thy gentle reign extend,
And taste with wit and science blend.
Soft polisher of rugged man!
Refiner of the social plan!
For thee, best solace of his toil!
The sage consumes his midnight oil;
And keeps late vigils, to produce
Materials for thy future use.
Calls forth the else neglected knowledge,
Of School, of Travel, and of College.
If none behold, ah! wherefore fair?
Ah! wherefore wise, if none must hear?
Our intellectual ore must shine,
Not slumber, idly, in the mine.
Let Education's moral mint
The noblest images imprint;
Let Taste her curious touchstone hold,
To try if standard be the gold;
But 'tis thy commerce, Conversation,
Must give it use by circulation;
That noblest commerce of mankind,
Whose precious merchandize is MIND!
What stoic Traveller wou'd try
A sterile soil, and parching sky,
Or dare th' intemp'rate Northern zone,
If what he saw must ne'er be known?
For this he bids his home farewell;
The joy of seeing is to tell.
Trust me, he never wou'd have stirr'd,
Were he forbid to speak a word;
And Curiosity wou'd sleep,
If her own secrets she must keep;
The bliss of telling what is past
Becomes her rich reward at last.
Who'd mock at death, at danger smile,
To teal one peep at father Nile;

Who, at Palmira risk his neck,
Or search the ruins of Balbec;
If these must hide old Nilus' fount,
Nor Lybian tales at home recount;
If those must sink their learned labour,
Nor with their ruins treat a neighbour?
Range—study—think—do all we can,
Colloquial pleasures are for man.
Yet not from low desire to shine
Does Genius toil in learning's mine;
Not to indulge an idle vision,
But strike new light by strong collision.
Of CONVERSATION, wisdom's friend,
This is the object and the end,
Of moral truth man's proper science,
With sense and learning in alliance,
To search the depths, and then produce
What tends to practice and to use.
And next in value we shall find
What mends the taste and forms the mind.
If high those truths in estimation,
Whose search is crown'd with demonstration;
To these assign no scanty praise,
Our taste which clears, our views which raise.
For grant that Mathematic truth
Best balances the mind of Youth;
Yet scarce the truth of Taste is found
To grow from principles less sound.
O'er books the mind inactive lies,
Books, the Mind's food, not exercise!
Her vigorous wing she scarcely feels,
'Till use the latent strength reveals;
Her slumbering energies call'd forth,
She rises, conscious of her worth;
And, at her new-found powers elated,
Thinks them not rous'd, but new created.
Enlighten'd spirits! you, who know
What charms from polish'd converse flow,

Speak

Speak, for you can, the pure delight
When kindling sympathies unite;
When correspondent tastes impart
Communion sweet from heart to heart;
You ne'er the cold gradations need
Which vulgar souls to union lead:
No dry discussion to unfold
The meaning caught ere well 'tis told:
In taste, in learning, wit, or science,
Still kindled souls demand alliance;
Each in the other joys to find
The image answering to his mind.
But sparks electric only strike
On souls electrical alike;
The flash of Intellect expires,
Unless it meet congenial fires:
The language to th' Elect alone
Is, like the Mason's mystery! known;
In vain th' unerring sign is made
To him who is not of the *Trade.*
What lively pleasure to divine,
The thought implied, the hinted line,
To feel Allusion's artful force,
And trace the Image to it's source!
Quick Memory blends her scatter'd rays,
'Till Fancy kindles at the blaze;
The works of ages start to view,
And ancient Wit elicits new.
But wit and parts if thus we praise,
What nobler altars shou'd we raise,
Those sacrifices cou'd we see
Which Wit, O Virtue! makes to Thee.
At once the rising thought to dash,
To quench at once the bursting flash!
The shining Mischief to subdue,
And lose the praise, and pleasure too!
Tho' Venus' self, could you detect her,
Imbuing with her richest Nectar,

The thought unchaste—to check that thought,
To spurn a fame so dearly bought;
This is high Principle's control!
This is true continence of Soul!
Blush, heroes, at your cheap renown,
A vanquish'd realm, a plunder'd town!
Your conquests were to gain a name,
This conquest triumphs over Fame;
So pure its essence, 'twere destroy'd
If known, and if commended, void.
Amidst the brightest truths believ'd,
Amidst the fairest deeds atchiev'd,
Shall stand recorded and admir'd,
That Virtue sunk what Wit inspir'd.
But let the letter'd and the fair,
And, chiefly, let the Wit beware;
You whose warm spirits never fail,
Forgive the hint which ends my tale.
O shun the perils which attend
On Wit, on Warmth, and heed your Friend;
Tho' Science nurs'd you in her bowers,
Tho' Fancy crown your brow with flowers,
Each thought, tho' bright Invention fill,
Tho' Attic bees each word distil;
Yet, if one gracious power refuse
Her gentle influence to infuse;
If she withhold her magic spell,
Nor in the social Circle dwell;
In vain shall listening crowds approve,
They'll praise you, but they will not love.
What is this power, you're loath to mention,
This charm, this witchcraft? 'tis ATTENTION:
Mute Angel, yes; thy looks dispense
The silence of intelligence;
Thy graceful form I well discern,
In act to listen and to learn;
'Tis Thou for talents shalt obtain
That pardon Wit wou'd hope in vain;

Thy

Thy wond'rous power, thy secret charm,
Shall Envy of her sting disarm;
Thy silent flattery sooths our spirit,
And we forgive eclipsing merit;
Our jealous souls no longer burn,
Nor hate thee, tho' thou shine in turn;
The sweet atonement screens the fault,
And love and praise are cheaply bought.
With mild complacency to hear,
Tho' somewhat long the tale appear,—
The dull relation to attend,
Which mars the story you cou'd mend;
'Tis more than wit, 'tis moral beauty,
'Tis pleasure rising out of duty.
Nor vainly think, the time you waste,
When temper triumphs over taste.

BISHOP BONNER'S GHOST.

This little Poem was never before published. A few Copies were printed by the late Earl of Orford at his Press at Strawberry-Hill, and given to a few particular Friends.

THE ARGUMENT.

In the Gardens of the Palace at Fulham is a dark recess; at the end of this stands a Chair, which once belonged to Bishop BONNER.—A certain Bishop of London, more than two hundred years after the death of the aforesaid BONNER, one morning, just as the Clock of the Gothic Chapel had struck six, undertook to cut with his own hand a narrow walk through this thicket, which is since called the *Monk's-Walk*. He had no sooner begun to clear the way, than, lo! suddenly up-started from the chair the Ghost of Bishop BONNER, who, in a tone of just and bitter indignation uttered the following Verses.

BONNER'S GHOST.

REFORMER, hold! ah, spare my shade,
Respect the hallow'd dead!
Vain pray'r! I see the op'ning glade,
See utter darkness fled.

Just so your innovating hand
Let in the moral light;
So, chas'd from this bewilder'd land,
Fled intellectual night.

Where now that holy gloom which hid
Fair truth from vulgar ken?
Where now that wisdom which forbid
To think that monks were men?

The tangled mazes of the schools,
Which spread so thick before;
Which knaves entwin'd to puzzle fools,
Shall catch mankind no more.

Those charming intricacies where?
Those venerable lies?
Those legends, once the church's care?
Those sweet perplexities?

Ah!

Ah! fatal age, whose sons combin'd
Of credit to exhaust us;
Ah! fatal age, which gave mankind
A LUTHER and a FAUSTUS*!

Had only JACK and MARTIN† liv'd
Our pow'r had slowly fled;
Our influence longer had survive'd,
Had laymen never read.

For knowledge flew, like magic spell,
By typographic art:
Oh, shame! a peasant now can tell
If priests the truth impart.

Ye councils, pilgrimages, creeds!
Synods, decrees, and rules!
Ye warrants of unholy deeds,
Indulgencies and bulls!

Where are ye now? and where, alas!
The pardons we dispense?
And penances, the sponge of sins;
And Peter's holy pence?

Where now the beads, which us'd to swell
Lean virtue's spare amount?
Here only faith and goodness fill
A heretic's account.

But

* The same Age which brought Heresy into the Church, unhappily introduced Printing among the Arts, by which means the Scriptures were unluckily disseminated among the Vulgar.

† How Bishop BONNER came to have read SWIFT's Tale of a Tub it may now be in vain to inquire.

But soft—what gracious form appears?
Is this a convent's life?
Atrocious sight! by all my fears,
A prelate with a wife!

Ah! sainted MARY*, not for this
Our pious labours join'd;
The witcheries of domestic bliss
Had shook ev'n GARDINER's mind.

Hence all the sinful, human ties,
Which mar the cloyster's plan;
Hence all the weak fond charities,
Which make man feel for man.

But tortur'd memory vainly speaks
The projects we design'd;
While this apostate Bishop seeks
The freedom of mankind.

Oh, born in ev'ry thing to shake
The systems plann'd by me!
So heterodox, that he wou'd make
Both soul and body free.

Nor clime nor colour stays his hand;
With charity deprav'd,
He wou'd from Thames' to Gambia's Strand,
Have all be free and sav'd.

And who shall change his wayward heart,
His wilful spirit turn?

For

* An orthodox Queen of the sixteenth century, who laboured with might and main, conjointly with these two venerable Bishops to extinguish a dangerous heresy, y-cleped the Reformation.

For those his labours can't convert,
His weakness will not burn.

Ann. Dom. 1900. A GOOD OLD PAPIST.

*** By the lapse of time the three last Stanzas are become unintelligible. Old Chronicles say, that towards the latter end of the 18th Century, a bill was brought into the British Parliament, by an active young Reformer, for the Abolition of a pretended Traffic of the Human Species. But this only shews how little faith is to be given to the exaggerations of History; for as no vestige of this incredible Trade now remains, we look upon the whole story to have been one of those fictions, not uncommon among Authors, to blacken the memory of former ages.

FLORIO:

A TALE,

FOR FINE GENTLEMEN AND FINE LADIES.

IN TWO PARTS.

TO THE HONOURABLE

HORACE WALPOLE*.

MY DEAR SIR,

IT would be very flattering to me, if I might hope that the little Tale, which I now take the liberty of presenting to you, could amuse a few moments of your tedious indisposition. It is, I confess, but a paltry return for the many hours of agreeable information and elegant amusment which I have received from your spirited and very entertaining writings: yet I am persuaded, that you will receive it with favour, as a small offering of esteem and gratitude; as an offering of which the intention alone makes all the little value.

The slight verses, Sir, which I place under your protection, will not, I fear, impress the world with a very favourable idea of my poetical powers: But I shall, at least, be suspected of having some taste, and of keeping good company, when I confess that some of the pleasantest hours of my life have been passed in your conversation. I should be unjust to your very engaging and well-bred turn of wit, if I did not declare that, among all the lively and brilliant things I have heard from you, I do not remember ever to have heard an unkind or an ungenerous one. Let me be allowed to bear my feeble testimony to your temperate use of this charming faculty, so delightful in itself, but which can only be safely trusted in such hands as yours, where it is guarded by politeness, and directed by humanity.

I have the honour to be,
SIR,
Your much obliged,
And most obedient,
Humble Servant,
THE AUTHOR.

JANUARY 27, 1786.

* Afterwards Earl of ORFORD.

FLORIO.

PART I.

FLORIO, a youth of gay renown,
Who figur'd much about the town,
Had pass'd, with general approbation,
The modish forms of education;
Knew what was proper to be known,
Th' establish'd jargon of Bon-ton;
Had learnt, with very moderate reading,
The whole new system of good breeding:
He studied to be cold and rude,
Tho' native feeling would intrude:
Unlucky sense and sympathy,
Spoilt the vain thing he strove to be,
For FLORIO was not meant by nature,
A silly, or a worthless creature:
He had a heart dispos'd to feel,
Had life and spirit, taste and zeal;
Was handsome, generous; but, by fate,
Predestin'd to a large estate!
Hence, all that grac'd his op'ning days,
Was marr'd by pleasure, spoilt by praise.
The Destiny, who wove the thread
Of FLORIO's being, sigh'd, and said,
" Poor Youth! this cumbrous twist of gold,
" More than my shuttle well can hold,
" For which thy anxious fathers toil'd,
" Thy white and even thread has spoil'd:
" 'Tis this shall warp thy pliant youth
" From sense, simplicity and truth,

" Thy

" Thy erring fire, by wealth misled,
" Shall scatter pleasures round thy head,
" When wholesome discipline's control,
" Shou'd brace the sinews of thy soul;
" Coldly thou'lt toil for learning's prize,
" For why shou'd he that's rich be wise?"
The gracious Master of mankind,
Who knew us vain, corrupt, and blind,
In mercy, tho' in anger said,
That man shou'd earn his daily bread;
His lot inaction renders worse,
While labour mitigates the curse.
The idle, life's worst burthens bear,
And meet, what toil escapes, despair!
Forgive, nor lay the fault on me,
This mixture of mythology;
The Muse of Paradise has deign'd
With truth to mingle fables feign'd;
And tho' the Bard who wou'd attain
The glories, MILTON, of thy strain,
Will never reach thy style or thoughts,
He may be like thee—in thy faults!
Exhausted FLORIO, at the age
When youth shou'd rush on glory's stage;
When life shou'd open fresh and new,
And ardent hope her schemes pursue;
Of youthful gaiety bereft,
Had scarce an unbroach'd pleasure left;
He found already to his cost,
The shining gloss of life was lost;
And pleasure was so coy a prude,
She fled the more, the more pursued;
Or if, o'ertaken and caress'd,
He loath'd and left her when possess'd.
But FLORIO knew the WORLD; that science
Sets sense and learning at defiance;
He thought the World to him was known,
Whereas he only knew the *Town;*

In men this blunder still you find,
All think their little set—Mankind.
Tho' high renown the youth had gain'd,
No flagrant crimes his life had stain'd;
No tool of falsehood, slave of passion,
But spoilt by CUSTOM, and the FASHION.
Tho' known among *a certain set*,
He did not like to be in debt;
He shudder'd at the dicer's box,
Nor thought it very heterodox,
That tradesmen shou'd be sometimes paid,
And bargains kept as well as made.
His growing credit, as a sinner,
Was that he lik'd to spoil a dinner;
Made pleasure and made business wait,
And still, by system, came too late;
Yet 'twas a hopeful indication,
On which to found a reputation:
Small habits, well pursued betimes,
May reach the dignity of crimes.
And who a juster claim preferr'd,
Than one who always broke his word?
His mornings were not spent in vice,
'Twas lounging, sauntering, eating ice:
Walk up and down St. James's-Street,
Full fifty times the youth you'd meet:
He hated cards, detested drinking,
But stroll'd to shun the toil of thinking;
'Twas doing nothing was his curse,
Is there a vice can plague us worse?
The wretch who digs the mine for bread,
Or ploughs that others may be fed,
Feels less fatigue than that decreed
To him who cannot think, or read.
Not all the peril of temptations,
Not all the conflict of the passions,
Can quench the spark of glory's flame,
Or quite extinguish Virtue's name;

Like the true taste for genuine saunter,
Like sloth, the soul's most dire enchanter.
The active fires that stir the breast,
Her poppies charm to fatal rest;
They rule in short and quick succession,
But SLOTH keeps one long, fast possession;
Ambition's reign is quickly clos'd,
Th' usurper rage is soon depos'd;
Intemperance, where there's no temptation,
Makes voluntary abdication;
Of other tyrants short the strife,
But INDOLENCE is king for life.
The despot twists with soft control,
Eternal fetters round the soul.
Yet tho' so polish'd FLORIO's breeding,
Think him not ignorant of reading;
For he to keep him from the vapours,
Subscrib'd at HOOKHAM's, saw the papers;
Was deep in poet's-corner wit;
Knew what was in Italics writ;
Explain'd fictitious names at will,
Each gutted syllable cou'd fill;
There oft, in paragraphs, his name
Gave symptom sweet of growing fame;
Tho' yet they only serv'd to hint
That FLORIO lov'd to see in print,
His ample buckles' alter'd shape,
His buttons chang'd, his varying cape.
And many a standard phrase was his
Might rival *bore*, or banish *quiz*;
The man who grasps this young renown,
And early starts for fashion's crown;
In time that glorious prize may wield,
Which clubs, and ev'n Newmarket yield.
He studied while he dress'd, for true 'tis,
He read *Compendiums*, *Extracts*, *Beauties*,
Abregés, *Dictionnaires*, *Recueils*,
Mercures, *Journaux*, *Extraits*, and *Feuilles*;

No

No work in substance now is follow'd,
The Chemic Extract only 's swallow'd.
He lik'd those literary cooks
Who skim the cream of others' books;
And ruin half an Author's graces,
By plucking bons-mots from their places;
He wonders any writing sells,
But these spic'd mushrooms and morells;
His palate these alone can touch,
Where every mouthful is *bonne bouche.*
Some phrase, that with the public took,
Was all he read of any book;
For plan, detail, arrangement, system,
He let *them* go, and never miss'd 'em.
Of each new Play he saw a part,
And all the *Anas* had by heart;
He found whatever they produce
Is fit for conversation-use;
Learning so ready for display,
A page would prime him for a day:
They cram not with a mass of knowledge,
Which smacks of toil, and smells of college,
Which in the memory useless lies,
Or only makes men—good and wise.
This might have merit once indeed,
But now for other ends we read.
A friend he had, BELLARIO hight,
A reasoning, reading, learned wight;
At least, with men of FLORIO's breeding,
He was a prodigy of reading.
He knew each stale and vapid lye
In tomes of French Philosophy;
And then, we fairly may presume,
From PYRRHO down to DAVID HUME,
'Twere difficult to single out
A man more full of shallow doubt;
He knew the little sceptic prattle,
The sophist's paltry arts of battle;

Talk'd gravely of th' Atomic dance,
Of moral fitness, fate, and chance;
Admir'd the system of LUCRETIUS,
Whose matchless verse makes nonsense specious!
To this his doctrine owes its merits,
Like pois'nous reptiles kept in spirits.
Tho' sceptics dull his scheme rehearse,
Who have not souls to taste his verse.
BELLARIO founds his reputation
On dry, stale jokes, about Creation;
Wou'd prove, by argument circuitous,
The combination was fortuitous.
Swore Priests' whole trade was to deceive,
And prey on bigots who believe;
With bitter ridicule cou'd jeer,
And had the true free-thinking sneer.
Grave arguments he had in store,
Which have been answer'd o'er and o'er;
And us'd, with wond'rous penetration
The trite, old trick of false citation;
From ancient Authors fond to quote
A phrase or thought they never wrote.
Upon his highest shelf there stood
The Classics, neatly cut in wood;
And in a more commodious station,
You found them in a French translation:
He swears, 'tis from the Greek he quotes,
But keeps the French—just for the notes.
He worshipp'd certain modern names
Who History write in Epigrams,
In pointed periods, shining phrases,
And all the small poetic daisies,
Which crowd the pert and florid style,
Where fact is dropt to raise a smile;
Where notes indecent or prophane
Serve to *raise* doubts, but not *explain;*
Where all is spangle, glitter, show;
And truth is overlaid below:

Arts scorn'd by History's sober Muse,
Arts CLARENDON disdain'd to use.
Whate'er the subject of debate,
'Twas larded still with sceptic prate;
Begin whatever theme you will,
In unbelief he lands you still;
The good, with shame I speak it, feel
Not half this proselyting zeal:
While cold their Master's cause to own
Content to go to Heaven alone;
The infidel in liberal trim,
Wou'd carry all the World with him;
Wou'd treat his wife, friend, kindred, nation,
Mankind—with what? Annihilation.
Tho' FLORIO did not quite believe him,
He thought, why should a friend deceive him?
Much as he priz'd BELLARIO's wit,
He lik'd not all his notions yet;
He thought him charming, pleasant, odd,
But hop'd one might believe in GOD;
Yet such thé charms that grac'd his tongue,
He knew not how to think him wrong.
Tho' FLORIO tried a thousand ways,
Truth's insuppressive torch wou'd blaze;
Where once her flame has burnt, I doubt
If ever it go fairly out.
Yet, under great BELLARIO's care,
He gain'd each day a better air;
With many a leader of renown,
Deep in the learning of the Town,
Who never other science knew,
But what from that prime source they drew;
Pleas'd, to the Opera they repair,
To get recruits of knowledge there;
Mythology gain at a glance,
And learn the Classics from a dance:
In OVID they ne'er car'd a groat,
How far'd the vent'rous ARGONAUT;

Yet charm'd they see MEDEA rise
On fiery dragons to the skies.
For DIDO*, tho' they never knew her
As MARO's magic pencil drew her,
Faithful and fond, and broken hearted,
Her pious vagabond departed;
Yet, for DIDONE how they roar!
And *Cara! Cara!* loud encore.
One taste, BELLARIO's soul possess'd,
The master passion of his breast;
It was not one of those frail joys,
Which, by possession, quickly cloys;
This bliss was solid, constant, true,
'Twas action, and 'twas passion too;
For tho' the business might be finish'd,
The pleasure scarcely was diminish'd;
Did he ride out, or sit, or walk,
He liv'd it o'er again in talk;
Prolong'd the fugitive delight,
In words by day, in dreams by night.
'Twas *eating* did his soul allure,
A deep, keen, modish Epicure;
Tho' once his name, as I opine,
Meant not such men as live to dine;
Yet all our modern Wits assure us,
That's all *they* know of EPICURUS:
They fondly fancy, that repletion
Was the *chief good* of that fam'd Grecian.
To live in gardens full of flowers,
And talk philosophy in bowers,
Or in the covert of a wood,
To descant on the *sovereign good*,
Might be the notion of their founder,
But they have notions vastly sounder;
Their bolder standards they erect,
To form a more substantial sect;

Old

* MEDEA and DIDO were the two reigning Operas at this time.

Old EPICURUS wou'd not own 'em,
A dinner is *their summum bonum.*
More like you'll find such sparks as these
To EPICURUS' deities;
Like them they mix not with affairs,
But loll and laugh at human cares.
To beaux this difference is allow'd,
They chuse a sofa for a cloud;
BELLARIO had embrac'd with glee,
This practical philosophy.
Young FLORIO's father had a friend,
And ne'er did Heaven a worthier send;
A cheerful knight of good estate,
Whose heart was warm, whose bounty great.
Where'er his wide protection spread,
The sick was cheer'd, the hungry fed;
Resentment vanish'd where he came,
And law-suits fled before his name;
The old esteem'd, the young caress'd him,
And all the smiling village bless'd him.
Within his Castle's Gothic gate,
Sate Plenty and old-fashion'd State:
Scarce Prudence cou'd his bounties stint;—
Such characters are out of print:
O! wou'd kind Heav'n, the age to mend,
A new edition of them send,
Before our tottering Castles fall,
And swarming Nabobs seize on all!
Some little whims he had, 'tis true,
But they were harmless, and were few;
He dreaded nought like alteration,
Improvement still was innovation;
He said, when any change was brewing,
Reform was a fine name for ruin*;
This maxim firmly he would hold,
"*That* always must be good that's old."

The

* These lines were written many years before the French Revolution had in a manner realized Sir GILLERT's idea of REFORM.

The acts which dignify the day
He thought portended its decay:
And fear'd twou'd shew a falling State,
If STERNHOLD shou'd give way to TATE:
The Church's downfall he predicted,
Were modern tunes not interdicted;
He scorn'd them all, but crown'd with palm
The man who set the hundredth Psalm.
Of moderate parts, of moderate wit,
But parts for life and business fit.
Whate'er the theme, he did not fail,
At Popery and the French to rail;
And started wide, with fond digression
To praise the Protestant succession.
Of BLACKSTONE he had read a part
And all BURN's JUSTICE knew by heart.
He thought man's life too short to waste
On idle things call'd wit and taste.
In books that he might lose no minute:
His very verse had business in it.
He ne'er had heard of Bards of GREECE,
But had read half of DYER's FLEECE.
His sphere of knowledge still was wider,
His Georgics, "PHILIPS upon Cider:"
He cou'd produce in proper place,
Three apt quotations from the "Chace*,"
And in the hall, from day to day,
Old ISAAC WALTON's *Angler* lay.
This good and venerable knight
One daughter had, his soul's delight:
For face, no mortal cou'd resist her,
She smil'd like HEBE's youngest sister:
Her life, as lovely as her face,
Each duty mark'd with every grace;
Her native sense improv'd by reading,
Her native sweetness by good-breeding:

She

* A Poem by Mr. SOMERVILE.

She had perus'd each choicer sage
Of ancient date, or later age;
But her best knowledge still she found
On sacred, not on Classic ground;
'Twas thence her noblest stores she drew,
And well she practis'd what she knew.
Led by Simplicity divine,
She pleas'd, and never tried to shine;
She gave to chance each unschool'd feature,
And left her cause to Sense and Nature.

The Sire of FLORIO, ere he died,
Decreed fair CELIA FLORIO's bride;
Bade him his latest wish attend,
And win the daughter of his friend;
When the last rites to him were paid,
He charg'd him to address the maid:
Sir GILBERT's heart the wish approv'd,
For much his ancient friend he lov'd.

Six rapid months like lightning fly,
And the last grey was now thrown by;
FLORIO, reluctant, calls to mind
The orders of a Sire too kind:
Yet go he must; he must fulfil
The hard conditions of the will:
Go, at that precious hour of prime,
Go, at that swarming, bustling time,
When the full town to joy invites,
Distracted with its own delights;
When Pleasure pours from her full urn,
Each tiresome transport in its turn;
When Dissipation's altars blaze,
And men run mad a thousand ways;
When, on his tablets, there were found
Engagements for full six weeks round;
Must leave, with grief and desperation,
Three packs of cards of invitation,
And all the ravishing delights
Of slavish days, and sleepless nights.

Ye

Ye Nymphs, whom tyrant Power drags down,
With hand despotic, from the town,
When ALMACK's doors wide open stand,
And the gay partner's offer'd hand
Courts to the dance; when steaming rooms,
Fetid with unguents and perfumes,
Invite you to the mobs polite
Of three sure balls in one short night;
You may conceive what FLORIO felt,
And sympathetically melt;
You may conceive the hardship dire,
To lawns and woodlands to retire,
When, freed from Winter's icy chain,
Glad Nature revels on the plain;
When blushing Spring leads on the hours,
And May is prodigal of flow'rs;
When Passion warbles thro' the grove,
And all is song, and all is love;
When new-born breezes sweep the vale,
And health adds fragrance to the gale.

FLORIO.

PART II.

SIX bays, unconsious of their weight,
Soon lodg'd him at Sir GILBERT's gate;
His trusty Swiss, who flew still faster,
Announced th' arrival of his Master:
So loud the rap which shook the door,
The hall re-echo'd to the roar;
Since first the Castle walls were rear'd,
So dread a sound had ne'er been heard;
The din alarm'd the frighten'd deer,
Who in a corner slunk for fear;
The Butler thought 'was beat of drum,
The Steward swore the French were come;
It ting'd with red poor FLORIO's face,
He thought himself in Portland-Place.
Short joy! he enter'd, and the gate
Clos'd on him with its ponderous weight.
Who, like Sir GILBERT, now was blest?
With rapture he embrac'd his guest.
Fair CELIA blush'd, and FLORIO utter'd
Half sentences, or rather mutter'd
Disjointed words—as, "honour! pleasure!
"Kind!—vastly good, Ma'am!—beyond measure:"
Tame expletives, with which dull Fashion
Fills vacancies of sense and passion.
Yet, tho' disciple of cold Art,
FLORIO soon found he had a heart;
He saw; and but that Admiration
Had been too active, too like passion;

Or

Or had he been to *Ton* less true,
Cupid had shot him thro' and thro';
But, vainly speeds the surest dart,
Where FASHION's mail defends the heart;
The shaft her cold repulsion found,
And fell, without the pow'r to wound:
For FASHION, with a mother's joy,
Dipp'd in her lake the darling boy;
That lake, whose chilling waves impart
The gift to freeze the warmest heart:
Yet guarded as he was with phlegm,
With such delight he ey'd the dame,
Found his cold heart so melt before her,
And felt so ready to adore her;
That FASHION fear'd her son would yield,
And flew to snatch him from the field;
O'er his touch'd heart her Ægis threw,
The Goddess Mother strait he knew;
Her power he own'd, she saw and smil'd,
And claim'd the triumph of her child.
CELIA a table still supplied,
Which modish luxury might deride:
A modest feast the hope conveys,
The Master eats on other days;
While gorgeous banquets oft bespeak
A hungry household all the week.
And decent elegance was there,
And Plenty with her liberal air.
But vulgar Plenty gave offence,
And shock'd poor FLORIO's nicer sense
Patient he yielded to his fate,
When good Sir GILBERT pil'd his plate;
He bow'd submissive, made no question,
But that 'twas sovereign for digestion;
But, such was his unlucky whim,
Plain meats wou'd ne'er agree with him;
Yet feign'd to praise the gothic treat,
And, if he ate not, seem'd to eat.

In

In sleep sad FLORIO hop'd to find,
The pleasures he had left behind.
He dreamt, and lo! to charm his eyes,
The form of WELTJE * seem'd to rise;
The gracious vision wav'd his wand,
And banquets sprung to FLORIO's hand;
Th' imaginary savours rose
In tempting odours to his nose.
A bell, not Fancy's false creation,
Gives joyful "note of preparation;"
He starts, he wakes, the bell he hears;
Alas! it rings for morning pray'rs.

But how to spend next tedious morning,
Was past his possible discerning;
Unable to amuse himself,
He tumbled every well-rang'd shelf;
This book was dull, and that was wise,
And this was monstrous as to size.
With eager joy he gobbled down
Whate'er related to the town;
Whate'er look'd small, whate'er look'd new,
Half-bound, or stitch'd in pink or blue;
Old play-bills, ASTLEY's last year's feats,
And Opera disputes in sheets.
As these dear records meet his eyes,
Ghosts of departed pleasures rise;
He lays the book upon the shelf,
And leaves the day to spend itself.

To cheat the tedious hours, whene'er
He sallied forth to take the air,
His sympathetic ponies knew
Which way their Lord's affections drew;
And, every time he went abroad,
Sought of themselves the London road;
He ask'd each mile of every clown,
How far they reckon'd it to town?

And

* A celebrated Cook and Confectioner.

And still his nimble spirits rise,
Whilst thither he directs his eyes;
But when his coursers back he guides,
The sinking Mercury quick subsides.
A week he had resolv'd to stay,
But found a week in every day;
Yet if the gentle maid was by,
Faint pleasure glisten'd in his eye;
Whene'er she spoke, attention hung
On the mild accents of her tongue;
But when no more the room she grac'd,
The slight impression was effac'd.
Whene'er Sir GILBERT's sporting guests
Retail'd old news, or older jests,
FLORIO, quite calm, and debonair,
Still humm'd a new Italian air;
He did not even feign to hear 'em,
But plainly shew'd he cou'd not bear 'em.
CELIA perceiv'd his secret thoughts,
But lik'd the youth with all his faults;
Yet 'twas unlike, she softly said,
The tales of love which she had read,
Where heroes vow'd, and sigh'd and knelt;
Nay, 'twas unlike the love she felt;
Tho' when her Sire the youth wou'd blame,
She clear'd his but suspected fame,
Ventur'd to hope, with fault'ring tongue,
" He wou'd reform—he was but young;"
Confess'd his manners wrong in part,
" But then—he had so good a heart!"
She sunk each fault, each virtue rais'd,
And still, where truth permitted, prais'd;
His interest farther to secure,
She prais'd his bounty to the poor;
For, votary as he was of art,
He had a kind and melting heart;
Tho', with a smile, he us'd to own
He had not *time* to feel in town;

Not

Not that he blush'd to shew compassion,—
It chanc'd that year to be the fashion.
And equally the modish tribe,
To Clubs or Hospitals subscribe.
At length, to wake Ambition's flame,
A letter from BELLARIO came;
Announcing the supreme delight,
Preparing for a certain night,
By FLAVIA fair, return'd from France,
Who took him captive at a glance:
The invitations all were given!
Five hundred cards!—a little heaven!—
A dinner first—he wou'd present him,
And nothing, nothing must prevent him.
Whoever wish'd a nobler air,
Must gain it by an *entrée* there;
Of all the glories of the town,
'Twas the first passport to renown.
Then ridicul'd his rural schemes,
His pastoral shades, and purling streams;
Sneer'd at his present *brilliant* life,
His polish'd Sire, and high-bred Wife!
Thus, doubly to inflame, he tried,
His curiosity, and pride.
The youth, with agitated heart,
Prepar'd directly to depart;
But, bound in honour to obey
His father, at no distant day,
He promis'd soon to hasten down,
Tho' business call'd him now to town;
Then faintly hints a cold proposal—
But leaves it to the Knight's disposal—
Stammer'd half words of love and duty,
And mutter'd much of—"worth and beauty;"
Something of "passion" then he dropt,
"And hop'd his *ardour*"—Here he stopt;
For some remains of native truth
Flush'd in his face, and check'd the youth;

Yet

With unbelieving scorn is heard,
Or still to selfish ends referr'd;
If in the deed no flaw they find,
To some base motive 'tis assign'd;
When Malice longs to throw her dart,
But finds no vulnerable part,
Because the Virtues all defend,
At every pass, their guarded friend;
Then by one slight insinuation,
One scarce perceiv'd exaggeration;
Sly RIDICULE, with half a word,
Can fix her stigma of—absurd;
Nor care, nor skill, extracts the dart,
With which she stabs the feeling heart;
Her cruel caustics inly pain,
And scars indelible remain.
Supreme in wit, supreme in play,
Despotic FLAVIA all obey;
Small were her natural charms of face,
Till heighten'd with each foreign grace;
But what subdued BELLARIO's soul
Beyond Philosophy's control,
Her constant table was as fine
As if ten Rajahs were to dine;
She every day produc'd such fish as
Wou'd gratify the nice APICIUS,
Or realize what we think fabulous
I' th' bill of fare of HELIOGABALUS.
Yet still the natural taste was cheated,
'Twas delug'd in some saucc one hated.
'Twas sauce! 'twas sweetmeat! 'twas confection!
All poignancy! and all perfection!
Rich *Entremets*, whose name none knows,
Ragouts, *Tourtes*, *Tendrons*, *Fricandeaux*,
Might picque the sensuality
O' th' hogs of EPICURUS' sty;
Yet all so foreign, and so fine,
'Twas easier to admire, than dine.

O!

O! if the Muse had power to tell
Each dish, no Muse has power to spell!
Great Goddess of the French *Cuisine!*
Not with unhallow'd hands I mean
To violate thy secret shade,
Which eyes profane shall ne'er invade;
No! of thy dignity supreme,
I, with "mysterious reverence," deem!
Or, shou'd I venture with rash hand,
The vulgar wou'd not understand;
None but th' initiated know
The raptures keen thy rites bestow.
Thus much to tell I lawful deem,
Thy works are never what they seem;
Thy will this general law has past,
That nothing of itself shall taste.
Thy word this high decree enacted,
"In all be NATURE counteracted!"
Conceive, who can, the perfect bliss,
For 'tis not given to all to guess,
The rapturous joy BELLARIO found,
When thus his ev'ry wish was crown'd.
To FLORIO, as the best of friends,
One dish he secretly commends;
Then hinted, as a special favour,
What gave it that delicious flavour;
A mystery he so much reveres,
He never to unhallow'd ears
Wou'd trust it, but to him wou'd show
How far true Friendship's power cou'd go.
FLORIO, tho' dazzled by the *fête*,
With far inferior transport eat;
A little warp his taste had gain'd,
Which, unperceiv'd, till now, remain'd;
For, from himself he wou'd conceal
The change he did not chuse to feel;
He almost wish'd he cou'd be picking
An unsophisticated chicken;

And when he cast his eyes around,
And not one simple morsel found,
O give me, was his secret wish,
My charming CELIA's plainest dish!
Thus Nature, struggling for her rights,
Lets in some little, casual lights,
And Love combines to war with Fashion,
Tho' yet 'twas but an infant passion;
The practis'd FLAVIA tried each art
Of sly attack to steal his heart;
Her forc'd civilities oppress,
Fatiguing thro' mere graciousness;
While many a gay, intrepid dame,
By bold assault essay'd the same.
Fill'd with disgust, he strove to fly
The artful glance and fearless eye;
Their jargon now no more he praises,
Nor echoes back their flimsy phrases.
He felt not CELIA's powers of face,
Till weigh'd against *bon-ton* grimace;
Nor half her genuine beauties tasted,
'Till with factitious charms contrasted.
Th' industrious harpies hover'd round,
Nor peace nor liberty he found;
By force and flattery circumvented,
To play, reluctant, he consented;
Each Dame her power of pleasing tried,
To fix the novice by her side;
Of *Pigeons*, he the very best,
Who wealth, with ignorance, possest:
But FLAVIA's rhetoric best persuades,
That Sybil leads him to the shades;
The fatal leaves around the room,
Prophetic, tell th' approaching doom!
Yet, different from the tale of old,
It was the fair one pluck'd the gold;
Her arts the pond'rous purse exhaust;
A thousand borrow'd, stak'd, and lost,

Wakes

Wakes him to sense and shame again,
Nor force, nor fraud, cou'd more obtain.
He rose, indignant, to attend
The summons of a ruin'd friend,
Whom keen BELLARIO's arts betray
To all the depths of desperate play;
A thoughtless youth who near him sat,
Was plunder'd of his whole estate;
Too late he call'd for FLORIO's aid,
A beggar in a moment made.
And now, with horror, FLORIO views
The wild confusion which ensues;
Marks how the Dames, of late so fair,
Assume a fierce demoniac air;
Marks where th' infernal furies hold
Their orgies foul o'er heaps of gold;
And spirits dire appear to rise,
Guarding the horrid mysteries;
Marks how deforming passions tear
The bosoms of the losing fair;
How looks convuls'd, and haggar'd faces,
Chase the scar'd Loves, and frighten'd Graces?
Touch'd with disdain, with horror fir'd,
CELIA! he murmur'd, and retir'd.
That night no sleep his eyelids prest,
He thought; and thought's a foe to rest:
Or if, by chance, he clos'd his eyes,
What hideous spectres round him rise!
Distemper'd Fancy wildly brings
The broken images of things;
His ruin'd friend, with eye-ball fixt,
Swallowing the draught Despair had mixt;
The frantic wife beside him stands,
With bursting heart, and wringing hands;
And every horror dreams bestow,
Of pining Want, or raving Woe.
Next morn, to check, or cherish thought,
His Library's retreat he sought;

He view'd each book, with cold regard,
Of serious sage, or lighter bard;
At length, among the motley band,
The IDLER fell into his hand;
Th' alluring title caught his eye,
It promis'd cold inanity:
He read with rapture and surprise,
And found 'twas pleasant, tho' 'twas wise;
His tea grew cold, whilst he, unheeding,
Pursu'd this reasonable reading.
He wonder'd at the change he found,
Th' elastic spirits nimbly bound;
Time slipt, without disgust, away,
While many a card unanswer'd lay;
Three papers, reeking from the press,
Three Pamphlets thin, in azure dress,
Ephemeral literature well known,
The lie and scandal of the town;
Poison of letters, morals, time!
Assassin of our days fresh prime!
These, on his table, half the day,
Unthought of, and neglected lay.
FLORIO had now full three hours read,
Hours which he us'd to waste in bed;
His pulse beat Virtue's vigorous tone,
The reason to himself unknown;
And if be stopp'd to seek the cause,
Fair CELIA's image fill'd the pause.
And now, announc'd, BELLARIO's name
Had almost quench'd the new-born flame:
"Admit him," was the ready word
Which first escap'd him, not unheard;
When sudden, to his mental sight,
Uprose the horrors of last night;
His plunder'd friend before him stands,
And—"not at home," his firm commands,
He felt the conquest as a joy
The first temptation wou'd destroy.

He knew next day that Hymen's hand,
Wou'd tack the slight and slippery band,
Which, in loose bondage, wou'd ensnare
BELLARIO bright and FLAVIA fair.
Oft had he promis'd to attend
The Nuptials of his happy friend:
To go—to stay—alike he fears;
At length a bolder flight he dares;
To CELIA he resolves to fly,
And catch fresh virtue from her eye;
Tho' three full weeks did yet remain,
Ere he engag'd to come again.
This plan he tremblingly embrac'd,
With doubtful zeal, and fluttering haste;
Nor ventur'd he one card to read,
Which might his virtuous scheme impede;
Each note, he dreaded might betray him,
And shudder'd lest each rap shou'd stay him.
Behold him seated in his chaise;
With face that self-distrust betrays;
He hazards not a single glance,
Nor thro' the glasses peeps by chance,
Lest some old friend, or haunt well known,
Shou'd melt his resolution down.
Fast as his foaming coursers fly,
Hyde-Park attracts his half-rais'd eye;
He steals one fearful, conscious look,
Then drops his eye upon his book.
Triumphant he persists to go;
But gives one sigh to *Rotten Row*.
Long as he view'd AUGUSTA's tow'rs,
The sight relax'd his thinking pow'rs;
In vain he better plans revolves,
While the soft scene his soul dissolves;
The tow'rs once lost, his view he bends,
Where the receding smoke ascends;
But when nor smoke, nor tow'rs arise,
To charm his heart or cheat his eyes;

When

When once he got entirely clear
From this enfeebling atmosphere;
His mind was brac'd, his spirits light,
His heart was gay, his humour bright;
Thus feeling, at his inmost soul,
The sweet reward of self-control.
Impatient now, and all alive,
He thought he never shou'd arrive;
At last he spies Sir GILBERT's trees;
Now the near battlements he sees;
The gates he enter'd with delight,
And, self-announc'd, embrac'd the knight:
The youth his joy unfeign'd exprest,
The knight with joy receiv'd his guest,
And own'd, with no unwilling tongue,
'Twas done like men when he was young.
Three weeks subducted, went to prove,
A feeling like old-fashion'd love.
For CELIA, not a word she said,
But blush'd, " celestial, rosy red!"
Her modest charms transport the youth,
Who promis'd everlasting truth.
CELIA, in honour of the day,
Unusual splendor wou'd display:
Such was the charm her sweetness gave,
He thought her Wedgwood had been *sève;*
Her taste diffus'd a gracious air,
And chaste Simplicity was there,
Whose secret power, tho' silent, great is,
The loveliest of the sweet Penates.
FLORIO, now present to the scene,
With spirits light, and gracious mein,
Sir GILBERT's port politely praises,
And carefully avoids French phrases;
Endures the daily dissertation
On Land-tax, and a ruin'd Nation;
Listens to many a tedious tale
Of poachers, who deserv'd a jail;

Heard

Heard all the business of the Quorum,
Each cause and crime produc'd before 'em;
Heard them abuse with complaisance
The language, wines, and wits of France;
Nor did he hum a single air,
While good Sir GILBERT fill'd his chair.
Abroad, with joy and grateful pride,
He walks, with CELIA by his side:
A thousand cheerful thoughts arise,
Each rural scene enchants his eyes;
With transport he begins to look
On Nature's all-instructive book;
No objects now seem mean, or low,
Which point to HIM from whom they flow.
A berry or a bud excites
A chain of reasoning which delights,
Which, spite of sceptic ebullitions,
Proves Atheists not the best Logicians.
A tree, a brook, a blade of grass,
Suggest reflections as they pass,
Till FLORIO, with a sigh, confest
The simplest pleasures are the best!
BELLARIO's systems sink in air,
He feels the PERFECT, GOOD, and FAIR.
As pious CELIA rais'd the theme
To holy faith and love supreme;
Enlighten'd FLORIO learn'd to trace
In Nature's God the God of Grace.
In wisdom as the convert grew,
The hours on rapid pinions flew;
When call'd to dress, that TITUS wore
A wig the alter'd FLORIO swore;
Or else, in estimating time,
He ne'er had mark'd it as a crime,
That he had lost but *one day*'s blessing,
When we so many lose, by dressing.

The

The rest, suffice it now to say,
Was finish'd in the usual way.
Cupid, impatient for his hour,
Revil'd slow Themis' tedious power,
Whose parchment legends, signing, sealing,
Are cruel forms for Love to deal in.
At length, to FLORIO's eager eyes,
Behold the day of bliss arise!
The golden sun illumes the globe,
The burning torch, the saffron robe,
Just as of old, glad Hymen wears,
And Cupid, as of old, appears
In Hymen's train; so strange the case,
They hardly knew each other's face;
Yet both confess'd with glowing heart
They never were design'd to part;
Quoth Hymen, sure you're strangely slighted
At weddings not to be invited;
The reason's clear enough, quoth Cupid,
My company is thought but stupid,
Where Plutus is the favourite guest,
For he and I scarce speak at best.
The self-same sun which joins the twain
Sees FLAVIA sever'd from her swain:
BELLARIO sues for a divorce,
And both pursue their sep'rate course.
Oh wedded love! Thy bliss how rare!
And yet the ill-assorted pair;
The pair who chuse at Fashion's voice,
Or drag the chain of venal choice,
Have little cause to curse the State;
Who *make*, shou'd never *blame* their fate;
Such flimsy ties, say where's the wonder,
If Doctor's Commons snap asunder.
In either case, 'tis still the wife,
Gives cast and colour to the life.

FLORIO

FLORIO escap'd from Fashion's school,
His heart and conduct learns to rule;
Conscience his useful life approves;
He serves his God, his Country loves;
Reveres her laws, protects her rights,
And, for her interests, pleads or fights;
Reviews with scorn his former life,
And, for his rescue, thanks his Wife.

THE SLAVE TRADE:

A POEM.

—— O great design!
Ye Sons of Mercy! O complete your work;
Wrench from Oppression's hand the iron rod,
And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.
THOMSON'S "LIBERTY."

IF Heaven has into being deign'd to call
Thy light, O LIBERTY! to shine on all;
Bright intellectual Sun! why does thy ray
To earth distribute only partial day?
Since no resisting cause from spirit flows
Thy universal presence to oppose;
No obstacles by Nature's hand imprest,
Thy subtle and ethereal beams arrest;
Not sway'd by matter is thy course benign,
Or more direct or more oblique to shine;
Nor motion's laws can speed thy active course,
Nor strong repulsion's pow'rs obstruct thy force;
Since there is no convexity in MIND,
Why are thy genial beams to parts confin'd?
While the chill North with thy bright ray is blest,
Why should fell darkness half the South invest?
Was it decreed, fair Freedom! at thy birth,
That thou shou'd'st ne'er irradiate *all* the earth?
While Britain basks in thy full blaze of light,
Why lies sad Afric quench'd in total night?
Thee only, *sober* Goddess! I attest,
In smiles chastis'd, and decent graces drest.

To

To thee alone, pure daughter of the skies,
The hallow'd incense of the Bard shou'd rise!
Not that mad Liberty, in whose wild praise
Too oft he trims his prostituted bays;
Not that unlicen'd monster of the crowd,
Whose roar terrific bursts in peals so loud,
Deaf'ning the ear of Peace; fierce Faction's tool,
Of rash Sedition born, and mad Misrule;
Whose stubborn mouth, rejecting reason's reign,
No strength can govern, and no skill restrain;
Whose magic cries the frantic vulgar draw
To spurn at Order, and to outrage Law;
To tread on grave Authority and Pow'r,
And shake the work of ages in an hour:
Convul'd her voice, and pestilent her breath,
She raves of mercy, while she deals out death:
Each blast is fate; she darts from either hand
Red conflagration o'er th' astonish'd land:
Clamouring for peace, she rends the air with noise,
And to reform a part, the whole destroys.
Reviles oppression only to oppress,
And, in the act of murder, breathes redress.
Such have we seen on Freedom's genuine coast,
Bellowing for blessings which were never lost.
'Tis past, and Reason rules the lucid hour,
And beauteous ORDER re-assumes his power:
Lord of the bright ascendant may he reign,
Till perfect Peace eternal sway maintain*!

O, plaintive Southerne†! whose impassion'd page
Can melt the soul to grief, or rouse to rage!
Now, when congenial themes engage the Muse,
She burns to emulate thy generous views;
Her failing efforts mock her fond desires,
She shares thy feelings, not partakes thy fires.

Strange

* Alluding to the riots of London in the year 1780.

† Author of the Tragedy of Oronoko.

Strange pow'r of song! the strain that warms the heart
Seems the same inspiration to impart;
Touch'd by th' extrinsic energy alone,
We think the flame which melts us is our own;
Deceiv'd, for genius we mistake delight,
Charm'd as we read, we fancy we can write.
Tho' not to me, sweet Bard, thy pow'rs belong,
The cause I plead shall sanctify my song.
The Muse awakes no artificial fire,
For Truth rejects what Fancy wou'd inspire:
Here Art wou'd weave her gayest flow'rs in vain,
The bright invention Nature wou'd disdain.
For no fictitious ills these numbers flow,
But living anguish, and substantial woe;
No individual griefs my bosom melt,
For millions feel what Oronoko felt:
Fir'd by no single wrongs, the countless host
I mourn, by rapine dragg'd from Afric's coast.
Perish th' illiberal thought which wou'd debase
The native genius of the sable race!
Perish the proud philosophy, which sought
To rob them of the pow'rs of equal thought!
Does then th' immortal principle within
Change with the casual colour of a skin?
Does matter govern spirit? or is mind
Degraded by the form to which 'tis join'd?
No: they have heads to think, and hearts to feel,
And souls to act, with firm, tho' erring zeal;
For they have keen affections, kind desires,
Love strong as death, and active patriot fires;
All the rude energy, the fervid flame,
Of high-soul'd passion, and ingenuous shame:
Strong, but luxuriant virtues boldly shoot
From the wild vigour of a savage root.
Nor weak their sense of honour's proud control,
For pride is virtue in a Pagan soul;

A sense

A sense of worth, a conscience of desert,
A high, unbroken haughtiness of heart;
That self-same stuff which erst proud empires sway'd,
Of which the conquerors of the world were made.
Capricious fate of men! that very pride
In Afric scourg'd, in Rome was deify'd.
No muse, O Qua-shi *! shall thy deeds relate,
No statue snatch thee from oblivious fate!
For thou wast born where never gentle Muse
On Valour's grave the flow'rs of Genius strews;
And thou wast born where no recording page
Plucks the fair deed from Time's devouring rage.
Had Fortune plac'd thee on some happier coast,
Where *polish'd* Pagans souls heroic boast,
To thee, who sought'st a voluntary grave,
Th' uninjur'd honours of thy name to save,
Whose generous arm thy barbarous master spar'd
Altars had smok'd, and temples had been rear'd.
Whene'er to Afric's shores I turn my eyes,
Horrors of deepest, deadliest guilt arise;
I see, by more than Fancy's mirror shewn,
The burning village, and the blazing town:
See the dire victim torn from social life,
The shrieking babe, the agonizing wife!
She,

* It is a point of honour among Negroes of a high spirit to die rather than to suffer their glossy skin to bear the mark of the whip. Qua-shi had somehow offended his master, a young planter with whom he had been bred up in the endearing intimacy of a play-fellow. His services had been faithful; his attachment affectionate. The master resolved to punish him, and pursued him for that purpose. In trying to escape Qua-shi stumbled and fell; the master fell upon him; they wrestled long with doubtful victory; at length Qua-shi got uppermost, and, being firmly seated on his master's breast, he secured his legs with one hand, and with the other drew a sharp knife; then said, "Master, I have been bred up with you "from a child; I have loved you as myself: in return, you have con-"demned me to a punishment of which I must ever have borne the "marks—thus only I can avoid them;" so saying, he drew the knife with all his strength across his own throat, and fell down dead, without a groan, on his master's body.

RAMSAY'S *Essay on the Treatment of African Slaves.*

She, wretch forlorn! is dragg'd by hostile hands,
To distant tyrants sold, in distant lands!
Transmitted miseries, and successive chains,
The sole sad heritage her child obtains!
E'en this last wretched boon their foes deny,
To weep together, or together die.
By felon hands, by one relentless stroke,
See the fond links of feeling Nature broke!
The fibres twisting round a parent's heart,
Torn from their grasp, and bleeding as they part.
Hold, murderers, hold! nor aggravate distress;
Respect the passions you yourselves possess;
Ev'n you, of ruffian heart, and ruthless hand,
Love your own offspring, love your native land:
Ev'n you, with fond impatient feelings burn,
Tho' free as air, tho' certain of return.
Then, if to you, who voluntary roam,
So dear the memory of your distant home,
O think how absence the lov'd scene endears
To him, whose food is groans, whose drink is tears;
Think on the wretch whose aggravated pains
To exile misery adds, to misery chains.
If warm *your* heart, to British feelings true,
As dear his land to him as yours to you;
And Liberty, in you a hallow'd flame,
Burns, unextinguish'd, in his breast the same.
Then leave him holy Freedom's cheering smile,
The heav'n taught fondness for the parent soil;
Revere affections mingled with our frame,
In every nature, every clime the same;
In all, these feelings equal sway maintain;
In all, the love of HOME and FREEDOM reign:
And Tempe's vale, and parch'd Angola's sand,
One equal fondness of their sons command.
Th' unconquer'd Savage laughs at pain and toil,
Basking in Freedom's beams which gild his native soil.

Does thirst of empire, does desire of fame,
(For these are specious crimes,) our rage inflame?
No: sordid lust of gold their fate controls,
The basest appetite of basest souls;
Gold, better gain'd by what their ripening sky,
Their fertile fields, their arts*, and mines supply.
What wrongs, what injuries does Oppression plead,
To smooth the crime and sanctify the deed?
What strange offence, what aggravated sin?
They stand convicted—of a darker skin!
Barbarians, hold! th' opprobrious commerce spare,
Respect HIS sacred image which they bear.
Tho' dark and savage, ignorant and blind,
They claim the common privilege of kind;
Let Malice strip them of each other plea,
They still are men, and men shou'd still be free.
Insulted Reason loaths th' inverted trade—
Loaths, as she views the human purchase made;
The outrag'd Goddess, with abhorrent eyes,
Sees MAN the traffic, SOULS the merchandize!
Man, whom fair Commerce taught with judging eye,
And liberal hand, to barter or to buy,
Indignant Nature blushes to behold,
Degraded Man himself, truck'd, barter'd, sold:
Of ev'ry native privilege bereft,
Yet curs'd with ev'ry wounded feeling left.
Hard lot! each brutal suff'ring to sustain,
Yet keep the sense acute of human pain.
Plead not, in reason's palpable abuse,
Their sense of feeling † callous and obtuse:
From heads to hearts lies Nature's plain appeal,
Tho' few can reason, all mankind can feel.

Tho'

* Besides many valuable productions of the soil, cloths and carpets of exquisite manufacture are brought from the coast of Guinea.

† Nothing is more frequent than this cruel and stupid argument, that they do not *feel* the miseries inflicted on them as Europeans would do.

Tho' wit may boast a livelier dread of shame,
A loftier sense of wrong refinement claim;
Tho' polish'd manners may fresh wants invent,
And nice distinctions nicer souls torment;
Tho' these on finer spirits heavier fall,
Yet natural evils are the same to all.
Tho' wounds there are which reason's force may heal,
There needs no logic sure to make us feel.
The nerve, howe'er untutor'd, can sustain
A sharp, unutterable sense of pain;
As exquisitely fashion'd in a slave,
As where unequal fate a sceptre gave.
Sense is as keen where Gambia's waters glide,
As where proud Tiber rolls his classic tide.
Tho' verse or rhetoric point the feeling line,
They do not whet sensation, but define.
Did ever wretch less feel the galling chain,
When Zeno prov'd there was no ill in pain?
In vain the sage to smooth its horror tries;
Spartans and Helots see with different eyes;
Their miseries philosophic quirks deride,
Slaves groan in pangs disown'd by Stoic pride.
When the fierce Sun darts vertical his beams,
And thirst and hunger mix their wild extremes;
When the sharp iron* wounds his inmost soul,
And his strain'd eyes in burning anguish roll;
Will the parch'd Negro own, ere he expire,
No pain in hunger, and no heat in fire?
For him, when agony his frame destroys,
What hope of present fame or future joys?
For *that* have Heroes shorten'd nature's date;
For *this* have Martyrs gladly met their fate;

* This is not said figuratively. The writer of these lines has seen a complete set of chains, fitted to every separate limb of these unhappy, innocent men; together with instruments for wrenching open the jaws, contrived with such ingenious cruelty as would gratify the tender mercies of an inquisitor.

But him, forlorn, no Hero's pride sustains,
No Martyr's blissful visions sooth his pains;
Sullen, he mingles with his kindred dust,
For he has learn'd to dread the Christian's trust;
To him what mercy can that GOD display,
Whose servants murder, and whose sons betray?
Savage! thy venial error I deplore,
They are *not* Christians who infest thy shore.
O thou sad spirit, whose preposterous yoke
The great deliverer Death, at length, has broke!
Releas'd from misery, and escap'd from care,
Go, meet that mercy man deny'd thee here.
In thy dark home, sure refuge of th' oppress'd,
The wicked vex not, and the weary rest.
And, if some notions, vague and undefin'd,
Of future terrors have assail'd thy mind;
If such thy masters have presum'd to teach,
As terrors only they are prone to preach;
(For shou'd they paint eternal Mercy's reign,
Where were th' oppressor's rod, the captive's chain?)
If, then, thy troubled soul has learn'd to dread
The dark unknown thy trembling footsteps tread;
On HIM, who made thee what thou art, depend;
HE, who withholds the means, accepts the end.
Thy mental night thy Saviour will not blame,
He dy'd for those who never heard his name.
Not *thine* the reckoning dire of LIGHT abus'd,
KNOWLEDGE disgrac'd, and LIBERTY misused;
On *thee* no awful judge incens'd shall sit
For parts perverted, and dishonour'd wit.
Where ignorance will be found the safest plea,
How many learn'd and wise shall envy *thee!*
And thou, WHITE SAVAGE! whether lust of gold
Or lust of conquest rule thee uncontroll'd!
Hero, or robber!—by whatever name
Thou plead thy impious claim to wealth or fame;
Whether inferior mischiefs be thy boast,
A tyrant trader rifling *Congo*'s coast:

Or

Or bolder carnage track thy crimson way,
Kings dispossess'd, and provinces they prey;
Whether thou pant to tame earth's distant bound;
All Cortez murder'd, all Columbus found;
O'er plunder'd realms to reign, detested Lord,
Make millions wretched, and thyself abhorr'd:—
Whether Cartouche in forests break the law,
Or bolder Cesar keep the world in awe;
In Reason's eye, in Wisdom's fair account,
Your sum of glory boasts a like amount;
The means may differ, but the end's the same;
Conquest is pillage with a nobler name.
Who makes the sum of human blessings less,
Or sinks the stock of general happiness,
Tho' erring fame may grace, tho' false renown
His life may blazon or his memory crown;
Yet the last audit shall reverse the cause;
And God shall vindicate his broken laws.

Had those advent'rous spirits who explore
Thro' ocean's trackless wastes, the far-sought shore;
Whether of wealth insatiate, or of pow'r,
Conquerors who waste, or ruffians who devour:
Had these possess'd, O Cook! thy gentle mind,
Thy love of arts, thy love of human kind;
Had these pursued thy mild and liberal plan,
Discoveries had not been a curse to man!
Then, bless'd Philanthropy! thy social hands
Had link'd dissever'd worlds in brothers' bands;
Careless, if colour, or if clime divide;
Then, lov'd and loving, man had liv'd, and died.
Then with pernicious skill we had not known
To bring their vices back and leave our own.

The purest wreaths which hang on glory's shrine,
For empires founded, peaceful Penn! are thine;
No blood-stain'd laurels crown'd thy virtuous toil,
No slaughter'd natives drench'd thy fair-earn'd soil.

Still

Still thy meek spirit in thy flock* survives,
Consistent still, *their* doctrines rule their lives;
Thy followers only have effac'd the shame
Inscrib'd by SLAVERY on the Christian name.
Shall Britain, where the soul of Freedom reigns,
Forge chains for others she herself disdains?
Forbid it, Heaven! O let the nations know
The liberty she loves she will bestow;
Not to herself the glorious gift confin'd,
She spreads the blessing wide as human kind;
And, scorning narrow views of time and place,
Bids all be free in earth's extended space.
What page of human annals can record
A deed so bright as human rights restor'd?
O may that god-like deed, that shining page,
Redeem OUR fame, and consecrate OUR age!
And let this glory mark our favour'd shore,
To curb FALSE FREEDOM and the TRUE restore!
And see, the cherub Mercy from above,
Descending softly, quits the sphere of love!
On Britain's Isle she sheds her heavenly dew;
And breathes her spirit o'er th' enlighten'd few,
From soul to soul the spreading influence steals,
Till every breast the soft contagion feels.
She speeds, exulting, to the burning shore,
With the best message Angel ever bore;
Hark! 'tis the note which spoke a Saviour's birth!
Glory to God on high, and peace on Earth!
She vindicates the pow'r in Heaven ador'd,
She stills the clank of chains, and sheathes the sword;
She cheers the mourner, and with soothing hands
From bursting hearts unbinds th' Oppressor's bands;
Restores the lustre of the Christian name,
And clears the foulest blot that dimm'd its fame.
As the mild Spirit hovers o'er the coast,
A fresher hue their wither'd landscapes boast;

Her

* The Quakers have emancipated all their slaves throughout America.

Her healing smiles the ruin'd scenes repair,
And blasted Nature wears a joyous air;
While she proclaims thro' all their spicy groves,
" Henceforth your fruits, your labours and your loves,
" All that your Sires possess'd, or you have sown,
" Sacred from plunder—all is now YOUR OWN."
And now, her high commission from above,
Stamp'd with the holy characters of love,
The meek-ey'd spirit waving in her hand,
Breathes manumission o'er the rescu'd land;
She tears the banner stain'd with blood and tears,
And, LIBERTY! thy shining standard rears!
As the bright ensign's glory she displays,
See pale OPPRESSION faints beneath the blaze!
The giant dies; no more his frown appals,
The chain, untouch'd, drops off; the fetter falls.
Astonish'd echo tells the vocal shore,
Oppression's fall'n, and Slavery is no more!
The dusky myriads crowd the sultry plain,
And hail that MERCY long invok'd in vain.
Victorious Pow'r! she bursts their two-fold bands,
And FAITH and FREEDOM spring from Britain's hands.
And THOU! great source of Nature and of Grace,
Who of one blood didst form the human race;
Look down in mercy in thy chosen time,
With equal eye on Afric's suff'ring clime:
Disperse her shades of intellectual night,
Repeat thy high behest—LET THERE BE LIGHT!
Bring each benighted soul, great GOD, to Thee,
And with thy wide Salvation make them free!

DAN AND JANE:

OR,

FAITH AND WORKS.

A TALE.

GOOD Dan and Jane were man and wife,
And liv'd a loving kind of life;
One point, however, they disputed,
And each by turns his mate confuted.
'Twas Faith and Works—this knotty question
They found not easy of digestion.
While Dan for Faith alone contended,
Jane equally Good Works defended.
" They are not Christians sure, but Turks,
" Who build on Faith and scoff at Works."
Quoth Jane—While eager Dan reply'd,
" By none but heathens Faith's deny'd.
" I'll tell you, wife," at length quoth Dan,
" A story of a right good man.
" A patriarch sage, of ancient days,
" A man of Faith, whom all must praise.
" In his own country he possess'd,
" Whate'er can make a wise man blest;
" His was the flock, the field, the spring,
" In short, a little rural king.
" Yet, pleas'd, he quits his native land,
" By Faith in the Divine command.
" God bade him go; and he, content,
" Went forth, not knowing where he went.

" He

AN

HEROIC EPISTLE,

TO

MISS SALLY HORNE,

(AGED THREE YEARS,)

Youngest Daughter of Dr. HORNE, late Bishop of Norwich.

Written on the blank leaves of "MOTHER BUNCH'S TALES;" *and shewing the superiority of these Histories to most others.*

TO thee fair creature, SALLY HORNE,
And sure a fairer ne'er was born;
A grave Biographer I send,
By NEWBERRY in the church-yard penn'd;
(Or if to truth my phrase I stinted,
By NEWBERRY in the church-yard printed;)
Hight mother Bunch—a worthier sage,
Ne'er fill'd, I ween, th' historic page;
For she, of Kings and Queens can prate,
As fast as patriotic KATE*;
Nor vents like her, her idle spleen,
Merely because *'tis* king or Queen,
KATE, who each subject makes a slave,
Wou'd make each Potentate a Knave;
Tho' Britons can the converse prove,
A King who reigns and rules by love.
While Mother Bunch's honest story,
Unaw'd by WHIG, unwarp'd by TORY;

Paints

* See Mrs. MACAULAY'S History of England.

Paints Sovereigns with impartial pen,
Some good, some bad, like other men.
Oh, there are few such books as these,
Which only mean to teach or please;
Read Mother Bunch, then charming SALLY,
Her writings, with your taste, will tally.
No pride of learning she displays,
Nor reads one word an hundred ways;
To please the young she lays before 'em
A simple tale, *sans variorum:*
With notes and margins unperplext,
And comments which confuse the text.
No double senses interfere
To puzzle what before was clear.
Here no mistaken dates deceive ye,
Which oft occur from HUME to LIVY.
Her dates more safe and more sublime,
Seize the broad phrase—"*Once on a time.*"
Then Mother Bunch is no misleader
In citing Authors who precede her;
Unlike our modern wits of note,
Who, purposely, and oft misquote;
Who injure History, or intend it,
As much to KENNICOTT to mend it;
And seek no less the truth to mangle
Then he to clear and disentangle.
These short digressions we apply
Our Author's fame to magnify;
She seeks not to bewilder youth,
But all is true she gives for truth:
And, till to analyze you're able,
Fable is safe while given as fable;
As mere invention you receive it,
You know 'tis false, and disbelieve it;
While that bad chemistry which brings
And mixes up incongruous things,
With genuine fact invention blending,
As if true history wanted mending;

Or flav'ring, to mislead our youth,
Mere fable with a dash of truth;
In all these heterogeneous tales
The injudicious project fails;
Of *truth* you do not get your measure,
And of pure *fiction* lose the pleasure,
But Mother Bunch rejects such arts,
A sounder taste her work imparts.
Then if for prosperous turns you look,
There's no such other history book.
Old Authors shew, nor do I wrong 'em,
How tyrants shar'd the world among 'em;
And all we learn of ancient times
Are human woes and human crimes.
They tell us nought but dismal tales,
How Virtue sinks, and Vice prevails;
And all their labours but declare
The miseries of the good and fair:
How one brave captive in a quarrel
Was tumbled down hill in a barrel!
In fiery flames how some did fry,
Only because they dar'd not lie!
How female victims meet their doom,
At Aulis one, and more at Rome!
How Ease the Hero's laurels stain'd,
How CAPUA lost what CANNÆ gain'd!
How *he*, whom long success attends,
Is kill'd at home among his friends!
How ATHENS, him who serv'd so well,
Rewarded with an oyster shell!
How NERO stabb'd a mother's breast!
Ah, barbarous CLIO, spare the rest;
Conceal these horrors, if thou'rt able,
If these be truth, Oh give me fable!
Till real deeds are fit to mention,
Regale my feelings with invention.
But mother Bunch's morals tell
How blest all were who acted well!

How the good little girl's regarded,
And boy who learns his book rewarded!
How loss of favor follows rudeness,
While sugar plumbs repay all goodness!
How she who learns to read or write,
Will get a coach or chariot by 't;
And not a faggot-maker's daughter
But has it at her Christening taught her,
By some invited fairy guest,
That she shall wed a Prince at least;
And thro' the whole this truth's pursu'd,
That to be happy's to be good.
If these to life be contradictions,
Mark the morality of fictions;
Axioms more popular they teach,
That to be good is to be rich!
For all the Misses marry Kings,
And diamonds are but common things;
While dames in history hardly get 'em,
Our Heroines ope their mouths and spit 'em.
Oh, this is profitable learning,
Past cold Historians' dull discerning;
Who, while their annals they impart,
Expose, but seldom mend the heart.
I grant, they teach to know mankind,
To learn we're wretched, weak, and blind;
But till the heart from vice is clear,
Who wants to know what passes there?
Till Hercules to cleanse was able,
No doubt they *shut* th' Augean stable.
Here too in high emphatic tone
The power of female worth is shewn;
Ev'n enterprising Joan of Arc
Falls short of true heroic mark;
THALESTRIS was a mere home-keeper,
And swift CAMMILLA but a creeper.
Here deeds of valour are as common
As song or dance to real woman;

And

And meekest damsels find it facile
To storm a Giant's moated castle;
Where draw-bridges do open fly
If Virgin foot approaches nigh;
And brazen-gates with twenty locks,
At which an army vainly knocks,
Fly ope, nor on their hinges linger,
At touch of Virgin's little finger.
Then slow attacks, and tiresome sieges,
Which history makes the work of ages,
Are here, by means of fairy power,
Atchiev'd with ease in half an hour.
Tactics! *they* prove, there's nothing in it,
Who conquer kingdoms in a minute:
They never hear of ten years jars,
(For TROY's the average length of wars.)
And diplomatic form and rule
Might learn from mother Bunch's school,
How rapidly are State intrigues
Convey'd with boots of seven long leagues.
Here farther too, our great Commanders,
Who conquer'd France, and rescued Flanders,
From Mother Bunch's Tales might hear
Some secrets worth a General's ear;
How armies need not stop to bait,
And heroes never drink or eat;
Wrapt in sublimer occupation
They scorn such vulgar renovation.
Your British Generals cannot keep
Themselves or followers half so cheap;
For men and horses, out of books,
Call, one for corn, and one for cooks;
And dull historic nags must stay
For provender of oats and hay:
While *these* bold Heroes wing their flight
Thro' twenty kingdoms in a night;
Of silvery dew they snatch a cup,
Or on a slice of moon-shine sup;

And while they fly to meet their Queen,
With half the convex world between,
Their milk-white palfreys, scorning grass,
Just crop a rose leaf as they pass.
Then Mother Bunch's morals strike,
By praising friend and foe alike.
What virtue to the world is lost,
Because on thy ill fated coast,
O CARTHAGE! sung alone by foes,
The sun of history never rose!
Fertile in heroes, didst thou own
The muse that makes those heroes known;
Then had the bright reverse appear'd,
And Carthaginian truth been clear'd:
On Punic faith, so long revil'd,
The wily African had smil'd;
And, possibly, not much had err'd,
If we of *Roman* fraud had heard.
Then leave your ROBERTSONS and BRYANTS
For JOHN THE MURDERER OF GIANTS;
Since all mythology profane
Is quite as doubtful, quite as vain.
Tho' BRYANT, learned friend of youth,
His fable consecrates to truth:
And ROBERTSON with just applause
His finish'd portraits fairly draws.
Yet history, great RALEIGH knew,
And knowing, griev'd, may not be true;
For how the facts are we to know
Which pass'd a thousand years ago;
When he no just account could get
Of quarrel in th' adjacent street;
Tho' from his chair the noise he heard,
The tale of each relator err'd.
But if the fact's recorded right,
The motive seldom comes in sight;
Hence, while the fairest deeds we blame,
We often crown the worst with fame.

Then

Then read, if genuine truth you'd glean,
Those who were actors in the scene;
Hear, with delight, the modest Greek,
Of his renown'd *ten thousand* speak;
His commentaries* read again
Who led the troops and held the pen;
The way to conquest best he shew'd
Who trod ere he prescrib'd the road.
Read *him*, for lofty periods fam'd,
Who CHARLES's age adorn'd and sham'd:
Read CLARENDON, unaw'd, unbrib'd,
Who rul'd th' events his pen describ'd;
Who law and courts, and senates knew,
And saw the sources whence he drew.
Yet, lovely SALLY, be not frighten'd,
Nor dread to have thy mind enlighten'd;
Admire with me the fair alliance
Which mirth, at Maudlin†, makes with science;
How humour may with learning dwell,
Go ask Papa—for he can tell.

MARGERY TWO SHOES.

* CESAR.

† Dr. HORNE was at this time President of Magdalen College, Oxford, where this little Poem was written.

SENSIBILITY:

AN EPISTLE

TO

THE HONOURABLE MRS. BOSCAWEN.

ACCEPT, BOSCAWEN! these unpolish'd lays,
Nor blame too much the verse you cannot praise.
For you, far other bards have wak'd the string,
Far other bards for you were wont to sing;
Yet on the gale their parting music steals,
Yet your charm'd ear the lov'd impression feels:
You heard the lyres of LITTELTON and YOUNG,
And this a Grace, and that a Seraph strung.
These are no more! but not with these decline
The Attic chasteness or the vig'rous line.
Still, *sad Elfrida's Poet** shall complain,
Still, either WARTON breathe his classic strain:
While, for the wonders of the Gothic page,
OTRANTO's fame shall vindicate the age.
Nor tremble lest the tuneful art expire,
While BEATTIE strikes anew old SPENSER's lyre;
He, best to paint the genuine minstrel knew,
Who, from himself, the living portrait drew,
Tho' Latian bards had gloried in his name,
When in full brightness burnt the Latian flame;

Yet

* MILTON calls EURIPIDES *Sad Electra's Poet.*

Yet fir'd with loftier hopes than transient bays,
See LOWTH† despise the meed of mortal praise;
Spurn the cheap wreath by human science won,
Borne on the wing sublime of AMOS' son!
He seiz'd the mantle as the Prophet flew,
And with his mantle caught his spirit too.

To snatch bright beauty from devouring fate,
And lengthen nature's transitory date;
At once the Critic's and the Painter's art,
With FRESNOY's skill, and GUIDO's grace impart;
To form with code correct the graphic school,
And lawless fancy curb by sober rule;
To shew how genius fires, how taste restrains,
While, what both are, his pencil best explains,
Have we not REYNOLDS*? lives not JENYNS yet,
To prove his lowest title was a wit†?

Tho' purer flames thy hallow'd zeal inspire
Than e'er were kindled at the Muse's fire;
Thee, mitred CHESTER‡! all the nine shall boast;
And is not JOHNSON ours? himself an host!

Yes, still for you your gentle stars dispense
The charm of friendship and the feast of sense:
Yours is the bliss, and Heav'n no dearer sends,
To call the wisest, brightest, best, your friends.
And while to these I raise the votive line,
O let me grateful own these friends are mine;
With CARTER trace the wit to Athens known,
Or view in MONTAGU that wit our own:

Or

† Then Bishop of London.

* See Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS's very able notes to DU FRESNOY's Poem on the Art of Painting, translated by Mr. MASON.—Also, his series of *Discourses to the Academy*, which, though written professedly on the subject of painting, contain the principles of general art, and are delivered with so much perspicuous good sense, as to be admirably calculated to assist in forming the taste of the general reader.

† Mr. SOAME JENYNS had just published his work *On the Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion.*

‡ Now Bishop of London.—See his admirable Poem on Death.

Or mark, well pleas'd, CHAPONE's instructive page,
Intent to raise the morals of the age:
Or boast, in WALSINGHAM, the various power
To cheer the lonely, grace the letter'd hour;
DELANY too is ours, serenely bright,
Wisdom's strong ray, and virtue's milder light:
And she who bless'd the friend, and grac'd the lays
Of poignant SWIFT, still gilds our social days;
Long, long, protract thy light, O star benign!
Whose setting beams with milder lustre shine.
Nor, BARBAULD, shall my glowing heart refuse
Its tribute to thy virtues, or thy Muse;
This humble merit shall at least be mine,
The Poet's chaplet for thy brow to twine;
My verse thy talents to the world shall teach,
And praise the genius it despairs to reach.
Yet what is wit, and what the Poet's art?
Can genius shield the vulnerable heart?
Ah no! where bright imagination reigns,
The fine wrought spirit feels acuter pains;
Where glow exalted sense and taste refin'd,
There keener anguish rankles in the mind;
There, feeling is diffus'd thro' ev'ry part,
Thrills in each nerve, and lives in all the heart;
And those whose gen'rous souls each tear wou'd keep
From others' eyes, are born themselves to weep.
Can all the boasted pow'rs of wit and song,
Of life one pang remove, one hour prolong?
Fallacious hope! which daily truths deride;
For you, alas! have wept, and GARRICK dy'd!
O shades of Hampton! witness, as I mourn,
Cou'd wit or song elude your fav'rite's urn?
Tho' living virtue still your haunts endears,
Yet buried worth shall justify my tears.
Who now with spirit keen, yet judgment cool,
The errors of my orphan muse shall rule?
With keen acumen how his piercing eye
The fault conceal'd from vulgar view wou'd spy!

While

While with a generous warmth he strove to hide,
Nay vindicate the fault his taste had spy'd.
So pleas'd cou'd he detect a happy line
That he wou'd fancy merit ev'n in mine.
His wit so pointed it ne'er miss'd its end,
And so well temper'd it ne'er lost a friend;
How his keen eye, quick mind, and ardent heart,
Impoverish'd nature, and exhausted art,
A *muse of fire* has sung*, if muse cou'd trace,
Or verse retrieve the evanescent grace!
How rival bards with rival statesmen strove,
Who most shou'd gain his praise or win his love;
Opposing parties to one point he drew,
Thus TULLY's Atticus was CESAR's too.
Tho' time his mellowing hand across has stole,
Soft'ning the tints of sorrow on the soul;
The deep impression long my heart shall fill,
And ev'ry fainter trace be perfect still.
Forgive, my friend, if wounded memory melt,
You best can pardon who have deepest felt.
You, who for Britain's Hero* and your own,
The deadliest pang which rends the soul have known;
You, who have found how much the feeling heart
Shapes its own wound, and points itself the dart;
You, who are call'd the varied loss to mourn;
You, who have clasp'd a son's untimely urn;
You, who from frequent fond experience feel
The wounds such minds receive can never heal;
That grief a thousand entrances can find,
Where parts superior dignify the mind;
Yet wou'd you change that sense acute to gain
A dear bought absence from the poignant pain;
Commuting ev'ry grief those feelings give
In loveless, joyless apathy to live?

For

* See Mr. SHERIDAN's beautiful Monody.

* Admiral BOSCAWEN.

For tho' in souls where energies abound,
Pain thro' its numerous avenues can wound;
Yet the same avenues are open still,
To casual blessings as to casual ill.
Nor is the trembling temper more awake
To every wound calamity can make,
Than is the finely fashion'd nerve alive
To ev'ry transport pleasure has to give.
Let not the vulgar read this pensive strain,
Their jests the tender anguish wou'd prophane.
Yet these some deem the happiest of their kind,
Whose low enjoyments never reach'd the mind;
Who ne'er a pain but for themselves have known,
Who ne'er have felt a sorrow but their own:
Who deem romantic every finer thought
Conceiv'd by pity, or by friendship wrought;
Whose insulated souls ne'er feel the pow'r
Of gen'rous sympathy's extatic hour;
Whose disconnected hearts ne'er taste the bliss
Extracted from another's happiness;
Who ne'er the high heroic duty know,
For public good the private to forego.
Then wherefore happy? Where's the kindred mind?
Where the large soul which takes in human kind?
Yes—tis the untold sorrow to explain,
To mitigate the but suspected pain;
The rule of holy sympathy to keep,
Joy for the joyful, tears for them that weep:
To these the virtuous half their pleasures owe,
Pleasures, the selfish are not born to know;
They never know, in all their coarser bliss,
The sacred rapture of a pain like this.
Then take ye happy vulgar, take your part
Of sordid joy which never touch'd the heart.
Benevolence, which seldom stays to chuse,
Lest pausing prudence tempt her to refuse;

Friendship,

Sweet SENSIBILITY! Thou secret pow'r
Who shed'st thy gifts upon the natal hour,
Like fairy favours; art can never seize,
Nor affectation catch thy pow'r to please:
Thy subtile essence still eludes the chains
Of definition, and defeats her pains.
Sweet SENSIBILITY! thou keen delight!
Unprompted moral! sudden sense of right!
Perception exquisite! fair virtue's seed!
Thou quick precursor of the lib'ral deed!
Thou hasty conscience! reason's blushing morn!
Instinctive kindness e'er reflexion's born!
Prompt sense of equity! to thee belongs
The swift redress of unexamin'd wrongs!
Eager to serve, the cause perhaps untried,
But always apt to chuse the suff'ring side!
To those who know thee not no words can paint,
And those who know thee, know all words are faint!
She does not feel thy pow'r who boasts thy flame,
And rounds her every period with thy name;
Nor she who vents her disproportion'd sighs
With pining *Lesbia* when her sparrow dies:
Nor she who melts when hapless *Shore* expires,
While real mis'ry unreliev'd retires!
Who thinks feign'd sorrows all her tears deserve,
And weeps o'er WERTER while her children starve.
As words are but th' external marks to tell
The fair ideas in the mind that dwell;
And only are of things the outward sign,
And not the things themselves they but define;
So exclamations, tender tones, fond tears,
And all the graceful drapery FEELING wears;
These are her garb, not her, they but express
Her form, her semblance, her appropriate dress;
And these fair marks reluctant I relate,
These lovely symbols may be counterfeit.
There are, who fill with brilliant plaints the page,
If a poor linnet meet the gunner's rage;

There

There are, who for a dying fawn deplore,
As if friend, parent, country, were no more;
Who boast quick rapture trembling in their eye,
If from the spider's snare they snatch a fly;
There are, whose well sung plaints each breast inflame,
And break all hearts—but his from whom they came!
He, scorning life's low duties to attend,
Writes odes on friendship, while he cheats his friend.
Of jails and punishments he grieves to hear,
And pensions 'prison'd virtue with a tear;
While unpaid bills his creditor presents,
And ruin'd innocence his crime laments.
Not so the tender moralist of Tweed,
His gen'rous *man of feeling* feels indeed.

O LOVE DIVINE! sole source of Charity!
More dear one genuine deed perform'd for thee,
Than all the periods FEELING e'er cou'd turn,
Than all thy touching page, perverted STERNE!
Not that by deeds alone this love's express'd,
If so the affluent only were the bless'd;
One silent wish, one pray'r, one soothing word,
The page of mercy shall, well pleas'd, record;
One soul-felt sigh by pow'rless pity given,
Accepted incense! shall ascend to heaven!

Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs;
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And tho' but few can serve, yet all may please;
O let th' ungentle spirit learn from hence,
A small unkindness is a great offence.
To spread large bounties, tho' we wish in vain,
Yet all may shun the guilt of giving pain:
To bless mankind with tides of flowing wealth,
With rank to grace them, or to crown with health,
Our little lot denies; yet lib'ral still,
Heav'n gives it counterpoise to ev'ry ill;
Nor let us murmur at our stinted pow'rs,
When kindness, love, and concord, may be ours.

The

The gift of ministring to other's ease,
To all her sons impartial she decrees;
The gentle offices of patient love,
Beyond all flattery, and all price above;
The mild forbearance at a brother's fault,
The angry word suppress'd, the taunting thought;
Subduing and subdu'd, the petty strife,
Which clouds the colour of domestic life;
The sober comfort, all the peace which springs,
From the large aggregate of little things;
On these small cares of daughter, wife, or friend,
The almost sacred joys of *Home* depend:
There, SENSIBILITY, thou best may'st reign,
HOME is thy true legitimate domain.
A solitary bliss thou ne'er could'st find,
Thy joys with those thou lov'st are intertwin'd;
And he whose helpful tenderness removes
The rankling thorn which wounds the breast he loves,
Smooths not another's rugged path alone,
But clears th' obstruction which impedes his own.
The hint malevolent, the look oblique,
The obvious satire, or implied dislike;
The sneer equivocal, the harsh reply,
And all the cruel language of the eye;
The artful injury, whose venom'd dart,
Scarce wounds the hearing, while it stabs the heart;
The guarded phrase, whose meaning kills, yet told
The list'ner wonders, how you thought it cold;
Small slights, neglect, unmix'd perhaps with hate,
Make up in number what they want in weight.
These, and a thousand griefs minute as these,
Corrode our comfort and destroy our ease.
As FEELING tends to good or leans to ill,
It gives fresh force to vice or principle;
'Tis not a gift peculiar to the good,
'Tis often but the virtue of the blood:
And what wou'd seem compassion's moral flow,
Is but a circulation swift or slow:

But

But to divert it to its proper course,
There wisdom's pow'r appears, there reason's force;
If ill-directed it pursue the wrong,
It adds new strength to what before was strong;
Breaks out in wild irregular desires,
Disorder'd passions, and illicit fires;
Without, deforms the man, depraves within,
And makes the work of GOD the slave of sin.
But if RELIGION's bias rule the soul,
Then SENSIBILITY exalts the whole;
Sheds its sweet sunshine on the moral part,
Nor wastes on fancy what shou'd warm the heart.
Cold and inert the mental pow'rs wou'd lie,
Without this quick'ning spark of deity,
To melt the rich materials from the mine,
To bid the mass of intellect refine,
To bend the firm, to animate the cold,
And heav'n's own image stamp on nature's gold;
To give immortal MIND its finest tone,
Oh, SENSIBILITY! is all thy own.
This is th' ethereal flame which lights and warms,
In song enchants us, and in action charms.
'Tis this that makes the pensive strains of GRAY*
Win to the open heart their easy way;
Makes the touch'd spirit glow with kindred fire,
When sweet Serena's Poet wakes the lyre:
Makes PORTLAND's face its brightest rapture wear,
When her large bounty smooths the bed of care:
'Tis this that breathes thro' SEVIGNE's fair page,
That nameless grace which soothes a second age;
'Tis this, whose charms the soul resistless seize,
And gives BOSCAWEN half her pow'r to please.

Yet why those terrors? Why that anxious care?
Since your last hope† the deathful war *will* dare?
Why

* This is meant of the *Elegy in a Country Church-Yard*, of which exquisite Poem *Sensibility* is perhaps the characteristic beauty.

† Viscount FALMOUTH, Admiral BOSCAWEN's only remaining son was then in America, and at the battle of Lexington.

Why dread that energy of soul which leads
To dang'rous glory by heroic deeds?
Why mourn to view his ardent soul aspire?
You fear the son because you knew the sire.
Hereditary valour you deplore,
And dread, yet wish to find one hero more.

SIR ELDRED OF THE BOWER:

A LEGENDARY TALE.

IN TWO PARTS.

Of them who, wrapt in earth so cold,
No more the smiling day shall view,
Shou'd many a tender tale be told,
For many a tender thought is due.

LANGHORNE.

SIR ELDRED OF THE BOWER;

PART I.

O nostra Vita, ch'e si bella in vista!
Com' perde agevolmente in un momento,
Quel, ch'en molt' anni a grand pena s'acquista!
PETRARCA.

THERE was a young and valiant Knight,
SIR ELDRED was his name,
And never did a worthier wight
The rank of knighthood claim.

Where gliding *Tay*, her stream sends forth,
To feed the neighbouring wood,
The ancient glory of the North,
Sir ELDRED's castle stood.

The Knight was rich as Knight might be
In patrimonial wealth;
And rich in nature's gifts was he,
In youth, and strength, and health.

He did not think, as some have thought,
Whom honour never crown'd,
The fame a father dearly bought,
Cou'd make the son renown'd.

He better thought, a noble sire,
Who gallant deeds had done,
To deeds of hardihood shou'd fire
A brave and gallant son.

While many a prouder castle fell,
This safely did endure;
The house where guardian virtues dwell
Is sacred and secure.

Of Eglantine an humble fence
Around the mansion stood,
Which serv'd at once to charm the sense,
And screen an infant wood.

The wood receiv'd an added grace,
As pleas'd it bent to look,
And view'd its ever verdant face
Reflected in a brook:

The smallness of the stream did well
The master's fortunes shew;
But little streams may serve to tell
The source from which they flow.

This mansion own'd an aged Knight,
And such a man was he,
As heaven just shews to human sight,
To tell what man shou'd be.

His youth in many a well-fought field
Was train'd betimes to war;
His bosom, like a well-worn shield,
Was grac'd with many a scar.

The vigour of a green old age
His reverend form did beat;
And yet, alas! the warrior-sage
Had drain'd the dregs of care:

And sorrow more than age can break,
And wound its hapless prey,
'Twas sorrow furrow'd his firm cheek,
And turn'd his bright locks grey.

One darling daughter sooth'd his cares,
A young and beauteous dame,
Sole comfort of his failing years,
And BIRTHA was her name.

Her heart a little sacred shrine,
Where all the Virtues meet,
And holy Hope and Faith divine
Had claim'd it for their seat.

She lov'd to raise her fragrant bower
Of wild and rustic taste,
And there she screen'd each fav'rite flower
From ev'ry ruder blast:

And not a shrub or plant was there
But did some moral yield,
For wisdom, by a father's care,
Was found in ev'ry field.

The trees, whose foliage fell away,
And with the summer died,
He thought an image of decay
Might lecture human pride:

While fair perennial greens that stood,
And brav'd the wintry blast,
As types of the fair mind he view'd,
Which shall for ever last.

He taught her that the gaudiest flowers
Were seldom fragrant found,
But wasted soon their little powers,
Dropt useless on the ground:

While the sweet-scented rose shall last,
And still retain its power,
When life's imperfect day is past,
And beauty's shorter hour.

And here the virgin lov'd to lead
Her inoffensive day,
And here she oft retir'd to read,
And oft retir'd to pray.

Embower'd she grac'd the woodland shades,
From courts and cities far,
The pride of Caledonian maids,
The peerless northern star.

As shines that bright and lucid star,
The glory of the night,
When beaming thro' the cloudless air,
She sheds her silver light:

So BIRTHA shone!—but when she spoke
The Muse herself was heard,
As on the ravish'd air she broke,
And thus her prayer preferr'd:

"O bless thy BIRTHA, Power Supreme,
"In whom I live and move,
"And bless me most by blessing him,
"Whom more than life I love."

She starts to hear a stranger's voice,
And with a modest grace,
She lifts her meek eye in surprize,
And sees a stranger's face:

The stranger lost in transport stood,
Bereft of voice and power,
While she with equal wonder view'd
SIR ELDRED OF THE BOWER.

The virgin blush which spreads her cheek
With Nature's purest dye,
And all those dazzling beams which break
Like morning from her eye,

He

He view'd them all, and as he view'd,
Drank deeply of delight;
And still his raptur'd eye pursued,
And feasted on the sight.

With silent wonder long they gaz'd,
And neither silence broke;
At length the smother'd passion blaz'd,
Enamour'd ELDRED spoke:

"O sacred Virtue, heav'nly power!
"Thy wond'rous force I feel:
"I gaze, I tremble, I adore,
"Yet die my love to tell.

"My scorn has oft the dart repell'd
"Which guileful beauty threw;
"But goodness heard, and grace beheld,
"Must every heart subdue."

Quick on the ground her eyes were cast,
And now as quickly rais'd:—
Just then her father haply past,
On whom she trembling gaz'd.

Good ARDOLPH's eye his BIRTHA meets
With glances of delight;
And thus with courteous speech he greets
The young and graceful Knight:

"O gallant youth, whoe'er thou art,
"Right welcome to this place!
"There's something rises at my heart
"Which says I've seen that face."

"Thou gen'rous Knight," the youth rejoin'd,
"Tho' little known to fame,
"I trust I bear a grateful mind—
"Sir ELDRED is my name."

"Sir

" Sir ELDRED?"—ARDOLPH loud exclaim'd,
" Renown'd for worth and power?
" For valour and for virtue fam'd,
" SIR ELDRED OF THE BOWER?

" Now make me grateful, righteous Heaven,
" As thou art good to me,
" Since to my aged eyes 'tis given
" Sir ELDRED's son to see!"

Then ARDOLPH caught him by the hand,
And gaz'd upon his face,
And to his aged bosom strain'd,
With many a kind embrace,

Again he view'd him o'er and o'er,
And doubted still the truth,
And ask'd what he had ask'd before,
Then thus addrest the youth:

" Come now beneath my roof, I pray,
" Some needful rest to take,
" And with us many a cheerful day
" Thy friendly sojourn make."

He enter'd at the gate straightway
Some needful rest to take;
And with them many a cheerful day
Did friendly sojourn make.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART.

SIR ELDRED OF THE BOWER.

PART II.

ONCE—in a social summer's walk,
The gaudy day was fled;
They cheated time with cheerful talk,
When thus Sir ARDOLPH said:

" Thy father was the firmest friend
" That e'er my being blest;
" And ev'ry virtue Heaven cou'd send,
" Fast bound him to my breast.

" Together did we learn to bear
" The casque and ample shield;
" Together learn'd in many a war
" The deathful spear to wield.

" To make our union still more dear,
" We both were doom'd to prove,
" What is most sweet and most severe
" In heart-dissolving love.

" The daughter of a neighbouring Knight
" Did my fond heart engage;
" And ne'er did Heav'n the virtues write
" Upon a fairer page.

" *His* bosom felt an equal wound,
" Nor sigh'd we long in vain;
" One summer's sun beheld us bound
" In Hymen's holy chain.

" Thou

" Thou wast Sir ELDRED's only child,
" Thy father's darling joy;
" On me a lovely daughter smil'd,
" On me a blooming boy.

" But man has woes, has clouds of care,
" That dim his star of life—
" My arms receiv'd the little pair,
" The earth's cold breast, my wife.

" Forgive, thou gentle Knight, forgive,
" Fond foolish tears *will* flow;
" One day like mine thy heart may heave,
" And mourn its lot of woe.

" But grant, kind Heaven! thou ne'er may'st know
" The pangs I now impart;
" Nor ever feel the parting blow
" That rives a husband's heart.

" Beside the blooming banks of *Tay*,
" My angel's ashes sleep;
" And wherefore should her ARDOLPH stay,
" Except to watch and weep?

" I bore my beauteous babes away
" With many a gushing tear;
" I left the blooming banks of *Tay*,
" And brought my darlings here.

" I watch'd my little household cares,
" And form'd their growing youth;
" And fondly train'd their infant years
" To piety and truth."

" The blooming BIRTHA here I see,"
Sir ELERED strait rejoin'd;
" But why thy son is not with thee,
" Resolve my doubting mind."

When

When BIRTHA did the question hear,
She sigh'd, but could not speak;
And many a soft and silent tear
Stray'd down her damask cheek.

Then pass'd o'er good Sir ARDOLPH's face,
A cast of deadly pale;
But soon compos'd, with manly grace,
He thus renew'd his tale:

" For him my heart too much has bled;
" For him, my darling son,
" Has sorrow prest my hoary head;
" But Heav'n's high will be done!

" Scarce eighteen winters had revolv'd,
" To crown the circling year,
" Before my valiant boy resolv'd
" The warrior's lance to bear.

" Too high I priz'd my native land,
" Too dear his fame I held,
" T' oppose a parent's stern command,
" And keep him from the field.

" He left me—left his sister too,
" Yet tears bedew'd his face—
" What could a feeble old man do?
" He burst from my embrace.

" O thirst of glory, fatal flame!
" O laurels dearly bought!
" Yet sweet is death when earn'd with fame—
" So virtuous EDWY thought.

" Full manfully the brave boy strove,
" Tho' pressing ranks oppose;
" But weak the strongest arm must prove
" Against an host of foes.

" A deadly

" A deadly wound my son receives,
" A spear assails his side:
" Grief does not kill—for ARDOLPH lives
" To tell that EDWY died.

" His long-lov'd mother died again
" In EDWY's parting groan;
" I wept for her, yet wept in vain—
" I wept for both in one.

" I wou'd have died—I sought to die,
" But Heaven restrain'd the thought,
" And to my passion-clouded eye
" My helpless BIRTHA brought.

" When lo! array'd in robes of light,
" A nymph celestial came,
" She clear'd the mists that dimm'd my sight—
" RELIGION was her name.

" She prov'd the chastisement divine,
" And bade me kiss the rod;
" She taught this rebel heart of mine
" Submisson to its God.

" RELIGION taught me to sustain
" What Nature bade me feel;
" And Piety reliev'd the pain
" Which Time can never heal."

He ceas'd—with sorrow and delight
The tale Sir ELDRED hears;
Then weeping cries—" Thou noble Knight,
" For thanks accept my tears.

" O ARDOLPH, might I dare aspire
" To claim so bright a boon!—
" Good old Sir ELDRED was my sire—
" And thou hast lost a son.

" And

" And tho' I want a worthier plea
" To urge so dear a cause;
" Yet, let me to thy bosom be
" What once thy EDWY was.

" My trembling tongue its aid denies;
" For thou may'st disapprove;
" Then read it in my ardent eyes,
" Oh! read the tale of love.

" Thy beauteous BIRTHA!"—" Gracious Power!
" How cou'd I e'er repine,"
Cries ARDOLPH, " since I see this hour?
" Yes—BIRTHA shall be thine."

A little transient gleam of red
Shot faintly o'er her face,
And ev'ry trembling feature spread
With sweet disorder'd grace.

The tender father kindly smil'd
With fulness of content;
And fondly ey'd his darling child,
Who, bashful, blush'd consent.

O then to paint the vast delight
That fill'd Sir ELDRED's heart,
To tell the transports of the Knight,
Wou'd mock the Muse's art.

But ev'ry kind and gracious soul,
Where gentle passions dwell,
Will better far conceive the whole.
Than any Muse can tell.

The more the Knight his BIRTHA knew,
The more he priz'd the maid;
Some worth each day produc'd to view,
Some grace each hour betray'd.

The virgin too was fond to charm
The dear accomplish'd youth;
His single breast she strove to warm,
And crown'd, with love, his truth.

Unlike the dames of modern days,
Who *general* homage claim;
Who court the *universal* gaze,
And pant for *public* fame.

Then beauty but on merit smil'd,
Nor were her chaste smiles sold;
No venal father gave his child
For grandeur, or for gold.

The ardour of young ELDRED's flame
But ill cou'd brook delay,
And oft he press'd the maid to name
A speedy nuptial day.

The fond impatience of his breast
'Twas all in vain to hide,
But she his eager suit represt
With modest maiden pride.

When oft Sir ELDRED press'd the day
Which was to crown his truth,
The thoughtful Sire would sigh and say,
" O happy state of youth!

" It little recks the woes which wait
" To scare its dreams of joy;
" Nor thinks to-morrow's alter'd fate
" May all those dreams destroy.

" And tho' the flatterer Hope deceives,
" And painted prospects shews;
" Yet man, still cheated, still believes,
" Till death the bright scene close.

" So

" So look'd *my* bride, so sweetly mild,
" On me her beauty's slave;
" But whilst she look'd, and whilst she smil'd,
" She sunk into the grave.

" Yet, O forgive an old man's care,
" Forgive a father's zeal;
" Who fondly loves must greatly fear,
" Who fears must greatly feel.

" Once more in soft and sacred bands
" Shall Love and Hymen meet;
" To-morrow shall unite your hands,
" And—be your bliss complete!"

The rising sun inflam'd the sky,
The golden orient blush'd;
But BIRTHA's cheeks a sweeter die,
A brighter crimson flush'd.

The Priest, in milk-white vestments clad,
Perform'd the mystic rite;
Love lit the hallow'd torch that led
To Hymen's chaste delight.

How feeble language were to speak
Th' immeasurable joy,
That fir'd Sir ELDRED's ardent cheek,
And triumph'd in his eye!

Sir ARDOLPH's pleasure stood confest,
A pleasure all his own;
The guarded pleasure of a breast
Which many a grief had known.

'Twas such a sober sense of joy
As Angels well might keep;
A joy chastis'd by piety,
A joy prepar'd to weep.

To recollect her scatter'd thought,
And shun the noon-tide hour,
The lovely bride in secret sought
The coolness of her Bower.

Long she remain'd—th' enamour'd Knight,
Impatient at her stay;
And all unfit to taste delight
When BIRTHA was away;

Betakes him to the secret Bower;
His footsteps softly move;
Impell'd by ev'ry tender power,
He steals upon his love.

O, horror! horror! blasting sight!
He sees his BIRTHA's charms,
Reclin'd with melting, fond delight,
Within a stranger's arms.

Wild phrenzy fires his frantic hand,
Distracted at the sight,
He flies to where the lovers stand,
And stabs the stranger Knight.

" Die, traitor, die! thy guilty flames
" Demand th' avenging steel!"—
" It is my brother, she exclaims,
" 'Tis EDWY—Oh farewell!"

An aged peasant, EDWY's guide,
The good old ARDOLPH sought;
He told him that his bosom's pride,
His EDWY, he had brought.

O how the father's feelings melt!
How faint, and how revive!
Just so the Hebrew Patriarch felt,
To find his son alive.

" Let

" Let me behold my darling's face,
And bless him ere I die!"
Then with a swift and vigorous pace,
He to the Bower did hie:

O sad reverse!—Sunk on the ground
His slaughter'd son he view'd;
And dying BIRTHA, close he found,
In brother's blood imbru'd.

Cold, speechless, senseless, ELDRED near,
Gaz'd on the deed he had done;
Like the blank statue of *Despair*,
Or *Madness* grav'd in stone.

The father saw—so Jephthah stood,
So turn'd his woe-fraught eye,
When the dear, destin'd child he view'd,
His zeal had doom'd to die.

He look'd the woe he could not speak,
And on the pale corse prest
His wan, discolour'd, dying cheek,
And silent, sunk to rest.

Then BIRTHA faintly rais'd her eye,
Which long had ceas'd to stream,
On ELDRED fix'd, with many a sigh,
Its dim departing beam.

The cold, cold dews of hastening death,
Upon her pale face stand;
And quick and short her failing breath,
And tremulous her hand.

The cold, cold dews of hastening death,
The dim departing eye,
The quiv'ring hand, the short quick breath,
He view'd—and did not die.

He saw her spirit mount in air,
Its kindred skies to seek!
His heart its anguish cou'd not bear,
And yet it wou'd not break.

The mournful Muse forbears to tell
How wretched ELDRED died:
She draws the Grecian* Painter's veil,
The vast distress to hide.

* * * * *

Yet Heavens decrees are just and wise,
And man is born to bear:
Joy is the portion of the skies,
Beneath them, all is care.

Yet blame not Heav'n; 'tis erring man,
Who mars his own best joys;
Whose passions uncontroll'd, the plan
Of promis'd bliss destroys.

Had ELDRED *paus'd*, before the blow,
His hand had never err'd:
What guilt, what complicated woe,
His soul had then been spar'd!

The deadliest wounds with which we bleed,
Our crimes inflict alone;
Man's *mercies* from GOD's hand proceed,
His *miseries* from his *own*.

* In the celebrated Picture of the Sacrifice of IPHIGENIA TIMANTHES having exhausted every image of grief in the by-standers, threw a veil over the face of the father, whose sorrow he was utterly unable to express. PLIN. Book XXXV.

THE BLEEDING ROCK:

OR,

THE METAMORPHOSIS

OF

A NYMPH INTO STONE.

——— The annual wound allur'd
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate,
In amorous ditties all a summer's day;
While smooth Adonis from his native Rock
Ran purple to the sea, suppos'd with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded.

MILTON.

Who has not heard how POLYDORE cou'd throw
Th' unerring dart to wound the flying doe?
How leave the swiftest at the race behind,
How mount the courser, and outstrip the wind?
With melting sweetness, or with magic fire,
Breathe the soft lute, or sweep the well-strung lyre?
From that fam'd lyre no vulgar music sprung,
The Graces tun'd it, and Apollo strung.
Apollo too was once a shepherd swain,
And fed the flock, and grac'd the rustic plain.
He taught what charms to rural life belong,
The social sweetness, and the sylvan song;
He taught fair Wisdom in her grove to woo,
Her joys how precious, and her wants how few!
The savage herds in mute attention stood,
And ravish'd *Echo* fill'd the vocal wood;
The sacred Sisters, stooping from their sphere,
Forgot their golden harps, intent to hear:
Till Heav'n the scene survey'd with jealous eyes,
And Jove, in envy, call'd him to the skies.
Young POLYDORE was rich in large domains,
In smiling pastures, and in flow'ry plains;
With these, he boasted each exterior charm,
To win the prudent, and the cold to warm;
The fairest semblance of desert he bore,
And each fictitious mark of goodness wore;
Cou'd act the tenderness he never felt,
In sorrow soften, and in anguish melt.
The sigh elaborate, the fraudful tear,
The joy dissembled, and the well-feign'd fear,
All these were his; and his each treach'rous art
That steals the guileless and unpractis'd heart.
Too soon he heard of fair IANTHE's fame,
'Twas each enamour'd Shepherd's fav'rite theme;
Return'd the rising, and the setting sun,
The Shepherd's fav'rite theme was never done.
They prais'd her wit, her worth, her shape, her air!
And even inferior beauties own'd her fair.

Such

Such sweet perfection all his wonder mov'd;
He saw, admir'd, nay, fancied that he lov'd:
But POLYDORE no gen'rous passion knew,
Lost to all truth in feigning to be true.
No lasting tenderness could warm a heart,
Too vain to feel, too selfish to impart.
Cold as the snows of *Rhodope* defcend,
And with the chilling waves of *Hebrus* blend;
So cold the breast where *Vanity* presides
And the whole subject soul absorbs and guides.
Too well he knew to make his conquest sure,
Win her soft heart, yet keep his own secure.
So oft he told the well-imagin'd tale,
So oft he swore—how shou'd he *not* prevail?
The well-imagin'd tale the nymph believ'd,
Too unsuspecting not to be deceiv'd:
She lov'd the youth, she thought herself belov'd,
Nor blush'd to praise whom every maid approv'd.
The conquest once atchiev'd the brightest fair,
When conquer'd, was no longer worth his care:
When to the world her passion he cou'd prove,
Vain of his pow'r, he jested at her love.
The perjur'd youth, from sad IANTHE far,
To win fresh triumphs, wages cruel war.
With other nymphs behold the wand'rer rove,
And tell the story of IANTHE's love;
He mocks her easy faith, insults her woe,
Nor pities tears himself had taught to flow.
To sad IANTHE soon the tale was borne,
How POLYDORE to treach'ry added scorn.
And now her eyes soft radiance 'gan to fail,
And now the crimson of her cheek grew pale;
The lily there, in faded beauty shews,
Its sickly empire o'er the vanquish'd rose.
Devouring Sorrow marks her for his prey,
And, slow and certain, mines his silent way.
Yet, as apace her ebbing life declin'd,
Increasing strength sustain'd her firmer mind.

"O had

" O had my heart been hard as his," she cried,
" An hapless victim thus I had not died:
" If there be gods, and gods there surely are,
" Insulted virtue doubtless is their care.
" Then hasten, righteous Powers! my tedious fate,
" Shorten my woes, and end my mortal date:
" Quick let your power transform this failing frame,
" Let me be any thing but what I am!
" And since the cruel woes I'm doom'd to feel,
" Proceed, alas! from having lov'd too well.
" Grant me some form where love can have no part,
" No human weakness reach my guarded heart;
" Where no soft touch of passion can be felt,
" No fond affection this weak bosom melt.
" If pity has not left your blest abodes,
" Change me to flinty adamant, ye gods!
" To hardest rock, or monumental stone,
" So may I know no more the pangs I've known;
" So shall I thus no farther torments prove,
" Nor taunting rivals say she died for love:
" For sure, if ought can aggravate our woe,
" 'Tis the feign'd pity of a prosp'rous foe."
Thus pray'd the nymph—and strait the Pow'rs addrest,
Accord the weeping suppliant's sad request.
Then, strange to tell! if rural folks say true,
To harden'd Rock the stiff'ning damsel grew;
No more her shapeless features can be known,
Stone is her body, and her limbs are stone;
The growing Rock invades her beauteous face,
And quickly petrifies each living grace:
The stone, her stature nor her shape retains,
The Nymph is vanish'd, but the Rock remains.
No vestige now of human shape appears,
No cheek for blushes, and no eyes for tears:
Yet—strange the marvels Poets can impart!
Unchang'd, unchill'd, remain'd the glowing heart;

Its vital spirits destin'd still to keep,
It scorn'd to mingle with the marble heap.
When babbling Fame the wond'rous tidings bore
Grief seiz'd the soul of perjur'd POLYDORE;
And now the falsehood of his soul appears,
And now his broken vows assail his ears.
Appall'd, his smitten fancy seems to view
The nymph so lovely, and the friend so true.
For since her absence, all the virgin train,
His admiration sought to win in vain.
'Tho' not to keep him ev'n IANTHE knew,
From vanity alone his falsehood grew:
O let the youthful heart, thus warn'd, beware,
Of vanity, how deep, how wide the snare;
That half the mischiefs youth and beauty know,
From VANITY's exhaustless fountain flow.
Now deep remorse deprives his soul of rest,
And deep compunction wounds his guilty breast:
Then to the fatal spot in haste he flew,
Eager some vestige of the maid to view;
The shapeless Rock he mark'd, but found no trace
Of lost IANTHE's form, IANTHE's face.
He fix'd his streaming eyes upon the stone,
"And take, sweet maid," he cried, "my parting
"groan;
"Since we are doom'd thus terribly to part,
"No other nymph shall ever share my heart;
"Thus only I'm absolv'd"—he rashly cried,
Then plung'd a deadly poniard in his side!
Fainting, the steel he grasp'd, and as he fell
The weapon pierc'd the Rock he lov'd so well;
The guiltless steel assail'd the living part,
And stabb'd the vital, vulnerable heart.
And tho' the rocky mass was pale before,
Behold it ting'd with ruddy streams of gore!
The life-blood issuing from the wounded stone,
Blends with the crimson current of his own;

From

From POLYDORE's fresh wound it flow'd in part,
But chief emitted from IANTHE's heart.
And tho' revolving ages since have past,
The meeting torrents undiminish'd last;
Still gushes out the sanguine stream amain,
The standing wonder of the stranger swain.
Now once a year, so rustic records tell,
When o'er the heath resounds the midnight bell;
On eve of Midsummer, that foe to sleep,
What time young maids their annual vigils keep,
The tell-tale shrub*, fresh gather'd to declare
The swains who false, from those who constant are;
When ghosts in clanking chains the church-yard walk,
And to the wond'ring ear of fancy talk:
When the scar'd maid steals trembling thro' the grove,
To kiss the grave of him who died for love:
When, with long watchings, *Care*, at length oppress,
Steals broken pauses of uncertain rest;
Nay, *Grief* short snatches of repose can take,
And nothing but *Despair* is quite awake:
Then, at that hour, so still, so full of fear,
When all things horrible to thought appear,
Is perjur'd POLYDORE observ'd to rove
A ghastly spectre thro' the gloomy grove;
Then to the Rock, the *Bleeding-Rock* repair,
Where, sadly sighing, it dissolves to air.
Still when the hours of solemn rites return,
The village train in sad procession mourn;
Pluck ev'ry weed which might the spot disgrace,
And plant the fairest field-flow'rs in their place.
Around no noxious plant, or flow'ret grows,
But the first daffodil, and earliest rose:
The snow-drop spreads its whitest bosom here,
And golden cowslips grace the vernal year:
Here the pale primrose takes a fairer hue,
And ev'ry violet boasts a brighter blue.

Here

* Midsummer-men, consulted as oracular by village maids.

Here builds the wood-lark, here the faithful dove
Laments his lost, or wooes his living love.
Secure from harm is ev'ry hallow'd nest,
The spot is sacred where true lovers rest.
To guard the Rock from each malignant sprite,
A troop of guardian spirits watch by night;
Aloft in air each takes his little stand,
The neighb'ring hill is hence call'd *Fairy Land**.

* By contraction, *Failand*, a hill well known in Somersetshire, not far from this is *The Bleeding-Rock*, from which constantly issues a crimson current. A desire to account for this appearance, gave rise to a whimsical conversation, which produced these slight verses.

ODE

FROM H. M. AT BRISTOL,

TO

DRAGON,

MR. GARRICK'S HOUSE-DOG, AT HAMPTON.

I.

DRAGON! since lyrics are the mode,
To thee I dedicate my Ode,
And reason good I plead:
Are those who cannot write, to blame
To draw their hopes of future fame,
From those who cannot read?

II.

O cou'd I, like that nameless wight*,
Find the choice minute when to write,
The *mollia tempora fandi!*
Like his, my muse should learn to whistle
A true *Heroical Epistle*,
In strains which never can die.

III.

Father of lyrics, tuneful HORACE!
Can thy great shade do nothing for us

To

* See the admirable Epistle to Sir WILLIAM CHAMBERS.

To mend the British lyre?
Our luckless Bards have broke the strings,
Seiz'd the scar'd muses, pluck'd their wings,
And put out all their fires*.

IV.

DRAGON! thou tyrant of the yard,
Great namesake of that furious guard
That watch'd the fruits Hesperian!
Thy choicer treasures safely keep,
Nor snatch one moment's guilty sleep,
Fidelity's criterion.

V.

O DRAGON! change with me thy fate,
To me give up thy place and state,
And I will give thee mine:
I, left to think, and thou to feed!
My mind enlarg'd, thy body freed,
How blest *my* lot and *thine!*

VI.

Then shalt thou scent the rich regale
Of turtle and diluting ale,
Nay, share the sav'ry bit;
And see, what thou hast never seen,
For thou hast but at HAMPTON been,
A feast devoid of wit.

VII.

Oft shalt thou snuff the smoaking venison,
Devour'd, *alone*, by hungry denizen,
So fresh, thou'lt long to tear it;
Tho' FLACCUS* tells a diff'rent tale
Of social souls who chose it stale,
Because their *friends* shou'd share it.

And

* A profusion of Odes had appeared about this time, which strikingly violated all the rules of Lyrical composition.

* HOR. lib. ii. Sat. 2.

VIII.

And then on me what joys wou'd wait,
Were I the guardian of thy gate,
How useless bolt and latch!
How vain were locks, and bars how vain,
To shield from harm the household train
Whom I, from love, wou'd watch!

IX.

Not that 'twou'd crown with joy my life,
That BOWDEN*, or that BOWDEN's wife,
Brought me my daily pickings:
Tho' she, acclerating Fate,
Decrees the scanty mortal date
Of turkeys and of chickens!

X.

Tho' fir'd with innocent ambition,
BOWDEN, great Nature's rhetorician,
More flow'rs than BURKE produces;
And tho' he's skill'd more roots to find,
Than ever stock'd an Hebrew's mind,
And knows their various uses,

XI.

I'd get my master's ways by rote,
Ne'er wou'd I bark at ragged coat,
Nor tear the tatter'd sinner;
Like him, I'd love the dog of merit,
Caress the cur of broken spirit,
And give them all a dinner.

XII.

Nor let me pair his blue-ey'd Dame
With Venus' or Minerva's name,

* The Gardener and Poultry Woman at Hampton.

One warrior, one coquet;
No; Pallas and the Queen of Beauty
Shunn'd, or betray'd that nuptial duty,
Which *she* so high has set.

XIII.

Whene'er I heard the rattling coach
Proclaim their long-desir'd approach,
How wou'd I haste to greet 'em!
Nor ever feel I wore a chain,
Till, starting, I perceiv'd with pain
I cou'd not fly to meet 'em.

XIV.

The master loves his sylvan shades,
Here, with the nine melodious maids,
His choicest hours are spent:
Yet I shall hear some witling cry,
(Such witling from my presence fly!)
" GARRICK will soon repent:

XV.

" Again you'll see him, never fear;
" Some half a dozen times a year
He still will charm the age;
" Accustom'd long to be admir'd,
" Of shades and streams he'll soon be tir'd,
" And languish for the stage."

XVI.

Peace!—To his solitude he bears
The full-blown fame of thirty years;
He bears a nation's praise:
He bears his lib'ral, polish'd mind,
His worth, his wit, his sense refin'd;
He bears his well-earn'd Bays.

When

XVII.

When warm admirers drop a tear
Because this sun has left his sphere,
And set before his time;
I who have felt and lov'd his rays,
What *they* condemn will loudly praise,
And call the deed sublime.

XVIII.

How wise! long pamper'd with applause,
To make a voluntary pause
And lay his laurels down!
Boldly repelling each strong claim,
To dare assert to Wealth and Fame,
"Enough of both I've known."

XIX.

How wise! a short retreat to steal,
The vanity of life to feel,
And from its cares to fly;
To act one calm, domestic scene,
Earth's bustle, and the grave between,
Retire, and learn to die!

EPITAPHS.

ON THE

REVEREND MR. PENROSE,

THIRTY-TWO YEARS VICAR OF ST. GLUVIAS, CORNWALL.

IF social manners, if the gentlest mind,
If zeal for GOD, and love for human kind,
If all the charities which life endear,
May claim affection, or demand a tear,
Then o'er PENROSE's venerable urn
Domestic love may weep, and friendship mourn.
The path of duty still, untir'd, he trod,
He walk'd in safety, for he walk'd with GOD!
When past the pow'r of precept and of pray'r,
Yet still his flock remain'd the shepherd's care;
Their wants still kindly watchful to supply,
He taught his best, last lesson, how to die!

ON

MRS. BLANDFORD.

MEEK shade, farewell! go seek that quiet shore
Where sin shall vex, and sorrow wound no more;
Thy lowly worth obtains that final bliss,
Which pride disdains to seek, and wit may miss.
That path thou'st found which science cannot teach,
But faith and goodness never fail to reach:
Then share the joy the words of life impart,
The Vision promis'd to the *pure in heart.*

ON

ON

MRS. LITTLE,

IN REDCLIFF CHURCH, BRISTOL.

O cou'd this verse her fair example spread,
And teach the living while it prais'd the dead!
Then, reader, shou'd it speak her hope divine,
Not to record her faith, but strengthen thine;
Then shou'd her ev'ry virtue stand confest,
Till ev'ry virtue kindled in thy breast.
But, if thou slight the monitory strain,
And she has liv'd, to thee at least in vain;
Yet let her death, an awful lesson give,
The dying Christian speaks to all that live.
Enough for her that here her ashes rest,
Till GOD's own plaudit shall her worth attest.

ON

GENERAL LAWRENCE,

Memorable for his Conquests in India, and for his Clemency to the Vanquished.

ON A MONUMENT ERECTED BY SIR ROBERT FALK.

BORN to command, to conquer, and to spare,
As mercy mild, yet terrible as war,
Here LAWRENCE rests in death; while living fame
From Thames to Ganges wafts his honour'd name.
To him this frail memorial Friendship rears,
Whose noblest monument's a nation's tears;
Whose deeds on fairer columns stand engrav'd,
In Provinces preserv'd, and Cities sav'd.

ON

ON

THE REVEREND MR. HUNTER,

Who received a Degree from the University of Oxford, for his Work against Lord BOLINGBROKE's Philosophy.

GO, happy spirit, seek that blissful land
Where zealous MICHAEL leads the glorious band
Of those who fought for truth, blest spirit, go,
And perfect all the good begun below:
Go, hear applauding Saints, delighted, tell
How vanquish'd Falsehood, at thy bidding, fell!
Blest in that heav'n whose paths thy virtues sought;
Blest in that GOD whose cause thou well hast fought;
O let thy honour'd shade *his* care approve,
Who this memorial rears of filial love:
A son, whose father, living, was his pride;
A son, who mourns that such a father died.

TO THE MEMORY OF

MRS. ELIZABETH IVES.

AGED NINETY-ONE, OF NORTHAMPTON.

Her pious and useful Life
was extended to an honourable old age
and closed by an exemplary Death.
Her *Charity* had its source
In *Religion:*
Her love of her neighbour
was the genuine effect
of her love of God:
Her *Resignation*
was the Fruit of her *Faith;*
and she died in *Hope*
because she had lived
A CHRISTIAN.

ON

ON

C. DICEY, ESQ.

IN CLAYBROOK CHURCH, LEICESTERSHIRE.

O THOU, or friend or stranger, who shalt tread
These solemn mansions of the silent dead!
Think, when this record to inquiring eyes,
No more shall tell the spot where DICEY lies;
When this frail marble, faithless to its trust,
Mould'ring itself, resigns its moulder'd dust;
When time shall fail, and nature's self decay,
And earth, and sun, and skies dissolve away;
Thy soul, this consummation shall survive,
Defy the wreck, and but *begin* to live.
This truth long slighted, let these ashes teach,
Tho' cold, instruct you, and tho' silent preach:
O pause! reflect, repent, resolve, amend!
Life has no length, Eternity no end!

ON

A YOUNG LADY.

GO, peaceful shade! exchange for sin and care
The glorious palm which patient suff'rers wear!
Go, take the meed victorious meekness gains,
Go, wear the crown triumphant faith obtains.

Those silent graces which the good conceal,
The day of dread disclosure shall reveal;
Then shall thy mild, retiring virtues rise,
And GOD, both judge and witness, give the prize.

INSCRIPTION

Inscription on a Cenotaph in a Garden,

ERECTED TO A DECEASED FRIEND.

YE lib'ral souls who rev'rence Friendship's name,
Who boast her blessings, and who feel her flame;
Oh! if from early youth one friend you've lov'd,
Whom warm affection chose, and taste approv'd;
If you have known what anguish rends the heart,
When such, so known, so lov'd, for ever part;
Approach! For you the mourner rears this stone,
To sooth your sorrows, and record his own.

ON

THE REVEREND MR. LOVE.

IN THE CATHEDRAL AT BRISTOL.

WHEN worthless grandeur fills th' embellish'd urn,
No poignant grief attends the sable bier;
But when distinguish'd excellence we mourn,
Deep is the sorrow, genuine is the tear.

Stranger! should'st thou approach this awful shrine,
The merits of the honour'd dead to seek;
The friend, the son, the christian, the divine,
Let those who knew him, those who lov'd him speak.

O let them in some pause of anguish say,
What zeal inflam'd, what faith enlarg'd his breast!
How glad th' unfetter'd spirit wing'd its way
From earth to heav'n, from blessing to be blest!

ON

ON THE REVEREND

SIR JAMES STONHOUSE, BART. M. D.

IN THE CHAPEL AT THE HOTWELLS, BRISTOL.

HERE rests awhile, in happier climes to shine,
The Orator, Physician, and Divine:
'Twas his, like LUKE, the double task to fill,
To heal the nat'ral, and the moral ill.
You, whose awaken'd hearts his labours blest,
Where ev'ry truth by ev'ry grace was drest;
Oh! let your lives evince that still you feel
Th' effective influence of his fervent zeal.
One spirit rescued from eternal woe
Were nobler fame than marble can bestow;
That lasting monument will mock decay,
And stand, triumphant, at the final day.

ON

SARAH STONHOUSE,

SECOND WIFE OF THE REV. SIR JAMES STONHOUSE, BART.

COME, Resignation! wipe the human tear,
Domestic anguish drops o'er Virtue's bier;
Bid selfish sorrow hush the fond complaint,
Nor, from the GOD she lov'd, detain the saint.

Truth, meekness, patience, honour'd shade! were thine!
And holy hope, and charity divine:
Tho' these thy forfeit being cou'd not save,
Thy faith subdued the terrors of the grave.

Oh! if thy *living* excellence could teach,
Death has a loftier emphasis of speech:
Let death thy strongest lesson then impart,
And write, PREPARE TO DIE, on ev'ry heart.

THE

THE

FOOLISH TRAVELLER:

OR,

A GOOD INN IS A BAD HOME.

THERE was a Prince of high degree,
As great and good as Prince cou'd be;
Much pow'r and wealth were in his hand,
With Lands and Lordships at command.

One son, a fav'rite son, he had,
An idle thoughtless kind of lad;
Whom, spite of all his follies past,
He meant to make his heir at last.

The son escap'd to foreign lands,
And broke his gracious Sire's commands;
Far, as he fancied, from his sight,
In each low joy he took delight.

The youth, detesting peace and quiet,
Indulg'd in vice, expence, and riot;
Of each wild pleasure rashly tasted,
Till health declin'd, and substance wasted.

The tender Sire, to pity prone,
Promis'd to pardon what was done;
And, wou'd he certain terms fulfil
He should receive a kingdom still.

The youth the *pardon* little minded,
So much his sottish soul was blinded;
But tho' he mourn'd no past transgression,
He lik'd the future rich possession.

He lik'd the kingdom when obtain'd,
But not the terms on which 'twas gain'd;
He hated pain and self-denial,
Chose the reward, but shunn'd the trial.

He knew his father's power how great,
How glorious too the promis'd state!
At length resolves no more to roam
But strait to seek his father's home.

His Sire had sent a friend to say,
He must be cautious on his way;
Told him what road he must pursue,
And always keep his home in view.

The thoughtless youth set out indeed,
But soon he slacken'd in his speed;
For ev'ry trifle by the way
Seduc'd his idle heart astray.

By ev'ry casual impulse sway'd,
On ev'ry slight pretence he stay'd;
To each, to all, his passions bend,
He quite forgets his journey's end.

For ev'ry sport, for ev'ry song,
He halted as he past along;
Caught by each idle sight he saw,
He'd loiter e'en to pick a straw.

Whate'er was present seiz'd his soul,
A feast, a shew, a brimming bowl;
Contented with this vulgar lot,
His father's house he quite forgot.

Those slight refreshments by the way,
Which were but meant his strength to stay,
So sunk his soul in sloth and sin,
He look'd no farther than his Inn.

His father's friend wou'd oft appear
And sound the *promise* in his ear;
Oft wou'd he rouse him, " Sluggard, come!
" This is thy Inn, and not thy home."

Displeas'd he answers, " Come what will,
" Of present bliss I'll take my fill;
" In vain you plead, in vain I hear,
" Those joys are distant, these are near."

Thus perish'd, lost to worth and truth,
In sight of home this hapless youth;
While beggars, foreigners, and poor,
Enjoy'd the father's boundless store.

APPLICATION.

My Fable, Reader, speaks to thee,
In GOD this bounteous Father see;
And in his thoughtless offspring trace,
The sinful, wayward, human race.

The friend, the generous father sent,
To rouse, and to reclaim him, meant;
The faithful minister you'll find,
Who calls the wand'ring, warns the blind.

Reader, awake! this youth you blame,
Are not *you* doing just the same?
Mindless your comforts are but given
To help you on your way to heav'n.

The pleasures which beguile the road,
The flow'rs with which your path is strew'd;

To

To these your whole desires you bend
And quite forget your journey's end.

The meanest toys your soul entice,
A feast, a song, a game at dice;
Charm'd with your present paltry lot,
Eternity is quite forgot.

Then listen to a warning friend,
Who bids you mind your journey's end;
A wand'ring pilgrim here you roam;
This world's your *Inn*, the next your *Home*.

THE

IMPOSSIBILITY CONQUERED:

OR,

LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOUR AS YOURSELF.

IN THE MANNER OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

THE OBJECTOR.

I.

EACH man who lives the scriptures prove.
Must as himself his neighbour love;
But tho' the precept's full of beauty,
'Tis an impracticable duty:
I'll prove how hard it is to find
A lover of this wond'rous kind.

II.

Who loves himself to great excess,
You'll grant *must* love his neighbour less;
When self engrosses all the heart
How can another have a part?
Then if self-love most men enthrall,
A neighbour's share is none at all.

III.

Say, can the man who hoards up pelf
E'er love his neighbour as himself?

For

For if he did, wou'd he not labour
To hoard a little for his neighbour?
Then tell me, friend, can hoarding elves
E'er love their neighbour as themselves?

IV.

The man whose heart is bent on *pleasure*
Small love will to his neighbour measure:
Who solely studies his own good,
Can't love another if he wou'd.
Then how can pleasure-hunting elves
E'er love their neighbour as themselves?

V.

Can he whom sloth and loitering please
E'er love his neighbour like his *ease?*
Or he who feels ambition's flame
Loves he his neighbour like his *fame?*
Such lazy, or such soaring elves
Can't love their neighbour as themselves.

VI.

He, whose gross appetites enslave him,
Who spends or feasts the wealth GOD gave him;
Full, pamper'd, gorg'd at ev'ry meal,
He *cannot* for the empty feel.
How can such *gormandizing* elves
E'er love their neighbour as themselves?

VII.

Then since the man who lusts for *gold,*
Since he who is to *pleasure* sold;
Who soars in *pride,* or sinks in *ease,*
His neighbour will not serve or please;
Where shall we hope the man to find
To fill this great command inclin'd?

VIII.

I dare not blame GOD's holy word,
Nor censure scripture as absurd;

But

But sure the rule's of no avail
If plac'd so high that all must fail;
And 'tis *impossible* to prove
That *any* can his neighbour love.

THE ANSWERER.

IX.

Yes such there are of heav'nly mould,
Unwarp'd by pleasure, ease or gold;
He who fulfils the nobler part
By loving GOD with all his heart;
He, only he, the scriptures prove,
Can, as himself, his *neighbour* love.

X.

Then join, to make a perfect plan,
The love of GOD to love of MAN;
Your heart in union both must bring,
This is the stream, and that the spring;
This done, no more in vain you'll labour,
A christian can't *but* love his neighbour.

XI.

If then the rule's too hard to please ye,
Turn christian, and you'll find it easy.
"Still 'tis impossible," you cry,
"In vain shall feeble nature try."
'Tis true; but know a CHRISTIAN is a creature,
Who does things quite impossible to nature.

INSCRIPTION

IN A BEAUTIFUL RETREAT, CALLED

FAIRY BOWER.

AIRY spirits, you who love
Cooling bow'r, or shady grove;
Streams that murmur as they flow,
Zephyrs bland that softly blow.

Babbling echo, or the tale
Of the love-lorn Nightingale;
Hither, airy spirits, come,
This is your peculiar home.

If you love a verdant glade,
If you love a noon-tide shade,
Hither Sylphs and Fairies fly,
Unobserv'd of earthly eye.

Come, and wander ev'ry night,
By the moon-beam's glimm'ring light;
And again at early day
Brush the silver dews away.

Mark where first the daisies blow,
Where the bluest violets grow;
Where the sweetest linnet sings,
Where the earliest cowslip springs;

Where

Where the largest acorn lies,
Precious in a Fairy's eyes:
Sylphs, tho' unconfin'd to place,
Love to fill an acorn's space.

Come, and mark within what bush
Builds the blackbird or the thrush;
Great his joy who first espies,
Greater his who spares the prize!

Come, and watch the hallow'd bow'r,
Chase the insect from the flow'r;
Little offices like these,
Gentle souls and Fairies please.

Mortals! form'd of grosser clay,
From our haunts keep far away;
Or, if you shou'd dare appear,
See that you from vice are clear.

Folly's minion, Fashion's fool,
Mad ambition's restless tool!
Slave of passion, slave of pow'r,
Fly, ah fly! this tranquil bow'r!

Son of av'rice, soul of frost,
Wretch! of Heav'n abhorr'd the most,
Learn to pity others' wants,
Or avoid these hallow'd haunts.

Eye unconscious of a tear,
When affliction's train appear;
Heart that never heav'd a sigh,
For another, come not nigh.

But, ye darling sons of Heav'n,
Giving freely what was giv'n;
You, whose lib'ral hands dispense
The blessings of benevolence:

You, who wipe the tearful eye;
You, who stop the rising sigh;
You, whose souls have understood
The luxury of doing good.

Come, ye happy virtuous few,
Open is my bow'r to you;
You, these mossy banks may press;
You, each guardian Fay shall bless.

THE BAD BARGAIN:

OR,

THE WORLD SET UP TO SALE.

THE Devil, as the scriptures shew,
Tempts sinful mortals high and low;
And acting well his various part,
Suits ev'ry bribe to ev'ry heart:
See there the Prince of Darkness stands
With baits for souls in both his hands.

To one he offers empires whole,
And gives a sceptre for a soul;
To one, he freely gives in barter,
A peerage, or a star and garter;
To one, he pays polite attention,
And begs him just to take a pension.

Some are so fired with love of fame,
He bribes them by an empty name;
For fame they toil, they preach, they write,
Give alms, build hospitals, or fight;
For human praise renounce salvation,
And sell their souls for reputation.

But the great gift, the mighty bribe,
Which Satan pours amid the tribe,
Which millions seize with eager haste,
And all desire at least to taste,
Is—plodding reader!—what d'ye think?
Alas!—'tis money—money—chink!

Round

Round the wide world the tempter flies,
Presents to view the glittering prize;
See how he hastes from shore to shore,
And how the nations all adore:
Souls flock by thousands to be sold,
Smit with the fond desire of gold.

See, at yon needy tradesman's shop,
The universal tempter stop;
"Would'st thou," he cries, "encrease thy treasures,
"Use lighter weights and scantier measures,
"Thus thou shalt thrive:" the trader's willing,
And sells his soul to get a shilling.

Next Satan to a farmer hies,
"I scorn to cheat," the farmer cries:
Yet still his heart on wealth is bent,
And so the Devil is content;
Now markets rise, and riches roll,
And Satan quite secures his soul.

Mark next yon cheerful youth so jolly,
So fond of laughter and of folly;
He hates a stingy griping fellow,
But gets each day a little mellow;
To Satan too he sells his soul
In barter for a flowing bowl.

But mark again yon lass a spinning,
See how the tempter is beginning:
Some beau presents a top-knot nice,
She grants her virtue as the price;
A slave to vanity's control,
She, for a ribbon, sells her soul!

Thus Satan tries each different state,
With mighty bribes he tempts the great;
The poor, with equal force he plies;
But wins them with an humbler prize:

Has

Has gentler arts for young beginners,
And fouler sins for older sinners.

Oft too he cheats our mortal eyes,
For Satan father is of lies;
A thousand swindling tricks he plays us,
And promises, but never pays us;
Thus we poor fools are strangely caught,
And find we've sold our souls for nought.

Nay, oft, with quite a juggler's art,
He bids the proffer'd gift depart;
Sets some gay joy before our face,
Then claps a trouble in its place;
Turns up some loss for promis'd gain,
And conjures pleasure into pain.

Be wise then, oh! ye worldly tribe,
Nor sell your conscience for a bribe;
When Satan tempts you to begin,
Resist him, and refuse to sin:
Bad is the bargain on the whole,
To gain the world and lose the soul!

BALLADS*.

ROBERT AND RICHARD:

OR,

THE GHOST OF POOR MOLLY,

WHO WAS DROWNED IN RICHARD'S MILL-POND.

Tune—"Collins's Mulberry Tree."

QUOTH Richard to Bob, "Let things go as they
"will,
"Of pleasure and fun I will still have my fill;
"In frolic and mirth I see nothing amiss,
"And tho' I get tipsy, *what harm is in this?*

"For ev'n Solomon says, and I vow he says truth,
"Rejoice, O young man, in the days of thy youth."
"I'm glad," answered Bob, "you're of Solomon's
"creed,
"But I beg, if you quote him, you'll please to proceed;

"For GOD (as the wise man continues to sing)
"Thy soul into judgment for all this will bring.
"Thus a man may get plung'd in a woeful abyss,
"By choosing to say, *Pray what harm is in this?*
"Come,

* From the Cheap Repository.

" Come, come," says gay Richard, " don't grudge
" me a cup,
" I'm resolv'd, while I'm able, I'll still keep it up;
" Let old grey-beards deny that in frolic there's bliss,
" I'll game, love, and drink—*and what harm is in*
" *this?*"

Says Robert, " I grant if you live for to-day,
" You may game, love, and drink, and may frolic
" away;
" But then, my dear Dick, I again must contend,
" That the Wise Man has bid us—*Remember the*
end!"

Says Richard, " When sickness or peevish old age
" Shall advance to dismiss me from life's merry stage;
" Repentance just then, Boy, may not be amiss,
" But while young I'll be jolly, *what harm is in this?*

They parted; and Richard his pastimes begun,
'Twas Richard the jovial, the soul of all fun;
Each dancing bout, drinking bout, Dick would attend,
And he sung and he swore, *nor once thought of the end.*

Young Molly he courted, the pride of the plain,
He promis'd her marriage, but promis'd in vain;
She trusted his vows, but she soon was undone,
And when she lamented, he thought it good fun.

Thus scorn'd by her Richard, sad Molly run wild,
And roam'd thro' the woods with her destitute child;
'Till Molly and Molly's poor baby were found,
One evening, in Richard's own mill-pond both
drown'd.

Then his conscience grew troubled by night and by
day,
But its clamour he drown'd in more drink and more
play;
Still Robert exhorted, and like a true friend
He warn'd him and pray'd him *to think on the end!*

Now

Now disturb'd in his dreams, poor Molly each night
With her babe stood before him, how sad was the sight!
O how ghastly she look'd as she bade him attend,
And so awfully told him, "*Remember the end.*"

She talk'd of the woes and unquenchable fire
Which await the licentious, the drunkard, and liar:
How he ruin'd more maidens, she bade him beware,
Then she wept, and she groan'd, and she vanish'd in air.

Now beggar'd by gaming, distemper'd by drink,
Death star'd in his face, yet he dar'd not to think;
Despairing of mercy, despising all truth,
He dy'd of old age in the prime of his youth.

On his tomb-stone, good Robert, these verses engrav'd,
Which he hop'd some gay fellow might read and be sav'd:

THE EPITAPH.

HERE lies a poor youth, who call'd drinking his bliss,
And was ruin'd, by saying, *What harm is in this?*
Let each passer by to his error attend,
And learn of poor Dick to *remember the end!*

THE CARPENTER:

OR,

THE DANGER OF EVIL COMPANY.

THERE was a young west country man,
A carpenter by trade,
A skilful wheelwright too was he,
And few such waggons made.

No man a tighter barn could build,
Throughout his native town;
Thro' many a village round was he
The best of workmen known.

His father left him what he had,
In sooth it was enough,
His shining pewter, pots of brass,
And all his household stuff.

A little cottage too he had,
For ease and comfort plann'd;
And that he might not lack for ought,
An acre of good land.

A pleasant orchard too there was,
Before his cottage door;
Of cider and of corn likewise,
He had a little store.

Active and healthy, stout and young,
No business wanted he;
Now tell me, Reader, if you can,
What man more blest cou'd be?

To make his comfort quite complete,
He had a faithful Wife;
Frugal, and neat, and good was she,
The blessing of his life.

Where is the Lord, or where the Squire,
Had greater cause to praise,
The goodness of that bounteous hand
Which blest his prosp'rous days?

Each night when he return'd from work,
His wife so meek and mild,
His little supper gladly dress'd,
While he caress'd his child.

One blooming babe was all he had,
His only darling dear,
The object of their equal love,
The solace of their care.

O what cou'd ruin such a life,
And spoil so fair a lot?
O what cou'd change so kind a heart,
And ev'ry virtue blot?

With grief the cause I must relate,
The dismal cause reveal;
'Twas EVIL COMPANY and DRINK,
The source of ev'ry ill.

A Cooper came to live hard by,
Who did his fancy please;
An idle rambling man was he,
Who oft had cross'd the seas.

This man could tell a merry tale,
And sing a merry song;
And those who heard him sing or talk,
Ne'er thought the ev'ning long.

But vain and vicious was the song,
And wicked was the tale;
And ev'ry pause he always fill'd,
With cider, gin, or ale.

Our Carpenter delighted much
To hear the Cooper talk;
And with him to the alehouse oft,
Wou'd take his ev'ning walk.

At first he did not care to drink,
But only lik'd the fun;
But soon he from the Cooper learnt,
The same sad course to run.

He said the Cooper's company
Was all for which he car'd;
But soon he drank as much as he,
To swear like him soon dar'd.

His hammer now neglected lay,
For work he little car'd;
Half finished wheels, and broken tools,
Were strew'd about his yard.

To get him to attend his work,
No prayers cou'd now prevail;
His hatchet and his plane forgot,
He never drove a nail.

His chearful ev'nings now no more
With peace and plenty smil'd;
No more he sought his pleasing wife,
Nor hugg'd his smiling child.

For not his drunken nights alone,
Were with the Cooper past;
His days were at the Angel spent,
And still he stay'd the last.

No handsome Sunday suit was left,
Nor decent Holland shirt;
No nosegay mark'd the Sabbath-morn,
But all was rags and dirt.

No more his church he did frequent,
A symptom ever sad;
Where once the Sunday is mispent,
The week days must be bad.

The cottage mortgag'd for its worth,
The fav'rite orchard sold;
He soon began to feel th' effects
Of hunger and of cold.

The pewter dishes one by one,
Were pawn'd, till none were left;
And wife and babe at home remain'd
Of ev'ry help bereft.

By chance he call'd at home one night,
And in a surly mood,
He bade his weeping wife go get
Immediately some food.

His empty cupboard well he knew
Must needs be bare of bread;
No rasher on the rack he saw,
Whence cou'd he then be fed?

His wife * a piteous sigh did heave,
And then before him laid,
A basket cover'd with a cloth,
But not a word she said.

Then to her husband gave a knife,
With many a silent tear,
In haste he tore the cover off,
And saw his child lie there.

"There

* See Berquin's Gardener.

" There lies thy babe," the mother said,
" Oppress'd with famine sore;
" O kill us both—'twere kinder far,
" We cou'd not suffer more."

The Carpenter, struck to the heart,
Fell on his knees straightway,
He wrung his hands—confess'd his sins,
And did both weep and pray.

From that same hour the Cooper more
He never wou'd behold;
Nor wou'd he to the alehouse go,
Had it been pav'd with gold.

His wife forgave him all the past,
And sooth'd his sorrowing mind,
And much he griev'd that e'er he wrong'd
The worthiest of her kind.

By lab'ring hard, and working late
By industry and pains,
His cottage was at length redeem'd,
And sav'd were all his gains.

His Sundays now at church were spent,
His home was his delight;
The following verse himself he made,
And read it ev'ry night.

The drunkard murders child and wife,
Nor matters it a pin,
Whether he stabs them with his knife,
Or starves them with his gin.

A dinner of herbs, says the wise man, with quiet,
Is better than beef amid discord and riot.
If the thing cou'd be help'd I'm a foe to all strife,
And I pray for a peace ev'ry night of my life;
But in matters of state not an inch will I budge,
Because I conceive I'm no very good judge.
Derry down.

But tho' poor, I can work, my brave boy, with the best;
Let the King and the Parliament manage the rest;
I lament both the War and the Taxes together,
Tho' I verily think they don't alter the weather.
The King, as I take it, with very good reason,
May prevent a bad law, but can't help a bad season.
Derry down.

The parliament men, altho' great is their power,
Yet they cannot contrive us a bit of a shower;
And I never yet heard, tho' our rulers are wise,
That they know very well how to manage the skies;
For the best of them all, as they found to their cost,
Were not able to hinder last winter's hard frost.
Derry down.

Besides, I must share in the wants of the times,
Because I have had my full share in its crimes;
And I'm apt to believe the distress which is sent,
Is to punish and cure us of all discontent.
—But harvest is coming—Potatoes are come!
Our prospect clears up; ye complainers be dumb!
Derry down.

And tho' I've no money, and tho' I've no lands,
I've head on my shoulders, and a pair of good hands;
So I'll work the whole day, and on Sundays I'll seek,
At church how to bear all the wants of the week.
The

The gentlefolks too will sfford us supplies,
They'll subscribe—and they'll give up their puddings and pies.
Derry down.

Then before I'm induc'd to take part in a Riot,
I'll ask this short question—What shall I get by it?
So I'll e'en wait a little till cheaper the bread,
For a mittimus hangs o'er each Rioter's head:
And when of two evils I'm ask'd which is best,
I'd rather be hungry than hang'd, I protest.
Derry down.

Quoth Tom, thou art right, if I rise, I'm a Turk,
So he threw down his pitchfork, and went to his work.

PATIENT JOE:

OR,

THE NEWCASTLE COLLIER.

HAVE you heard of a Collier of honest renown,
Who dwelt on the borders of Newcastle Town?
His name it was Joseph—you better may know
If I tell you he always was called Patient Joe.

Whatever betided, he thought it was right,
And Providence still he kept ever in sight;
To those who love God, let things turn as they wou'd,
He was certain that all work'd together for good.

He prais'd his Creator whatever befel;
How thankful was Joseph when matters went well!
How sincere were his carols of praise for good health,
And how grateful for any increase in his wealth!

In trouble he bow'd him to God's holy will;
How contented was Joseph when matters went ill!
When rich and when poor he alike understood
That all things together were working for good.

If the land was afflicted with war, he declar'd
'Twas a needful correction for sins which *he* shar'd:
And when merciful Heav'n bade slaughter to cease,
How thankful was Joe for the blessing of peace!

When taxes ran high, and provisions were dear,
Still Joseph declar'd he had nothing to fear;

It

It was but a trial he well understood,
From HIM who made all work together for good.

Tho' his wife was but sickly, his gettings but small,
Yet a mind so submissive prepar'd him for all;
He liv'd on his gains, were they greater or less,
And the GIVER he ceas'd not each moment to bless.

When another child came he receiv'd him with joy,
And Providence bless'd who had sent him the boy,
But when the child dy'd—said poor Joe, I'm content,
For GOD had a right to recall what he lent.

It was Joseph's ill-fortune to work in a pit
With some who believ'd that profaneness was wit;
When disasters befel him much pleasure they shew'd,
And laugh'd and said—Joseph, will this work for good?

But ever when these wou'd prophanely advance
That *this* happen'd by luck, and *that* happen'd by chance;
Still Joseph insisted no chance cou'd be found,
Not a sparrow by accident falls to the ground.

Among his companions who work'd in the pit,
And made him the butt of their profligate wit,
Was idle Tim Jenkins, who drank and who gam'd,
Who mock'd at his bible, and was not asham'd.

One day at the pit his old comrades he found,
And they chatted, preparing to go under ground;
Tim Jenkins, as usual, was turning to jest,
Joe's notion—*that all things which happen'd were best.*

As Joe on the ground had unthinkingly laid
His provision for dinner, of bacon and bread,
A dog on the watch, seiz'd the bread and the meat,
And off with his prey ran with footsteps so fleet.

Now

Now to see the delight that Tim Jenkins exprest!
" Is the loss of thy dinner too, Joe, for the best?"
" No doubt on't," said Joe; " but as I must eat,
" 'Tis my duty to try to recover my meat."

So saying, he followed the dog a long round,
While Tim, laughing and swearing, went down
under ground.
Poor Joe soon return'd tho' his bacon was lost,
For the dog a good dinner had made at his cost.

When Joseph came back, he expected a sneer,
But the face of each Collier spoke horror and fear;
What a narrow escape hast thou had, they all said,
The pit is fall'n in, and *Tim Jenkins* is dead!

How sincere was the gratitude Joseph express'd!
How warm the compassion which glow'd in his breast!
Thus events great and small, if aright understood,
Will be found to be working together for good.

" When my meat," Joseph cry'd, " was just now
" stol'n away,
" And I had no prospect of eating to-day,
" How cou'd it appear to a short-sighted sinner,
" That my life wou'd be sav'd by the loss of my
" dinner?"

THE GIN SHOP:

OR,

A PEEP INTO A PRISON.

LOOK thro' the land from north to south,
And look from east to west,
And see what is to Englishmen
Of life the deadliest pest.

It is not want, tho' that is bad,
Nor war, tho' that is worse;
But Britons brave endure, alas!
A self-inflicted curse.

Go where you will, throughout the realm,
You'll find the reigning sin,
In cities, villages, and towns,
—The monster's name is GIN.

The prince of darkness never sent
To man a deadlier foe;
"My name is Legion," it may say,
The source of many a woe.

Nor does the fiend alone deprive
The labourer of his wealth;
That is not all, it murders too
His honest name and health.

We

We say the times are grievous hard,
And hard they are, 'tis true,
But, drunkards, to your wives and babes,
They're harder made by you.

The drunkard's tax is self-impos'd,
Like ev'ry other sin;
The taxes altogether lay
No weight so great as GIN.

The State compels no man to drink,
Compels no man to game,
'Tis GIN and gambling sink him down
To rags, and want, and shame,

The kindest husband, chang'd by GIN,
Is for a tyrant known;
The tend'rest heart that nature made,
Becomes a heart of stone.

In many a house the harmless babes
Are poorly cloth'd and fed,
Because the craving GIN-SHOP takes
The children's daily bread.

Come, neighbour take a walk with me,
Thro' many a London street,
And see the cause of penury
In hundreds we shall meet.

We shall not need to travel far—
Behold that great man's door,
He well discerns yon idle crew
From the deserving poor.

He will relieve with liberal hand
The child of honest thrift;
But where long scores at GIN-SHOPS stand,
He will with-hold his gift.

Behold

Behold that shiv'ring female there,
Who plies her woeful trade!
'Tis ten to one you'll find that GIN,
That hopeless wretch has made.

Look down those steps, and view below
Yon cellar under ground,
There ev'ry want and ev'ry woe,
And ev'ry sin is found.

Those little wretches trembling there,
With hunger and with cold,
Were by their parents' love of GIN,
To sin and misery sold.

Blest be those friends * to human kind
Who take these wretches up,
Ere they have drunk the bitter dregs
Of their sad parents' cup.

Look thro' that prison's iron bars,
Look thro' that dismal grate,
And learn what dire misfortune brought
So terrible a fate.

The debtor and the felon too,
Tho differing much in sin,
Too oft you'll find were thither brought
By all-destroying GIN.

Yet Heav'n forbid I should confound
Calamity with guilt!
Or name the debtor's lesser fault *
With blood of brother spilt.

To prison dire misfortune oft
The guiltless debtor brings;
Yet oftner far it will be found
From GIN the misery springs.

See

* The Philanthropic Society.

See the pale manufact'rer there,
How lank and lean he lies!
How haggard is his sickly cheek!
How dim his hollow eyes!

He plied the loom with good success,
His wages still were high,
Twice what the village lab'rer gains,
His master did supply.

No book-debts kept him from his cash,
All paid as soon as due;
His wages on the Saturday
To fail he never knew.

How amply had his gains suffic'd,
On wife and children spent!
But all must for his pleasures go,
All to the GIN-SHOP went.

See that apprentice, young in years,
But hackney'd long in sin,
What made him rob his master's till?
Alas! 'twas love of GIN.

That serving-man—I knew him once,
So jaunty, spruce, and smart!
Why did he steal, then pawn the plate?
'Twas GIN ensnar'd his heart.

But hark! what dismal sound was that?
'Tis Saint Sepulchre's bell!
It tolls, alas, for human guilt!
Some malefactor's knell.

O! woeful sound! O! what could cause
Such punishment and sin?
Hark! hear his words, he owns the cause—
BAD COMPANY and GIN.

And when the future lot is fix'd
Of darkness, fire and chains,
How can the drunkard hope to 'scape
Those everlasting pains?

For if the murd'rer's doom'd to woe,
As holy-writ declares,
The drunkard with SELF-murderers,
That dreadful portion shares.

TALES.

THE

TWO GARDENERS.

TWO Gardeners once beneath an oak,
Lay down to rest, when Jack thus spoke—
" You must confess, dear Will, that Nature
" Is but a blund'ring kind of creature;
" And I—nay, why that look of terror?
" Cou'd teach her how to mend her error."
" Your talk," quoth Will, " is bold and odd,
" What you call Nature, I call GOD."
" Well call him by what name you will,"
Quoth Jack, " he manages but ill;
" Nay, from the very tree we're under,
" I'll prove that Providence can blunder."
Quoth Will, " Through thick and thin you dash,
" I shudder, Jack, at words so rash;
" I trust to what the Scriptures tell,
" He *hath done always* all things well."
Quoth Jack, " I'm lately grown a wit,
" And think all good a *lucky hit.*
" To prove that Providence can err,
" Not words, but facts, the truth aver.
" To this vast oak lift up thine eyes,
" Then view that acorn's paltry size;
" How foolish! on a tree so tall,
" To place that tiny cup and ball.
" Now look again yon pompion * see,
" It weighs two pounds at least, nay three;

" Yet

* A Gourd.

" Yet this large fruit, where is it found?
" Why, meanly trailing on the ground.
" Had Providence ask'd my advice,
" I wou'd have chang'd it in a thrice;
" I wou'd have said at nature's birth,
" Let acorns creep upon the earth;
" But let the pompion, vast and round,
" On the oak's lofty boughs be found."
He said—and as he rashly spoke,
Lo! from the branches of the oak,
A wind, which suddenly arose,
Beat show'rs of acorns on his nose;
" Oh! oh!" quoth Jack, " I'm wrong I see,
" And God is wiser far than me.
" For did a show'r of pompions large,
" Thus on my naked face discharge,
" I had been bruis'd and blinded quite,
" What heav'n appoints I find is right:
" Whene'er I'm tempted to rebel,
" I'll think how light the acorns fell;
" Whereas on oaks had pompions hung,
" My broken skull had stopp'd my tongue."

THE

LADY AND THE PYE:

OR,

KNOW THYSELF.

A WORTHY Squire of sober life,
Had a conceited boasting wife;
Of *him* she daily made complaint,
Herself she thought a very saint.
She lov'd to load mankind with blame,
And on their errors build her fame.
Her fav'rite subject of dispute
Was Eve and the forbidden fruit.
" Had I been Eve," she often cried,
" Man had not fall'n, nor woman died;
" I still had kept the orders giv'n,
" Nor for an apple lost my heav'n;
" To gratify my curious mind
" I ne'er had ruin'd all mankind;
" Nor from a vain desire to know
" Entail'd on all my race such woe."
The Squire reply'd, " I fear 'tis true,
" The same ill spirit lives in you;
" Tempted alike, I dare believe,
" You wou'd have disobey'd like Eve."
The lady storm'd, and still deny'd
Sin, curiosity and pride.
The Squire, some future day at dinner,
Resolv'd to try this boastful sinner;

He

He griev'd such vanity possest her,
And thus in serious terms address'd her:
" Madam, the usual splendid feast,
" With which our wedding day is grac'd,
" With you I must not share to-day,
" For business summons me away.
" Of all the dainties I've prepar'd,
" I beg not any may be spar'd;
" Indulge in ev'ry costly dish,
" Enjoy, 'tis what I really wish;
" Only observe one prohibition,
" Nor think it a severe condition!
" On one small dish which cover'd stands,
" You must not dare to lay your hands;
" Go—disobey not on your life,
" Or henceforth you're no more my wife."
The treat was serv'd, the Squire was gone,
The murm'ring lady din'd alone:
She saw whate'er cou'd grace a feast,
Or charm the eye, or please the taste;
But while she rang'd from this to that,
From ven'son haunch to turtle fat;
On one small dish she chanc'd to light,
By a deep cover hid from sight:
" O! here it is—yet not for me!
" I must not taste, nay, dare not see;
" Why place it there? or why forbid
" That I so much as lift the lid?
" Prohibited of this to eat,
" I care not for the sumptuous treat;
" I wonder if 'tis fowl or fish,
" To know what's there I merely wish.
" I'll look—O no, I lose for ever,
" If I'm betray'd, my husband's favour.
" I own I think it vastly hard,
" Nay, tyranny, to be debarr'd.
" John you may go—the wine's decanted,
" I'll ring or call you when you're wanted."

Now left alone, she waits no longer,
Temptation presses more and stronger.
" I'll peep—the harm can ne'er be much,
" For tho' I peep, I will not touch;
" Why I'm forbid to lift this cover,
" One glance will tell, and then 'tis over,
" My husband's absent, so is John,
" My peeping never can be known."
Trembling, she yielded to her wish,
And rais'd the cover from the dish:
She starts—for lo! an open pye
From which six living sparrows fly.
She calls, she screams, with wild surprise,
" Haste, John, and catch these birds," she cries.
John hears not; but to crown her shame,
In at her call her husband came.
Sternly he frown'd as thus he spoke:
" Thus is your vow'd allegiance broke!
" Self-ign'rance led you to believe
" You did not share the sin of Eve.
" Like her's, how blest was your condition!
" Like heav'n's, how small my prohibition!
" Yet you, tho' fed with ev'ry dainty,
" Sat pining in the midst of plenty;
" This dish, thus singled from the rest,
" Of your obedience was the test;
" Your mind, unbroke by self-denial,
" Cou'd not sustain this slender trial.
" Humility from this be taught
" Learn candour to another's fault;
" Go know, like Eve, from this sad dinner,
" You're both a vain and curious sinner."

THE PLUM-CAKES:

OR,

THE FARMER AND HIS THREE SONS.

A FARMER, who some wealth possest,
With three fine boys was also blest;
The lads were healthy, stout and young,
And neither wanted sense nor tongue.
Tom, Will, and Jack, like other boys,
Lov'd tops and marbles, sport and toys.
The father scouted that false plan,
That money only makes the man;
But, to the best of his discerning,
Was bent on giving them good learning:
He was a man of observation,
No scholar, yet had penetration;
So with due care, a school he sought,
Where his young sons might well be taught.
Quoth he, " I know not which rehearses
" Most properly his themes or verses;
" Yet I can do a father's part,
" And school the temper, mind, and heart;
" The natural bent of each I'll know,
" And trifles best that bent may show."
'Twas just before the closing year,
When Christmas holidays were near,
The farmer call'd to see his boys,
And ask'd how each his time employs.
Quoth Will, " There's father, boys, without,
" He's brought us something good, no doubt.

The

The father sees their merry faces,
With joy beholds them, and embraces.
" Come, boys, of home you'll have your fill."
" Yes, Christmas now is near," says Will;
" 'Tis just twelve days—these notches see,
" My notches with the days agree."
" Well," said the Sire, " again I'll come,
" And gladly fetch my brave boys home.
" You two the dappled mare shall ride,
" Jack mount the poney by my side;
" Mean time, my lads, I've brought you here
" No small provision of good cheer."
Then from his pocket strait he takes
A vast profusion of plum-cakes;
He counts them out, a plenteous store,
No boy shall have or less or more;
Twelve cakes he gives to each dear son,
When each expected only one;
And then, with many a kind expression,
He leaves them to their own discretion;
Resolv'd to mark the use each made
Of what he to their hands convey'd.
The twelve days past, he comes once more,
And brings the horses to the door;
The boys with rapture see appear
The poney and the dappled mare;
Each moment now an hour they count,
And crack their whips and long to mount.
As with the boys his ride he takes,
He asks the history of the cakes.
Says Will, " Dear father, life is short,
" So I resolv'd to make quick sport;
" The cakes were all so nice and sweet,
" I thought I'd have one jolly treat;
" Why shou'd I balk, said I, my taste;
" I'll make at once a hearty feast.
" So snugly by myself I fed,
" When ev'ry boy was gone to bed;

TURN THE CARPET:

OR,

THE TWO WEAVERS.

IN A DIALOGUE BETWEEN DICK AND JOHN.

AS at their work two Weavers sat,
Beguiling time with friendly chat;
They touch'd upon the price of meat,
So high, a Weaver scarce cou'd eat.

"What with my brats and sickly Wife,"
Quoth Dick, I'm almost tir'd of life;
"So hard my work, so poor my fare,
"'Tis more than mortal man can bear.

"How glorious is the rich man's state!
"His house so fine! his wealth so great!
"Heav'n is unjust, you must agree,
"Why all to him? why none to me?

"In spite of what the Scripture teaches,
"In spite of all the parson preaches,
"This world (indeed I've thought so long)
"Is rul'd, methinks, extremely wrong.

"Where'er I look, howe'er I range,
"'Tis all confus'd, and hard, and strange;
"The good are troubled and oppress'd,
"And all the wicked are the bless'd."

Quoth

Quoth John: "Our ign'rance is the cause
"Why thus we blame our Maker's laws;
"*Parts of his ways* alone we know,
"'Tis all that man can see below.

"See'st thou that carpet, not half done,
"Which thou dear Dick, hast well begun?
"Behold the wild confusion there,
"So rude the mass it makes one stare!

"A stranger, ign'rant of the trade,
"Wou'd say, no meaning's there convey'd;
"For where's the middle, where's the border?
"Thy carpet now is all disorder."

Quoth Dick, "My work is yet in bits,
"But still in ev'ry part it fits;
"Besides, you reason like a lout,
"Why, man, that *carpet's inside out.*

Says John, "Thou say'st the thing I mean,
"And now I hope to cure thy spleen;
"This world, which clouds thy soul with doubt,
"*Is but a carpet inside out.*

"As when we view these shreds and ends,
"We know not what the whole intends;
"So when on earth things look but odd,
"They're working still some scheme of GOD.

"No plan, no pattern, can we trace,
"All wants proportion, truth, and grace;
"The motley mixture we deride,
"Nor see the beauteous upper side.

"But when we reach that world of light,
"And view those works of GOD aright,
"Then shall we see the whole design,
"And own the workman is divine.

"What

" What now seem random strokes, will there
" All order and design appear;
" Then shall we praise what here we spurn'd,
" For then the *carpet shall be turn'd.*"

" Thou'rt right," quoth Dick, " no more I'll grumble
" That this sad world's so strange a jumble;
" My impious doubts are put to flight,
" For my own carpet sets me right."

HYMNS.

THE

TRUE HEROES:

OR,

THE NOBLE ARMY OF MARTYRS.

YOU who love a tale of glory,
Listen to the song I sing;
Heroes of the Christian story,
Are the heroes I shall bring.

Warriors of the world, avaunt!
Other heroes me engage;
'Tis not such as you I want,
Saints and Martyrs grace my page.

Warriors who the world o'ercame
Were in brother's blood embru'd;
While the Saints of purer fame,
Greater far, themselves subdu'd.

Fearful Christian! hear with wonder,
Of the Saints of whom I tell;
Some were burnt, some sawn asunder,
Some by fire or torture fell;

Some to savage beasts were hurl'd,
One escap'd the lion's den;
Was a persecuting world
Worthy of these wond'rous men?

Some

Some in fiery furnace thrown,
Yet escap'd, unsing'd their hair;
There Almighty pow'r was shown;
For the Son of God was there.

Let us crown with deathless fame
Those who scorn'd and hated fell;
Martyrs met contempt and shame,
Fearing nought but sin and hell.

How the show'r of stones descended,
Holy Stephen on thy head!
While his tongue the truth defended,
How the glorious Martyr bled!

See his fierce reviler Saul,
How he rails with impious breath!
Then observe converted Paul,
Oft in perils, oft in death.

'Twas that GOD, whose sov'reign pow'r,
Did the lion's fury 'swage,
Cou'd alone, in one short hour,
Still the persecutor's rage.

E'en a woman—women hear,
Read in Maccabees the story!
Conquer'd nature, love, and fear,
To obtain a crown of glory.

Seven stout sons she saw expire,
(How the mother's soul was pain'd!)
Some by sword, and some by fire,
(How the Martyr was sustain'd!)

E'en in death's acutest anguish,
Each the tyrant still defy'd;
Each she saw in torture languish,
Last of all the mother dy'd.

Martyrs who were thus arrested,
In their short but bright career;
By their blood the truth attested,
Prov'd their faith and love sincere.

Tho' their lot was hard and lowly,
Tho' they perish'd at the stake,
Now they live with Christ in glory,
Since they suffer'd for his sake.

Fierce and unbelieving foes
But their bodies cou'd destroy;
Short, tho' bitter were their woes,
Everlasting is their joy.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

O HOW wond'rous is the story
Of our blest Redeemer's birth!
See the mighty Lord of Glory
Leaves his heav'n to visit earth!

Hear with transport, ev'ry creature,
Hear the Gospel's joyful sound;
Christ appears in human nature,
In our sinful world is found;

Comes to pardon our transgression,
Like a cloud our sins to blot;
Comes to his own favour'd nation,
But his own receive him not.

If the angels who attended
To declare the Saviour's birth,
Who from heav'n with songs descended
To proclaim good-will on earth:

If, in pity to our blindness,
They had brought the pardon needed,
Still Jehovah's wond'rous kindness
Had our warmest hopes exceeded:

If some Prophet had been sent
With Salvation's joyful news,
Who that heard the blest event
Cou'd their warmest love refuse?

But

But 'twas HE to whom in Heav'n
Hallelujahs never cease;
He, the mighty GOD, was given,
Given to us a Prince of Peace.

None but HE who did create us
Cou'd redeem from sin and hell;
None but HE cou'd re-instate us
In the rank from which we fell.

Had he come, the glorious stranger,
Deck'd with all the world calls great;
Had he liv'd in pomp and grandeur,
Crown'd with more than royal state;

Still our tongues with praise o'erflowing,
On such boundless love wou'd dwell;
Still our hearts, with rapture glowing,
Feel what words cou'd never tell.

But what wonder shou'd it raise
Thus our lowest state to borrow!
O the high mysterious ways,
GOD's own son a child of sorrow!

'Twas to bring us endless pleasure,
He our suff'ring nature bore;
'Twas to give us heav'nly treasure,
He was willing to be poor.

Come, ye rich, survey the stable
Where your infant Saviour lies;
From your full o'erflowing table
Send the hungry good supplies.

Boast not your ennobled stations,
Boast not that you're highly fed;
Jesus, hear it, all ye nations,
Had not where to lay his head.

Learn

Learn of me, thus cries the Saviour,
If my kingdom you'd inherit;
Sinner, quit your proud behaviour,
Learn my meek and lowly spirit.

Come, ye servants, see your station,
Freed from all reproach and shame;
He who purchas'd your salvation,
Bore a servant's humble name.

Come, ye poor, some comfort gather,
Faint not in the race you run,
Hard the lot your gracious Father
Gave his dear, his only Son.

Think, that if your humbler stations,
Less of worldly good bestow,
You escape those strong temptations
Which from wealth and grandeur flow.

See your Saviour is ascended!
See he looks with pity down!
Trust him, all will soon be mended,
Bear his cross, you'll share his crown.

A HYMN OF PRAISE,

FOR THE

ABUNDANT HARVEST OF 1796.

AFTER A YEAR OF SCARCITY.

GREAT God! when famine threaten'd late
To scourge our guilty land,
O did we learn from that dark fate
To dread thy mighty hand?

Did then our sins to mem'ry rise?
Or own'd we GOD was just?
Or rais'd we penitential cries?
Or bow'd we in the dust?

Did we forsake one evil path?
Was any sin abhor'd?
Or did we deprecate thy wrath,
And turn us to the Lord?

'Tis true we fail'd not to *repine*,
But did we too *repent*?
Or own the chastisement divine
In awful judgment sent?

Tho' the bright chain of Peace be broke,
And war with ruthless sword,
Unpeoples nations at a stroke,
Yet who regards the Lord?

But

But GOD, who in his strict decrees,
Remembers mercy still,
Can, in a moment, if he please,
Our hearts with comfort fill.

He mark'd our angry spirits rise,
Domestic hate increase;
And for a time withheld supplies,
To teach us love and peace.

He, when he brings his children low,
Has blessings still in store;
And when he strikes the heaviest blow,
He loves us but the more.

Now FROST, and FLOOD, and BLIGHT* no more,
Our golden harvests spoil;
See what an unexampled store
Rewards the reaper's toil!

As when the promis'd harvest fail'd
In Canaan's fruitful land;
The envious Patriarchs were assail'd
By famine's pressing hand!

The angry brothers then forgot
Each fierce and jarring feud;
United by their adverse lot,
They lov'd as brothers shou'd.

So here, from Heav'n's correcting hand,
Tho' famine fail'd to move;
Let plenty now throughout the land,
Rekindle peace and love.

Like the rich fool, let us not say,
Soul! thou hast goods in store!
But shake the overplus away,
To feed the hungry poor.

Let

* These three visitations followed each other in quick succession.

Let rich and poor, on whom are now
Such bounteous crops bestow'd,
Raise many a pure and holy vow
Of gratitude to GOD!

And while his gracious name we praise
For bread so kindly given;
Let us beseech him all our days,
To give the bread of heav'n.

In that blest Pray'r our Lord did frame,
Of all our pray'rs the guide,
We ask that "Hallow'd be *his* name,"
And then *our* wants supplied.

For grace he bids us first implore,
Next, that we may be fed;
We say, "Thy will be done," before
We ask "our daily bread."

HERE AND THERE:

OR,

THIS WORLD AND THE NEXT:

BEING SUITABE THOUGHTS FOR A NEW YEAR.

HERE bliss is short, imperfect, insincere,
But total, absolute, and perfect *there.*
Here time's a moment, short our happiest state,
There infinite duration is our date.
Here Satan tempts, and troubles e'en the best,
There Satan's pow'r extends not to the blest.
In a weak sinful body *here* I dwell,
But *there* I drop this frail and sickly shell.
Here my best thoughts are stain'd with guilt and fear,
But love and pardon shall be perfect *there.*
Here my best duties are defil'd with sin,
There all is ease without, and peace within.
Here feeble faith supplies my only light,
There faith and hope are swallow'd up in sight.
Here love of self my fairest works destroys,
There love of GOD shall perfect all my joys.
Here things, as in a glass, are darkly shown,
There I shall know as clearly as I'm known.
Frail are the fairest flow'rs which bloom below,
There freshest palms on roots immortal grow.
Here wants or cares perplex my anxious mind,
But spirits *there* a calm fruition find.
Here disappointments my best schemes destroy,
There those that sow'd in tears shall reap in joy.

Here

Here vanity is stamp'd on all below,
Perfection *there* on ev'ry good shall grow.
Here my fond heart is fasten'd on some friend,
Whose kindness *may*, whose life *must* have an end:
But *there* no failure can I ever prove,
GOD cannot disappoint, for GOD is love.
Here Christ for sinners suffer'd, groan'd, and bled,
But *there* he reigns the great triumphant head:
Here, mock'd and scourg'd, he wore a crown of thorns,
A crown of glory *there* his brow adorns.
Here error clouds the will and dims the sight,
There all is knowledge, purity, and light.
Here so imperfect is this mortal state,
If blest myself I mourn some other's fate.
At ev'ry human woe I *here* repine,
The joy of ev'ry saint shall *there* be mine.
Here if I lean, the world shall pierce my heart,
But *there* that broken reed and I shall part.
Here on no promis'd good can I depend,
But *there* the Rock of Ages is my friend.
Here if some sudden joy delight inspire,
The dread to lose it damps the rising fire;
But *there* whatever good the soul employ,
The thought that 'tis *eternal*, crowns the joy.

BALLADS.

THE HONEST MILLER

GLOCESTERSHIRE,

A TRUE BALLAD.

OF all the callings and the trades
Which in our land abound,
The miller's is as useful sure,
As can on earth be found.

The Lord or Squire of high degree
Is needful to the state,
Because he lets the land he owns
In farms both small and great.

The farmer he manures the land,
Or else what corn could grow?
The ploughman cut the furrow deep
Ere he begins to sow.

And tho' no wealth he has, except
The labour of his hands;
Yet honest industry's as good
As houses or as lands.

The thresher he is useful too
To all who like to eat;
Unless he winnow'd well the corn,
The chaff wou'd spoil the wheat.

But vain the 'Squire's and Farmer's care,
And vain the Thresher's toil;
And vain wou'd be the Ploughman's pains
Who harrows up the soil;

And vain, without the miller's aid,
The sowing and the dressing;
Then sure an honest miller he
Must be a public blessing.

And such a miller now I make
The subject of my song,
Which, tho' it shall be very true,
Shall not be very long.

This miller lives in Glo'stershire,
I shall not tell his name;
For those who seek the praise of GOD,
Desire no other fame.

In last hard winter—who forgets
The frost of ninety-five;
Then was all dismal, scarce, and dear,
And no poor man cou'd thrive.

Then husbandry long time stood still,
And work was at a stand;
To make the matter worse, the mills
Were froze throughout the land.

Our miller dwelt beside a stream,
All underneath the hill;
Which flow'd amain when others froze,
Nor ever stopp'd the mill.

The clam'rous people came from far
This favour'd mill to find,
Both rich and poor our miller sought,
For none but he cou'd grind.

His neighbours cry'd, "Now miller seize
"The time to heap up store,
"Since thou of young and helpless babes
"Hast got full half a score."

For folks, when tempted to grow rich,
By means not over nice,
Oft make their num'rous babes a plea
To sanctify the vice.

Our miller scorn'd such counsel base,
And when he ground the grain,
With stedfast hand refus'd to touch
Beyond his lawful gain.

"When GOD afflicts the land," said he,
"Shall I afflict it more?
"And watch for times of public woe
"To wrong both rich and poor?

"Thankful to that Almighty Pow'r
"Who makes my river flow,
"I'll use the means he gives to soothe
"A hungry neighbour's woe.

"My river flows when others freeze,
"But 'tis at his command;
"For rich and poor I'll grind alike,
"No bribe shall stain my hand."

So all the country who had corn
Here found their wants redrest;
May ev'ry village in the land
Be with such millers blest!

KING DIONYSIUS,

AND

SQUIRE DAMOCLES;

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD STORY.

Proper to be sung at all Feasts and Merry Meetings.

THERE was a heathen man, sir,
Belonging to a king;
And still it was his plan, sir,
To covet ev'ry thing.

And if you don't believe me,
I'll name him if you please,
For let me not deceive ye,
'Twas one Squire Damocles.

He thought that jolly living
Must ev'ry joy afford;
His heart knew no misgiving,
While round the festive board.

He wanted to be great, sir,
And feed on fare delicious;
And have his feasts in state, sir,
Just like King Dionysius.

The king, to cure his longing,
Prepar'd a feast so fine,
That all the court were thronging
To see the courtier dine.

And

And there to tempt his eye, sir,
Was fish, and flesh, and fowl;
And when he was a-dry, sir,
There stood the brimming bowl.

Nor did the king forbid him
From drinking all he could;
The Monarch never chid him,
But fill'd him with his food.

O then to see the pleasure
Squire DAMOCLES exprest!
'Twas joy beyond all measure,
Was ever man so blest?

With greedy eyes the Squire
Devour'd each costly dainty;
You'd think he did aspire
To eat as much as twenty.

But just as he prepar'd, sir,
Of bliss to take his swing;
O, how the man was scar'd, sir,
By this so cruel king!

When he to eat intended,
Lo! just above his head,
He spied a sword suspended
All by a single thread.

How did it change the feasting
To wormwood and to gall,
To think, while he was tasting,
The pointed sword might fall.

Then in a moment's time, sir,
He loath'd the luscious feast;
And dreaded as a crime, sir,
The brimming bowl to taste.

Now,

Now, if you're for applying
The story I have told,
I think there's no denying
'Tis worth its weight in gold.

Ye gay, who view this stranger,
And pity his sad case;
And think there was great danger
In such a fearful place;

Come, let this awful truth, sir,
In all your minds be stor'd;
To each intemp'rate youth, sir,
Death is that pointed sword.

And tho' you see no reason
To check your mirth at all,
In some licentious season
The sword on you may fall.

So learn, while at your ease, sir,
You drink down draughts delicious;
To think of DAMOCLES, sir,
And old king DIONYSIUS.

HACKNEY COACHMAN:

OR,

THE WAY TO GET A GOOD FARE.

To the Tune of "I wish I was a Fisherman."

I AM a bold Coachman, and drive a good Hack,
With a coat of five capes that quite covers my back;
And my wife keeps a sausage-shop, not many miles
From the narrowest alley in all Broad St. Giles.

Tho' poor, we are honest and very content,
We pay as we go for meat, drink, and for rent;
To work all the week I am able and willing,
I never get drunk, and I waste not a shilling.

And while at a tavern my gentleman tarries,
The Coachman grows richer than he whom he carries;
And I'd rather (said I) since it saves me from sin,
Be the driver without, than the toper within.

Yet tho' dram-shops I hate, and the dram-drinking friend,
I'm not quite so good but I wish I may mend;
I repent of my sins, since we all are deprav'd
For a Coachman, I hold, has a soul to be sav'd.

When

When a riotous multitude fills up a street,
And the greater part know not, boys, wherefore they meet;
If I see there is mischief, I never go there,
Let others get tipsy so I get my fare.

Now to church, if I take some good lady to pray,
It grieves me full sore to be kept quite away;
So I step within side, tho' the sermon's begun,
For a slice of the service is better than none.

Then my glasses are whole, and my coach is so neat,
I am always the first to be called in the street;
And I'm known by the name ('tis a name rather rare)
Of the Coachman that never asks more than his fare.

Tho' my beasts should be dull, yet I don't use them ill;
Tho' they stumble I swear not, nor cut them up hill;
For I firmly believe there's no charm in an oath
That can make a nag trot, when to walk he is loath.

And tho' I'm a Coachman, I'll freely confess,
I beg of my Maker my labours to bless;
I praise him each morning, and pray ev'ry night,
And 'tis this makes my heart feel so cheerful and light.

When I drive to a fun'ral I care not for drink,
That is not the moment to guzzle, but think;
And I wish I cou'd add, both of Coachman and Master,
That both of us strove to amend a bit faster.

VILLAGE POLITICS.

ADDRESSED TO

ALL THE MECHANICS, JOURNEYMEN, AND LABOURERS,

IN GREAT-BRITAIN.

BY WILL CHIP,
A COUNTRY CARPENTER.

[Written early in the French Revolution.]

IT is a privilege to be prescribed to in things about which our minds would otherwise be tost with various apprehensions. And for pleasure, I shall profess myself so far from doating on that popular Idol, Liberty, that I hardly think it possible for any kind of obedience to be more painful than an unrestrained Liberty. Were there not true bounds, of Magistrates, of Laws, of Piety, of Reason in the Heart, every man would have a fool, nay, a mad Tyrant to his master, that would multiply him more sorrows than the briars and thorns did to Adam, when he was freed from the bliss at once, and the restraint of Paradise, and became a greater slave in the wilderness than in the inclosure.—*Dr. Hammond's Sermons.*

VILLAGE POLITICS.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

JACK ANVIL, THE BLACKSMITH,

AND

TOM HOD, THE MASON.

Jack. WHAT's the matter, Tom? Why dost look so dismal?

Tom. Dismal indeed! Well enough I may.

Jack. What! is the old mare dead? or work scarce?

Tom. No, no, work's plenty enough, if a man had but the heart to go to it.

Jack. What book art reading? Why dost look so like a hang dog?

Tom. (looking on his book). Cause enough. Why I find here that I'm very unhappy, and very miserable; which I should never have known if I had not had the good luck to meet with this book. O 'tis a precious book!

Jack. A good sign tho'; that you can't find out you're unhappy without looking into a book for it! What is the matter?

Tom. Matter? Why I want liberty.

Jack. Liberty! That's bad indeed! What! has any one fetched a warrant for thee? Come, man, cheer

cheer up, I'll be bound for thee.—Thou art an honest fellow in the main, tho' thou dost tipple and prate a little too much at the Rose and Crown.

Tom. No, no, I want a new Constitution.

Jack. Indeed! Why I thought thou hadst been a desperate healthy fellow. Send for the doctor directly.

Tom. I'm not sick; I want Liberty and Equality, and the Rights of Man.

Jack. O, now I understand thee. What! thou art a leveller and a republican I warrant?

Tom. I'm a friend to the people. I want a reform.

Jack. Then the shortest way is to mend thyself.

Tom. But I want a *general reform.*

Jack. Then let every one mend one.

Tom. Pooh! I want freedom and happiness, the same as they have got in France.

Jack. What, Tom, we imitate them? We follow the French! Why they only began all this mischief at first in order to be just what *we* are already; and what a blessed land must this be, to be in actual possession of all they ever hoped to gain by all their hurly-burly. Imitate them indeed!—Why I'd sooner go to the Negroes to get learning, or to the Turks to get religion, than to the French for freedom and happiness.

Tom. What do you mean by that? ar'n't the French free?

Jack. Free, Tom! aye, free with a witness. They are all so free that there's nobody safe. They make free to rob whom they will, and kill whom they will. If they don't like a man's looks, they make free to hang him without judge or jury, and the next lamp-post serves for the gallows; so then they call themselves free, because you see they have no law left to condemn them, and no King to take them up and hang them for it.

Tom,

Tom. Ah, but Jack, did'nt their KING formerly hang people for nothing too? and besides, were not they all papists before the Revolution?

Jack. Why, true enough, they had but a poor sort of religion; but bad is better than none, Tom. And so was the government bad enough too; for they could clap an innocent man into prison, and keep him there too as long as they would, and never say with your leave or by your leave, Gentlemen of the Jury. But what's all that to us?

Tom. To us! Why don't our governors put many of our poor folks in prison against their will? What are all the jails for? Down with the jails, I say; all men should be free.

Jack. Harkee, Tom, a few rogues in prison keep the rest in order, and then honest men go about their business in safety, afraid of nobody; that's the way to be free. And let me tell thee, Tom, thou and I are tried by our Peers as much as a Lord is. Why the *King* can't send me to prison if I do no harm; and if I do, there's reason good why I should go there. I may go to law with Sir John at the great Castle yonder; and he no more dares lift his little finger against me than if I were his equal. A Lord is hanged for hanging matter, as thou or I should be; and if it will be any comfort to thee, I myself remember a Peer of the Realm being hanged for killing his man, just the same as the man would have been for killing *him**.

Tom. A Lord! Well, that is some comfort to be sure.—But have you read the Rights of Man?

Jack. No, not I: I had rather by half read the *Whole Duty of Man.* I have but little time for reading, and such as I should therefore only read a bit of the best.

Tom. Don't tell me of those old-fashioned notions. Why should not we have the same fine things they

 have

* Lord Ferrers was hanged in 1760, for killing his steward.

have got in France? I'm for a *Constitution*, and *Organization*, and *Equalization*, and *Fraternization*.

Jack. Do be quiet. Now, Tom, only suppose this nonsensical equality was to take place; why it would not last while one could say Jack Robinson; or suppose it cou'd—suppose, in the general division, our new rulers were to give us half an acre of ground a-piece; we cou'd to be sure raise potatoes on it for the use of our families; but as every other man would be equally busy in raising potatoes for *his* family, why then you see if thou wast to break thy spade, I, whose trade it is, should no longer be able to mend it. Neighbour Snip would have no time to make us a suit of clothes, nor the clothier to weave the cloth; for all the world would be gone a digging. And as to boots and shoes, the want of some one to make them for us, would be a still greater grievance than the tax on leather. If we should be sick, there would be no doctor's [illegible] for us; for doctor would be digging too. And if necessity did not compel, and if inequality subsisted, we cou'd not get a chimney swept, or a load of coal from pit, for love or money.

Tom. But still I should have no one over my head.

Jack. That's a mistake: I'm stronger than thou; and Standish, the exciseman, is a better scholar; so that we should not remain equal a minute. I shou'd out-*fight* thee, and he'd out-*wit* thee. And if such a sturdy fellow as I am, was to come and break down thy hedge for a little firing, or take away the crop from thy ground, I'm not so sure that these new-fangled laws wou'd see thee righted. I tell thee, Tom, we have a fine constitution already, and our fore-fathers thought so.

Tom. They were a pack of fools, and had never read the Rights of Man.

Jack. I'll tell thee a story. When Sir John married, my Lady, who is a little fantastical, and likes

to

to do every thing like the French, begged him to pull down yonder fine old castle, and build it up in her frippery way. No, says Sir John; what shall I pull down this noble building, raised by the wisdom of my brave ancestors; which outstood the civil wars, and only underwent a little needful repair at the Revolution; a castle which all my neighbours come to take a pattern by—shall I pull it all down, I say, only because there may be a dark closet, or an awkward passage, or an inconvenient room or two in it? Our ancestors took *time* for what they did. They understood *foundation* work; no running up your little slight lath and plaister buildings, which are up in a day, and down in a night.—My lady mumpt and grumbled; but the castle was let stand, and a glorious building it is; tho' there may be a trifling fault or two, and tho' a few decays want stopping; so now and then they mend a little thing, and they'll go on mending, I dare say, as they have leisure, to the end of the chapter, if they are let alone. But no pull-me-down works. What is it you are crying out for, Tom?

Tom. Why for a perfect government?

Jack. You might as well cry for the moon. There's nothing perfect in this world, take my word for it: tho' sir John says, we come nearer to it than any country in the world ever did.

Tom. I don't see why we are to work like slaves, while others roll about in their coaches, feed on the fat of the land, and do nothing.

Jack. My little maid brought home a story-book from the charity-school t'other day, in which was a bit of a fable about the belly and the limbs. The hands said, I won't work any longer to feed this lazy belly, who sits in state like a Lord and does nothing. Said the feet, I won't walk and tire myself to carry him about; let him shift for himself; so said all the members; just as your levellers and republicans

publicans do now. And what was the consequence? Why the belly *was* pinched to be sure, and grew thin upon it; but the hands and the feet, and the rest of the members, suffered so much for want of their old nourishment, which the belly had been all the time administering, while they accused him of sitting in idle state, that they all fell sick, pined away, and would have died, if they had not come to their senses just in time to save their lives, as I hope all you will do.

Tom. But the times—but the taxes, Jack.

Jack. Things are dear to be sure: but riot and murder is not the way to make them cheap. And taxes are high; but I'm told there's a deal of old scores paying off, and paying off by them who did not contract the debt neither, Tom. Besides things are mending, I hope; and what little is done, is for us poor people; our candles are somewhat cheaper, and I dare say, if the honest gentleman who has the management of things, is not disturbed by you levellers, things will mend every day. But bear one thing in mind: the more we riot, the more we shall have to pay: the more mischief is done, the more will the repairs cost: the more time we waste in meeting to redress public wrongs, the more we shall increase our private wants. And mind too, that 'tis working, and not murmuring, which puts bread in our children's mouths, and a new coat on our own backs. Mind another thing too, we have not the same ground of complaint; in France the poor paid all the taxes, as I have heard 'em say, and the quality paid nothing.

Tom. Well, I know what's what, as well as another; and I'm as fit to govern—

Jack. No, Tom, no. You are indeed as good as another man, seeing you have hands to work, and a soul to be saved. But are all men fit for all kinds of things? Solomon says, "How can he be wise whose

" whose talk is of oxen?" Every one in his way. I am a better judge of a horse-shoe than sir John; but he has a deal better notion of state affairs than I; and I can no more do without his employ than he can do without my farriery. Besides, few are so poor but they may get a vote for a parliament-man; and so you see the poor have as much share in the government as they well know how to manage.

Tom. But I say all men are equal. Why should one be above another?

Jack. If that's thy talk, Tom, thou dost quarrel with Providence, and not with Government. For the woman is below her husband, and the children are below their mother, and the servant is below his master.

Tom. But the subject is not below the king: all kings are " crowned ruffians:" and all governments are wicked. For my part, I'm resolved I'll pay no more taxes to any of them.

Jack. Tom, Tom, if thou didst go oftner to church, thou wou'dst know where it is said, " Ren- " der unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's;" and also, " Fear God, honour the King." *Your* book tells you that we need obey no government but that of the people; and that we may fashion and alter the government according to our whimsies: but *mine* tells me, " Let every one be subject to the " higher powers, for all power is of God, the powers " that be are ordained of God; whosoever therefore " resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of " God." Thou say'st, thou wilt pay no taxes to any of them. Dost thou know who it was that work'd a miracle, that he might have money to pay tribute with, rather than set you and me an example of disobedience to government? an example, let me tell thee, worth an hundred precepts, and of which all the wit of man can never lessen the value. Then there's another thing worth minding; when

Saint

Saint Paul was giving all those directions, in the epistle to the Romans, for obedience and submission; what sort of a king now dost think they had? Dost think 'twas a *Saint* which he order'd them to obey?

Tom. Why it was a kind, merciful, charitable king to be sure; one who put nobody to death or to prison.

Jack. You was never more out in your life. Our parson says he was a monster—that he robbed the rich, and murdered the poor—set fire to his own town, as fine a place as London—fiddled to the flames, and then hanged and burnt the christians, who were all poor, as if they had burnt the town, Yet there's not a word about rising.—Duties are fixed, Tom—Laws are settled; a christian can't pick and chose, whether he will obey or let it alone. But *we* have no such trials. We have a King the very reverse.

Tom. I say we shall never be happy, till we do as the French have done.

Jack. The French and we contending for liberty, Tom, is just as if thou and I were to pretend to run a race; thou to set out from the starting-post when I am in already; thou to have all the ground to travel when I have reached the end.—Why we've got it man! we've no race to run! we're there already! Our Constitution is no more like what the French one was, than a mug of our Taunton beer is like a platter of their soup-maigre.

Tom. I know we shall be undone if we don't get a new *constitution*—that's all.

Jack. And I know we shall be undone if we *do*. I don't know much about politics, but I can see by a little, what a great deal means. Now only to shew thee the state of public credit, as I think Tim Standish calls it. There's Farmer Furrow, a few years ago he had an odd 50*l.* by him; so to keep it out of harm's

harm's way, he put it out to use, on government security, I think he calls it; well, t'other day he married one of his daughters, so he thought he'd give her that 50*l.* for a bit of a portion. Tom, as I'm a living man, when he went to take it out, if his fifty pounds was not almost grown to an hundred! and wou'd have been a full hundred, they say, by this time, if the gentleman had been let alone*.

Tom. Well, still, as the old saying is—I shou'd like to do as they do in France.

Jack. What shou'dst like to be murdered with as little ceremony as Hackabout the butcher, knocks down a calf? or shou'dst like to get rid of thy wife for every little bit of tiff? And as to liberty of *conscience*, which they brag so much about, why they have driven away their parsons, (aye, and murdered many of 'em,) because they would not swear as they would have them. And then they talk of liberty of the press; why, Tom, only t'other day they hang'd a man for printing a book against this pretty government of theirs.

Tom. But you said yourself it was sad times in France, before they pull'd down the old government.

Jack. Well, and suppose the French were as much in the right as I know them to be in the wrong; what does that argue for *us?* Because my neighbour Furrow, t'other day pull'd down a crazy old barn, is that a reason why I must set fire to my tight cottage?

Tom. I don't see for all that why one man is to ride in his coach and six, while another mends the highway for him.

Jack. I don't see why the man in the coach is to *drive over* the man on foot, or hurt a hair of his head, any more than you. And as to our great folks,

* This was written before the war, when the funds were at the highest.

folks, that you levellers have such a spite against; I don't pretend to say they are a bit better than they should be; but that's no affair of mine; let them look to that; they'll answer for that in another place. To be sure, I wish they'd set us a better example about going to church, and those things: but still *hoarding*'s not the sin of the age; they don't lock up their *money*—away it goes, and every body's the better for it. They do spend too much, to be sure, in feastings and fandangoes; and so far from commending them for it, if I was a parson I'd go to work with 'em, but it should be in another kind of way; but as I am only a poor tradesman, why 'tis but bringing more grist to my mill. It all comes among the people. Their very extravagance, for which, as I said before, their parson should be at them, is a fault by which, as poor men, we are benefited; so you cry out just in the wrong place.—Their coaches and their furniture, and their buildings and their planting, employ a power of tradesmen and labourers. Now in this village, what should we do without the castle? Tho' my lady is too rantipolish, and flies about all summer to hot water and cold water, and fresh water and salt water, when she ought to stay at home with Sir John; yet when she does come down, she brings such a deal of gentry that I have more horses than I can shoe, and my wife more linen than she can wash. Then all our grown children are servants in the family, and rare wages they have got. Our little boys get something every day by weeding their gardens, and the girls learn to sew and knit at Sir John's expence; who sends them all to school of a Sunday besides.

Tom. Aye, but there's not Sir Johns in every village.

Jack. The more's the pity. But there's other help. 'Twas but last year you broke your leg, and

was

was nine weeks in the Bristol Infirmary, where you was taken as much care of as a lord, and your family was maintained all the while by the parish. No poor-rates in France, Tom; and here there's a matter of two million and a half paid for the poor every year, if 'twas but a little better managed.

Tom. Two million and a half!

Jack. Aye, indeed. Not translated into tenpences, as your French millions are, but twenty good shillings to the pound. But, when this levelling comes about, there will be no infirmaries, no hospitals, no charity-schools, no Sunday-schools, where so many hundred thousand poor souls learn to read the word of God for nothing. For who is to pay for them? *Equality* can't afford it; and those that may be willing won't be able.

Tom. But we shall be one as good as another for all that.

Jack. Aye, and bad will be the best. But we must work as we do now, and with this difference, that no one will be able to pay us. Tom! I have got the use of my limbs, of my liberty, of the laws, and of my bible. The two first I take to be my *natural* rights; the two last my *civil* and *religious* right: these, I take it, are the *true Rights of Man*, and all the rest is nothing but nonsense and madness and wickedness. My cottage is my castle; I sit down in it at night in peace and thankfulness, and "no man maketh me afraid." Instead of indulging discontent, because another is richer than I in this world, (for envy is at the bottom of your equality works,) I read my bible, go to church, and look forward to a treasure in Heaven.

Tom. Aye, but the French have got it in *this* world.

Jack. 'Tis all a lye Tom. Sir John's butler says his master gets letters which *say* 'tis all a lye. 'Tis all murder and nakedness, and hunger; many of the poor

poor soldiers fight without victuals, and march without clothes. These are your *democrats!* Tom.

Tom. What then, dost think all the men on our side wicked?

Jack No—not so neither—If some of the leaders are knaves, more of the followers are fools. Sir John, who is wiser than I, says the whole system is the operation of fraud upon folly. They've made fools of most of you, as I believe. I judge no man, Tom; I hate no man. Even republicans and levellers, I hope, will always enjoy the protection of our laws; though I hope they will never be our law-*makers*. There are many true dissenters, and there are some hollow churchmen; and a good man is a good man, whether his church has got a steeple to it or not. The new fashioned way of proving one's religion is to *hate* somebody. Now, though some folks pretend that a man's hating a papist, or a presbyterian, proves him to be a good *churchman*, it don't prove him to be a good *christian*, Tom. As much as I hate republican works, I'd scorn to *live* in a country where there was not liberty of conscience; and where every man might not worship God in his own way. Now that liberty they had not in France: the bible was shut up in an unknown heathenish tongue. While here, thou and I can make as free use of our's as a bishop; can no more be sent to prison unjustly than the judge who tries us; and are as much taken care of by the laws as the parliament-man who makes them. Then, as to your thinking that the new scheme will make you happy, look among your own set, and see if any thing can be so dismal and discontented as a leveller. —Look at France. These poor French fellows used to be the merriest dogs in the world; but since equality came in, I don't believe a Frenchman has ever laughed.

Tom.

Tom. What then dost thou take French *liberty* to be?

Jack. To murder more men in one night, than ever their poor king did in his whole life.

Tom. And what dost thou take a *Democrat* to be?

Jack. One who likes to be governed by a thousand tyrants, and yet can't bear a king.

Tom. What is *Equality?*

Jack. For every man to pull down every one that is above him; while, instead of raising those below him, to his own level, he only makes use of them as steps to raise himself to the place of those he has tumbled down.

Tom. What is *the new Rights of Man?*

Jack. Battle, murder, and sudden death.

Tom. What is it to be an *enlightened people?*

Jack. To put out the light of the gospel, confound right and wrong, and grope about in pitch darkness.

Tom. What is *Philosophy*, that Tim Standish talks so much about?

Jack. To believe that there's neither God, nor devil, nor heaven, nor hell: to dig up a wicked old fellow's* rotten bones, whose books, Sir John says, have been the ruin of thousands; and to set is figure up in a church and worship him.

Tom. And what is a *Patriot* according to the new school?

Jack. A man who loves every other country better than his own, and France best of all.

Tom. And what is *benevolence?*

Jack. Why, in the new fangled language, it means contempt of religion, aversion to justice, overturning of law, doating on all mankind in general, and hating every body in particular.

Tom. And what mean the other hard words that Tim talks about—*organization* and *function*, and *civism*,

* Voltaire.

civism, and *incivism*, and *equalization*, and *inviolability*, and *imperscriptible*, and *fraternization?*

Jack. Nonsense, gibberish, downright hocus-pocus. I know 'tis not English; Sir John says 'tis not Latin; and his valet de sham says 'tis not French neither.

Tom. And yet Tim says he never shall be happy till all these fine things are brought over to England.

Jack. What! into this christian country, Tom? Why dost know they have no *Sabbath* in France? Their mob parliament meets on a Sunday to do their wicked work, as naturally as we do to go to church*. They have renounced God's word and God's day, and they don't even date in the year of our Lord. Why dost turn pale, man? And the rogues are always making such a noise, Tom, in the midst of their parliament-house, that their speaker rings a bell, like our penny-postman, because he can't keep them in order.

Tom. And dost thou believe they are as cruel as some folks pretend?

Jack. I am sure they are, and I think I know the reason. We christians set a high value on life, because we know that every fellow creature has an immortal soul: a soul to be saved or lost, Tom—Whoever believes that, is a little cautious how he sends a soul unprepared to his grand account. But he who believes a man is no better than a dog, will make no more scruple of killing one than the other.

Tom. And dost thou think our Rights of Man will lead to all this wickedness?

Jack. As sure as eggs are eggs.

Tom. I begin to think we're better off as we are.

Jack. I'm sure on't. This is only a scheme to make us go back in every thing. 'Tis making ourselves poor when we are getting rich, and discontented when we are comfortable.

Tom.

* Since this they have crammed ten days into the week, in order to throw Sunday out of it.

Tom. I begin to think I'm not so very unhapy as I had got to fancy.

Jack. Tom, I don't care for drink myself, but thou dost, and I'll argue with thee, not in the way of principle, but in thy own way; when there's all equality there will be no *superfluity;* when there's no wages there'll be no drink; and levelling will rob thee of thy ale more than the malt tax does.

Tom. But Standish says, if we had a good government, there'd be no want of any thing.

Jack. He is like many others, who take the king's money and betray him: let him give up the profits of his place before he kicks at the hand that feeds him. Tho' I'm no scholar, I know that a good government is a good thing. But don't go to make me believe that *any* government can make a bad man good, or a discontented man happy.—What art musing upon, man?

Tom. Let me sum up the evidence, as they say at 'sizes—Hem! to cut every man's throat who does not think as I do, or hang him up at a lamp-post!—Pretend liberty of conscience, and then banish the parsons only for being conscientious!—Cry out liberty of the press, and hang up the first man who writes his mind!—Lose our poor laws!—Lose one's wife perhaps upon every little tiff!—March without clothes, and fight without victuals!—No trade!—No bible!—No Sabbath nor day of rest!—No safety, no comfort, no peace in this world—and no world to come!—Jack, I never knew thee tell a lie in my life.

Jack. Nor wou'd I now, not even against the French.

Tom. And thou art very sure we are not ruined?

Jack. I'll tell thee how we are ruined. We have a king, so loving, that he wou'd not hurt the people if he cou'd; and so kept in, that he cou'd not hurt the people if he wou'd. We have as much liberty

as

as can make us happy, and more trade and riches than allows us to be good. We have the best laws in the world, if they were more strictly enforced; and the best religion in the world, if it was but better followed. While Old England is safe, I'll glory in her, and pray for her, and when she is in danger, I'll fight for her, and die for her.

Tom. And so will I too, Jack, that's what I will. *(sings.)*

"*O the roast beef of Old England!*"

Jack. Thou art an honest fellow, Tom.

Tom. This is Rose and Crown night, and Tim Standish is now at his mischief; but we'll go and put an end to that fellow's work, or he'll corrupt the whole club.

Jack. Come along.

Tom. No; first I'll stay to burn my book, and then I'll go and make a bonfire and—

Jack. Hold, Tom. There is but one thing worse than a bitter enemy—and that is an imprudent friend. If thou wou'dst shew thy love to thy King and Country, let's have no drinking, no riot, no bonfires; but put in practice this text, which our parson preached on last Sunday, "Study to be quiet, work with your own hands, and mind your own business."

Tom. And so I will, Jack—Come on.

SACRED DRAMAS:

CHIEFLY INTENDED

FOR YOUNG PERSONS.

THE SUBJECTS TAKEN FROM THE BIBLE.

All the Books of the Bible are either most admirable and exalted pieces of poetry, or the best materials in the world for it.

COWLEY.

TO HER GRACE

THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT,

THESE SACRED DRAMAS

are, with the most perfect respect,

INSCRIBED:

as, among the many amiable
and distinguished qualities
which adorn her mind,
and add lustre to her rank,
her excellence in the maternal character
gives a peculiar propriety
to her protection of this little work;
written with an humble wish
to promote the love of piety and virtue
in young persons,

by her Grace's
most obedient,
most obliged, and
most humble servant,

HANNAH MORE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

I AM as ready as the most rigid Critic to confess, that nothing can be more simple and inartificial than the plans of the following Dramas. In the construction of them I have seldom ventured to introduce any persons * of my own creation: still less did I imagine myself at liberty to invent circumstances. I reflected, with awe, that *the place whereon I stood was holy ground.* All the latitude I permitted myself was, to make such persons as I selected act under such circumstances as I found, and express such sentiments as, in my humble judgment, appeared not unnatural to their characters and situations.—Some of the speeches are

* Never, indeed, except in DANIEL, and that of necessity; as the Bible furnishes no more than two persons, Daniel and Darius; and these were not sufficient to carry on the business of the piece.

are so long as to retard the action; for I rather aspired after Moral Instruction than the purity of Dramatic Composition. I am aware that it may be brought as an objection, that I have now and then made my Jewish characters speak too much like Christians, as it may be questioned whether I have not occasionally ascribed to them a degree of light and knowledge greater than they probably had the means of possessing: but I was more anxious in consulting the advantage of my youthful readers by leading them on to higher religious views, than in securing to myself the reputation of critical exactness.

It will be thought that I have chosen, perhaps, the least important passage in the eventful life of David, for the foundation of the Drama which bears his name. Yet, even in this his first exploit, the sacred Historian represents him as exhibiting no mean lesson of modesty, humility, courage, and piety. Many will think that the introduction of Saul's daughter would have added to the effect of

the piece: and I have no doubt but that it would have made the intrigue more complicated and amusing had this Drama been intended for the Stage. There, all that is tender, and all that is terrible in the passions, find a proper place. But I write for the Young, in whom it will be always time enough to have the passions awakened; I write for a class of Readers, to whom it is not easy to accommodate one's subject,* so as to be at once useful and interesting.

The amiable Poet † from whom I have taken my motto, after shewing the superiority of the Sacred over the Profane Histories, some instances of which I have noticed in my Introduction, concludes with the following remark, which

* It would not be easy, nor perhaps proper, to introduce Sacred Tragedies on the English Stage. The pious would think it profane, while the profane would think it dull. Yet the excellent RACINE, in a profligate country and a voluptuous court, ventured to adapt the story of *Athalia* to the French Theatre; and it remains to us a glorious monument of its Author's courageous piety, while it exhibits the perfection of the Dramatic Art.

† COWLEY.

which I may apply to myself with far more propriety than it was used by the Author:—
"I am far from assuming to myself to have
"fulfilled the duty of this weighty undertak-
"ing; and I shall be ambitious of no other
"fruit from this weak and imperfect attempt
"of mine, but the opening of a way to the
"courage and industry of some other persons,
"who may be better able to perform it tho-
"roughly and successfully."

INTRODUCTION.

O FOR the sacred energy which struck
The harp of Jesse's son! or for a spark
Of that celestial flame which touch'd the lips
Of bless'd Isaiah*: when the Seraphim
With living fire descended, and his soul
From sin's pollution purg'd! or one faint ray,
If human things to heavenly I may join,
Of that pure spirit which enflam'd the breast
Of Milton, GOD's own poet! when, retir'd
In fair enthusiastic vision rapt,
The *nightly visitant* deign'd bless his couch
With inspiration, such as never flow'd
From Acidale or Aganippe's fount!
Then, when the sacred fire within him burnt,
He spake as man or angel might have spoke,
When man was pure, and angels were his guests.

It

* Isaiah, chap. vi.

It will not be.—Nor prophet's burning zeal,
Nor muse of fire, nor yet to sweep the strings
With sacred energy, to me belongs;
Nor with Miltonic hand to touch the chords
That wake to ecstasy. From me, alas!
The secret source of harmony is hid;
The magic powers which catch the ravish'd soul
In melody's sweet maze, and the clear streams
Which to pure Fancy's yet untasted springs
Enchanted lead. Of these I little know!
Yet, all unknowing, dare THY aid invoke,
SPIRIT OF TRUTH! to bless these worthless lays:
Nor impious is the hope; for Thou hast said,
That none who ask'd in faith should ask in vain.

You I invoke not now, ye fabled Nine!
I not invoke you, tho' you well were sought
In Greece and Latium, sought by deathless bards,
Whose syren song enchants; and shall enchant,
Thro' Time's wide-circling round, tho' false their faith,
And less than human were the gods they sung.
Tho' false their faith, they taught the best they knew;
And (blush, O Christians!) liv'd above their faith.
They would have bless'd the beam, and hail'd the day
Which chac'd the moral darkness from their souls.
O! had their minds receiv'd the clearer ray
Of Revelation, they had learn'd to scorn

T'heir

Their rites impure, their less than human gods,
Their wild mythology's fantastic maze.

Pure PLATO! how had thy chaste spirit hail'd
A faith so fitted to thy moral sense!
What hadst thou felt, to see the fair romance
Of high imagination, the bright dream
Of thy pure fancy, more than realiz'd!
Sublime enthusiast! thou hadst blest a scheme
Fair, good, and perfect. How had thy rapt soul
Caught fire, and burnt with a diviner flame!
For e'en thy fair idea ne'er conceiv'd
Such plenitude of bliss, such boundless love,
As Deity made visible to sense.
Unhappy BRUTUS! philosophic mind!
Great 'midst the errors of the Stoic school!
How had thy kindling spirit joy'd to find
That thy lov'd virtue was no empty name:
Nor hadst thou met the vision at Philippi;
Nor hadst thou sheath'd thy bloody dagger's point
Or in the breast of Cesar or thy own.

The Pagan page how far more wise than ours!
They with the gods they worshipp'd grac'd their song;
Our song we grace with gods we disbelieve;
Retain the manners, but reject the creed.
Shall fiction only raise poetic flame,

And shall no altars blaze, O TRUTH, to thee?
Shall falsehood only please, and fable charm?
And shall eternal Truth neglected lie?
Because immortal, slighted, or profan'd?
Truth has our rev'rence only, not our love;
Our praise, but not our heart: a deity,
Confess'd, but shunn'd; acknowledg'd, not ador'd;
Alarm'd we dread her penetrating beams;
She comes too near us, and too brightly shines.

Why shun to make our duty our delight?
Let *pleasure* be the motive, disallow
All high incentives drawn from God's command:
Where shall we trace, thro' all the page profane,
A livelier pleasure and a purer source
Of innocent delight, than the fair book
Of holy Truth presents? for ardent youth,
The sprightly narrative! for years mature,
The moral document, in sober robe
Of grave philosophy array'd: which all
Had heard with admiration, had embrac'd
With rapture, had the shades of Academe,
Or the learn'd Porch produc'd it:—Tomes had then
Been multiply'd on Tomes, to draw the veil
Of graceful allegory, to unfold
Some hidden source of beauty; now not felt!

Do

Do not the pow'rs of soul-enchanting song,
Strong imagery, bold figure, every charm
Of eastern flight sublime, apt metaphor,
And all the graces in thy lovely train,
Divine Simplicity! assemble all
In Sion's songs, and bold Isaiah's strain?

Why shou'd the classic eye delight to trace
The tale corrupted from its prime pure source,
How Pyrrha and the fam'd Thessalian king
Restor'd the ruin'd race of lost mankind:
Yet turn, incurious, from the patriarch sav'd,
The rescued remnant of a delug'd world?
Why are we taught, delighted to recount
Alcides' labours, yet neglect to note
Heroic Samson 'midst a life of toil
Herculean? Pain and peril marking both,
A life eventful and disastrous death.
Can all the tales which Grecian story yields;
Can all the names the Roman page records,
Of wondrous friendship and surpassing love;
Can gallant Theseus and his brave compeer;
Orestes, and the partner of his toils;
Achates and his friend; Euryalus
And blooming Nisus, pleasant in their lives,
And undivided by the stroke of death;
Can each, can all, a lovelier picture yield
Of virtuous friendship: can they all present
A tenderness more touching than the love

Of Jonathan and David?—Speak, ye young!
Who, undebauch'd as yet by fashion's lore,
And unsophisticate, unbiass'd judge,
Say, is your quick attention more arous'd
By the red plagues which wasted smitten Thebes,
Than heav'n's avenging hand on Pharaoh's host?
Or do the vagrant Trojans, driven by fate
On adverse shores successive, yield a theme
More grateful to the eager appetite
Of young impatience, than the wand'ring tribes
The Hebrew leader through the desart led?
The beauteous Maid*, (tho' tender is the tale,)
Whose guiltless blood on Aulis' altar stream'd,
Smites not the bosom with a softer pang
Than her in fate how sadly similar,
The Gileaditish virgin—victims both
Of vows unsanctify'd.——

Such are the lovely themes which court the Bard,
Scarce yet essay'd in verse—for verse how meet!
While heav'n-descended song, forgetting oft
Her sacred dignity and high descent,
Debases her fair origin; oft spreads
Corruption's deadly bane, pollutes the heart
Of innocence, and with unhallow'd hand
Presents the poison'd chalice, to the brim

Fill'd

* Iphigenia.

Fill'd with delicious ruin, minist'ring
Th' unwholesome rapture to the fever'd taste,
While its fell venom, with malignant pow'r,
Strikes at the root of virtue, with'ring all
Her vital energy. Oh! for some balm
Of sov'reign power, to raise the drooping Muse
To all the health of virtue! to infuse
A gen'rous warmth, to rouse an holy zeal,
And give her high conceptions of herself,
Her dignity, her worth, her aim, her end!

For me, Eternal Spirit, let thy word
My path illumine! O thou compassionate God!
Thou know'st our frame, thou know'st we are but dust;
From dust a Seraph's zeal thou wilt not seek,
Nor wilt thou ask an Angel's purity.
But hear, and hearing pardon; as I strive,
Tho' with a feeble voice and flagging wing,
A glowing heart, but pow'rless hand, to paint
The faith of favor'd man to heav'n; to sing
The ways inscrutable of heav'n to man;
May I, by thy celestial guidance led,
Fix deep in my own heart the truths I teach!
In my own life transcribe whate'er of good
To others I propose! and by thy rule
Correct the irregular*, reform the wrong,

Exalt

* What in me is dark
Illumine! what is low, raise and support!
PARADISE LOST.

Exalt the low, and brighten the obscure!
Still may I note, how all th' agreeing parts
Of this consummate system join to frame
One fair, one finish'd, one harmonious whole!
Trace the close links which form the perfect chain
In beautiful connexion; mark the scale
Whose nice gradations, with progression true,
For ever rising, end in DEITY!

MOSES IN THE BULRUSHES:

A

SACRED DRAMA.

Let me assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to man.

PARADISE LOST.

Miriam. Ah me, my mother! whence these floods
of grief!
Jochebed. My son! my son! I cannot speak the rest.
Ye who have sons can only know my fondness!
Ye who have lost them, or who fear to lose,
Can only know my pangs! none else can guess them.
A mother's sorrows cannot be conceiv'd
But by a mother—Wou'd I were not one!
Miriam. With earnest pray'rs thou didst request
this son,
And Heaven has granted him.
Jochebed. O sad estate
Of human wretchedness; so weak is man,
So ignorant and blind, that did not God
Sometimes withhold in mercy what we ask,
We shou'd be ruin'd at our own request.

Too well thou know'st, my child, the stern decree
Of Egypt's cruel king, hard-hearted Pharaoh;
" That every male, of Hebrew mother born,
" Must die." Oh! do I live to tell it thee?
Must die a bloody death! My child, my son,
My youngest born, my darling must be slain!
Miriam. The helpless innocent! and must he die?
Jochebed. No: if a mother's tears, a mother's
prayers,
A mother's fond precautions can prevail,
He shall not die. I have a thought, my Miriam,
And sure the God of mercies who inspir'd,
Will bless the secret purpose of my soul,
To save his precious life.
Miriam. Hop'st thou that Pharaoh—
Jochebed. I have no hope in Pharaoh, much in
God;
Much in the ROCK of AGES.
Miriam. Think, O think,
What perils thou already hast incurr'd,
And shun the greater which may yet remain.

Three

Three months, three dangerous months thou hast
preserv'd
Thy infant's life, and in thy house conceal'd him!
Should Pharaoh know!

Jochebed. Oh! let the tyrant know,
And feel what he inflicts! Yes, hear me, Heav'n!
Send thy right aiming thunderbolts—But hush,
My impious murmurs! Is it not thy will;
Thou, infinite in mercy? Thou permitt'st
This seeming evil for some latent good.
Yes, I will laud thy grace, and bless thy goodness
For what I have, and not arraign thy wisdom
For what I fear to lose. O, I will bless thee
That Aaron will be spar'd! that my first born
Lives safe and undisturbed! that he was giv'n me
Before this impious persecution rag'd!

Miriam. And yet who knows, but the fell tyrant's
rage
May reach *his* precious life:

Jochebed. I fear for him,
For thee, for all. A doating parent lives
In many lives; thro' many a nerve she feels;
From child to child the quick affections spread,
For ever wand'ring, yet for ever fix'd.
Nor does division weaken, nor the force
Of constant operation e'er exhaust
Parental love. All other passions change
With changing circumstances; rise or fall,
Dependant on their object; claim returns;
Live on reciprocation, and expire
Unfed by hope. A mother's fondness reigns
Without a rival, and without an end.

Miriam. But say what Heav'n inspires to save
thy son?

Jochebed. Since the dear fatal morn which gave
him birth,
I have revolv'd in my distracted mind
Each means to save his life: and many a thought

Which fondness prompted, prudence has oppos'd
As perilous and rash. With these poor hands
I've fram'd a little ark of slender reeds;
With pitch and slime I have secur'd the sides.
In this frail cradle I intend to lay
My little helpless infant and expose him
Upon the banks of Nile.
Miriam. 'Tis full of danger.
Jochebed. 'Tis danger to expose, and death to keep him.
Miriam. Yet, Oh! reflect. Shou'd the fierce crocodile,
The native and the tyrant of the Nile,
Seize the defenceless infant!
Jochebed. Oh, forbear!
Spare my fond heart. Yet not the crocodile,
Nor all the deadly monsters of the deep,
To me are half so terrible as Pharaoh,
That heathen king, that royal murderer!
Miriam. Shou'd he escape, which yet I dare not hope,
Each sea-born monster, yet the winds and waves
He cannot 'scape.
Jochebed. Know, God is ev'ry where;
Not to one narrow, partial spot confin'd;
No, not to chosen Israel: he extends
Thro' all the vast infinitude of space.
At his command the furious tempests rise—
The blasting of the breath of his displeasure.
He tells the world of waters when to roar;
And, at his bidding, winds and seas are calm:
In him, not in an arm of flesh, I trust;
In him, whose promise never yet has fail'd,
I place my confidence.
Mariam. What must I do?
Command thy daughter; for thy words have wak'd
An holy boldness in my youthful breast.

Jochebed.

Jochebed. Go then, my MIRIAM, go, and take the infant.
Buried in harmless slumbers there he lies:
Let me not see him—spare my heart that pang.
Yet sure, one little look may be indulg'd,
And I may feast my fondness with his smiles,
And snatch one last, last kiss.—No more, my heart;
That rapture wou'd be fatal—I shou'd keep him.
I cou'd not doom to death the babe I clasp'd:
Did ever mother kill her sleeping boy?
I dare not hazard it.—The task be thine,
Oh! do not wake my child; remove him softly;
And gently lay him on the river's brink.

Mariam. Did those magicians, whom the sons of Egypt . . . . . .
Consult and think all-potent, join their skill;
And was it great as Egypt's sons believe;
Yet all their secret wizard arts combin'd,
To save this little ark of bulrushes,
Thus fearfully expos'd, cou'd not effect it.
Their spells, their incantations, and dire charms
Cou'd not preserve it.

Jochebed. Know this ark is charm'd
With incantations Pharoah ne'er employ'd;
With spells, which impious Egypt never knew:
With invocations to the living God,
I twisted every slender reed together,
And with a pray'r did every ozier weave.

Mariam. I go.

Jochebed. Yet e'er thou go'st, observe me well:
When thou hast laid him in his wat'ry bed,
O leave him not; but at a distance wait,
And mark what Heaven's high will determines for him.
Lay him among the flags on yonder beach,
Just where the royal gardens meet the Nile.
I dare not follow him, Suspicion's eye
Wou'd note my wild demeanour! MIRIAM, yes,
The mother's fondness wou'd betray the child.
Farewell! God of my fathers, oh protect him!

MOSES IN THE BULRUSHES.

PART II.

Enter MIRIAM, *after having deposited the child.*

Miriam.

YES, I have laid him in his wat'ry bed,
His wat'ry grave, I fear!—I tremble still;
It was a cruel task—still I must weep!
But ah, my mother! who shall sooth thy griefs?
The flags and sea-weeds will awhile sustain
Their precious load; but it must sink ere long!
Sweet babe, farewell! Yet think not I will leave thee;
No, I will watch thee till the greedy waves
Devour thy little bark: I'll sit me down,
And sing to thee, sweet babe; thou can'st not hear;
But 'twill amuse me, while I watch thy fate.
[*She sits down on a bank, and sings.*

SONG.

I.

THOU, who canst make the feeble strong,
O God of Israel, hear my song!
Not mine such notes as Egypt's daughters raise;
'Tis thee, O God of Hosts, I strive to praise.

Ye

II.

Ye winds, the servants of the Lord,
Ye waves, obedient to his word,
O spare the babe committed to your trust;
And Israel shall confess the Lord is just!

III.

Tho' doom'd to find an early grave,
This infant, Lord, thy pow'r can save,
And he, whose death's decreed by Pharaoh's hand,
May rise a prophet to redeem the land.
[*She rises and looks out.*

What female form bends hitherward her steps?
Of royal port she seems; perhaps some friend,
Rais'd by the guardian care of bounteous Heaven,
To prop the falling house of Levi.—Soft!
I'll listen unperceiv'd; these trees will hide me.
[*She stands behind.*

Enter the PRINCESS of EGYPT, *attended by a train of Ladies.*

Princess. No farther, Virgins; here I mean to rest,
To taste the pleasant coolness of the breeze;
Perhaps to bathe in this translucent stream.
Did not our holy law* enjoin th' ablution
Frequent and regular, it still were needful
To mitigate the fervours of our clime.
MELITA, stay—the rest at distance wait.
[*They all go out, except one.*

The Princess *looks out.*

Sure, or I much mistake, or I perceive
Upon the sedgy margin of the Nile
A chest;

* The ancient Egyptians used to wash their bodies four times every twenty-four hours.

A chest; entangled in the reeds it seems:
Discern'st thou aught?

Melita. Something, but what I know not.

Princess. Go and examine what this sight may mean. [*Exit Maid.*

Miriam (*behind.*) O blest, beyond my hopes! he is discover'd;
My brother will be sav'd! who is this stranger?
Ah! 'tis the Princess, cruel Pharaoh's daughter.
If she resemble her inhuman Sire,
She must be cruel too; yet fame reports her
Most merciful and mild.—Great Lord of all,
By whose good spirit bounteous thoughts are given
And deeds of love perform'd—be gracious now,
And touch her soul with mercy!

Re-enter Melita.

Princess. Well, Melita!
Hast thou discover'd what the vessel is?

Melita. Oh, Princess, I have seen the strangest sight!
Within the vessel lies a sleeping babe,
A fairer infant have I never seen!

Princess. Who knows but some unhappy Hebrew woman
Has thus expos'd her infant, to evade
The stern decree of my too cruel Sire.
Unhappy mothers! oft my heart has bled
In secret anguish o'er your slaughter'd sons;
Powerless to save, yet hating to destroy.

Melita. Shou'd this be so, my Princess knows the danger.

Princess. No danger shou'd deter from acts of mercy.

Miriam (*behind.*) A thousand blessings on her princely head!

Princess.

Princess. Too much the sons of Jacob have endur'd
From royal Pharaoh's unrelenting hate;
Too much our house has crush'd their alien race.
Is't not enough that cruel task-masters
Grind them by hard oppression? not enough
That iron bondage bows their spirits down?
Is't not enough my Sire his greatness owes,
His palaces, his fanes magnificent,
Those structures which the world with wonder views,
To much insulted Israel's patient race?
To them his growing cities owe their splendour:
Their toils fair Rameses and Pythom built;
And shall we fill the measure of our crimes,
And crown our guilt with murder? and shall I
Sanction the sin I hate? forbid it, Mercy!

Melita. I know thy royal father fears the strength
Of this still growing race, who flourish more
The more they are oppress'd: he dreads their numbers.

Princess. Apis forbid! Pharaoh afraid of Israel!
Yet shou'd this outcast race, this hapless people
Ere grow to such a formidable greatness,
(Which all the gods avert whom Egypt worships,)
This infant's life can never serve their cause,
Nor can his single death prevent their greatness.

Melita. Trust not to that vain hope. By weakest means
And most unlikely instruments, full oft
Are great events produc'd. This rescued child
Perhaps may live to serve his upstart race
More than an host.

Princess. How ill does it beseem
Thy tender years and gentle womanhood,
To steel thy breast to pity's sacred touch!
So weak, so unprotected is our sex,
So constantly expos'd, so very helpless,
That did not Heav'n itself enjoin compassion,
Yet human policy shou'd make us kind,

Let

Lest in the rapid turn of Fortune's wheel,
We live to need the pity we refuse.
Yes, I will save him—Mercy, thou hast conquered!
Lead on—and from the rushes we'll remove
The feeble ark which cradles this poor babe.
[*The* Princess *and her Maid go out.*
Miriam (*comes forward.*) How poor were words
to speak my boundless joy!
The Princess will protect him; bless her, Heav'n!
[*She looks out after the Princess, and describes her action.*
With what impatient steps she seeks the shore!
Now she approaches where the ark is laid!
With what compassion, with what angel-sweetness,
She bends to look upon the infant's face!
She takes his little hand in hers—he wakes—
She smiles upon him—hark, alas! he cries;
Weep on, sweet babe! weep on, till thou hast touch'd
Each chord of pity, waken'd every sense
Of melting sympathy, and stol'n her soul!
She takes him in her arms—O lovely Princess!
How goodness heightens beauty! now she clasps him
With fondness to her heart, she gives him now
With tender caution to her damsel's arms:
She points her to the palace, and again
This way the Princess bends her gracious steps;
The virgin train retire and bear the child.

Re-enter the Princess.

Princess. Did ever innocence and infant beauty
Plead with such dumb but powerful eloquence?
If I, a stranger, feel these soft emotions,
What must the mother who expos'd him feel!
Go, fetch a woman of the Hebrew race,
That she may nurse the babe:—and, by her garb,
Lo, such a one is here!

Miriam.

Miriam. Princess, all hail!
Forgive the bold intrusion of thy servant,
Who stands a charm'd spectator of thy goodness.
Princess. I have redeem'd an infant from the waves,
Whom I intend to nurture as mine own.
Miriam. My transports will betray me! [*aside*]
Gen'rous Princess!
Princess. Know'st thou a matron of the Hebrew race
To whom I may confide him?
Miriam. Well I know
A prudent matron of the house of Levi;
Her name Jochebed is, the wife of Amram;
Of gentle manners, fam'd throughout her tribe
For soft humanity; full well I know
That she will rear him with a mother's love.
[*Aside*] Oh truly spoke! a mother's love indeed!
To her despairing arms I mean to give
This precious trust; the nurse shall be the mother!
Princess. With speed conduct this matron to the palace.
Yes, I will raise him up to princely greatness,
And he shall be my son; I'll have him train'd
By choicest sages, in the deepest lore
Of Egypt's sapient sons;—his name be *Moses*,
For I have drawn him from the perilous flood.
[*They go out. She kneels.*
Thou Great Unseen; who causest gentle deeds,
And smil'st on what thou causest; thus I bless thee,
That thou did'st deign consult the tender make
Of yielding human hearts, when thou ordain'dst
Humanity a virtue! didst not make it
A rigorous exercise to counteract
Some strong desire within; to war and fight
Against the pow'rs of Nature; but did'st bend
The nat'ral bias of the soul to mercy:
Then mad'st that mercy duty! Gracious Pow'r!
Mad'st the keen rapture exquisite as right;
Beyond the joys of sense; as pleasure sweet,
As reason vigorous, and as instinct strong!

MOSES IN THE BULRUSHES:

PART III.

Enter Jochebed.

I've almost reach'd the place—with cautious steps
I must approach the spot where he is laid,
Lest from the royal gardens any 'spy me.
—Poor babe! ere this the pressing calls of hunger
Have broke thy short repose; the chilling waves,
Ere this, have drench'd thy little shiv'ring limbs.
What must my babe have suffer'd!—No one sees me!
But soft, does no one listen?—Ah! how hard,
How very hard for fondness to be prudent!
Now is the moment to embrace and feed him.
[*She looks out.*
Where's Miriam? she has left her little charge,
Perhaps through fear; perhaps she was detected.
How will is thought! how terrible conjecture!
A mother's fondness frames a thousand fears,
With thrilling nerve feels every real ill,
And shapes imagin'd miseries into being.
[*She looks towards the river.*
Ah me! where is he? soul-distracting sight!
He is not there—he's lost, he's gone, he's drown'd!
Toss'd by each beating surge my infant floats.
Cold, cold, and wat'ry is thy grave, my child!
O no—I see the ark.—Transporting sight!
[*She goes towards it.*
I have it here.—Alas, the ark is empty!
The casket's left, the precious gem is gone!

You

You spar'd him, pitying spirits of the deep!
But vain your mercy; some insatiate beast,
Cruel as Pharaoh, took the life you spar'd—
And I shall never, never see my boy!

Enter Miriam.

Jochebed. Come and lament with me thy brother's loss!
Miriam. Come and adore with me the God of Jacob!
Jochebed. Miriam—the child is dead!
Miriam. He lives! he lives!
Jochebed. Impossible—Oh, do not mock my grief!
See'st thou that empty vessel?
Miriam. From that vessel
Th' Egyptian Princess took him.
Jochebed. Pharaoh's daughter?
Then still he will be slain: a bloodier death
Will terminate his woes.
Miriam. His life is safe;
For know, she means to rear him as her own.
Jochebed [*Falls on her knees in rapture.*] To God, the Lord, the glory be ascrib'd!
O magnify'd for ever be THY might
Who mock'st all human forethought! who o'er-rul'st
The hearts of sinners to perform thy work,
Defeating their own purpose! who canst plant
Unlook'd-for mercy in a heathen's heart,
And from the depth of evil bring forth good!
[*She rises.*
Miriam. O blest event, beyond our warmest hopes!
Jochebed. What! shall my son be nurtur'd in a court,
In princely grandeur bred? taught every art
And ev'ry wond'rous science Egypt knows?
Yet ah! I tremble, Miriam; shou'd he learn
With Egypt's polish'd arts her baneful faith!
O worse exchange for death! yes, shou'd he learn
In yon proud palace to disown HIS hand

Who

Who thus has sav'd him: shou'd he e'er embrace
(As sure he will, if bred in Pharaoh's court)
The gross idolatries which Egypt owns,
Her graven images, her brutish gods,
Then shall I wish he had not been preserv'd
To shame his fathers and deny his faith.

Miriam. Then to dispel thy fears and crown thy joy,
Hear farther wonders—Know, the gen'rous Princess
To thine own care thy darling child commits.

Jochebed. Speak, while my joy will give me leave to listen!

Miriam. By her commission'd, thou behold'st me here,
To seek a matron of the Hebrew race
To nurse him: thou, my mother, art that matron.
I said I knew thee well; that thou wou'dst rear him
E'en with a mother's fondness; she who bare him
(I told the Princess) would not love him more.

Jochebed. Fountain of Mercy! whose pervading eye
Can look within and read what passes there,
Accept my thoughts for thanks! I have no words.
My soul o'erfraught with gratitude, rejects
The aid of language—Lord! behold my heart.

Miriam. Yes, thou shalt pour into his infant mind
The purest precepts of the purest faith.

Jochebed. O! I will fill his tender soul with virtue,
And warm his bosom with devotion's flame!
Aid me, celestial Spirit! with thy grace,
And be my labours with thy influence crown'd!
Without it they were vain. Then, then, my Miriam,
When he is furnis'd, 'gainst the evil day,
With God's whole armour*, girt with sacred truth,
And as a breastplate wearing righteousness,
Arm'd with the Spirit of God, the shield of faith,
And with the helmet of salvation crow[illegible],
Inur'd to watching and dispos'd to p[illegible];

Then

* 2 Thess. chap. v. Ephes. chap. vi.

Then may I send him to a dangerous court,
And safely trust him in a perilous world,
Too full of tempting snares and fond delusions!
Miriam. May bounteous Heav'n thy pious cares reward!
Jochebed. O Amram! O my husband! when thou com'st,
Wearied at night, to rest thee from the toils
Imposed by haughty Pharaoh, what a tale
Have I to tell thee! Yes: thy darling son
Was lost, and is restor'd; was dead, and lives!
Miriam. How joyful shall we spend the live-long night
In praises to Jehovah; who thus mocks
All human foresight, and converts the means
Of seeming ruin into great deliverance!
Jochebed. Had not my child been doom'd to such strange perils
As a fond mother trembles to recall,
He had not been preserv'd.
Miriam. And mark still farther;
Had he been sav'd by any other hand,
He had been still expos'd to equal ruin.
Jochebed. Then let us join to bless the hand of Heav'n,
That this poor outcast of the house of Israel,
Condemn'd to die by Pharaoh, kept in secret
By my advent'rous fondness; then expos'd
E'en by that very fondness which conceal'd him,
Is now, to fill the wond'rous round of mercy,
Preserv'd from perishing by Pharaoh's daughter,
Sav'd by the very hand which sought to crush him!
Wise and unsearchable are all thy ways,
Thou GOD OF MERCIES!—Lead me to my child!

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

SAUL, King of Israel.
ABNER, his General.
JESSE.
ELIAB,
ABINADAB, } Sons of Jesse.
DAVID,
GOLIATH, The Philistine Giant.

Philistines, Israelites, &c. &c.

Chorus of Hebrew Women.

The Scene lies in the Camp in the Valley of Elah, and the adjacent plain.

The Subject is taken from the Seventeenth Chapter of the First Book of Samuel.

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

PART I.

SCENE—A Shepherd's Tent on a Plain.

DAVID, *under a spreading tree, plays on his harp, and sings.*

I.

GREAT Lord of all things! Pow'r divine!
Breathe on this erring heart of mine
Thy grace serene and pure;
Defend my frail, my erring youth,
And teach me this important truth,
The humble are secure!

II.

Teach me to bless my lowly lot
Confin'd to this paternal cot,
Remote from regal state!
Content to court the cooling glade
Inhale the breeze, enjoy the shade,
And love my humble fate.

III.

No anxious vigils here I keep,
No dreams of gold distract my sleep,
Nor lead my heart astray;
Nor blasting Envy's tainted gale
Pollutes the pleasures of the vale,
To vex my harmless day.

IV.

Yon tow'r, which rears its head so high,
And bids defiance to the sky,
Invites the hostile winds:
Yon branching oak extending wide,
Provokes destruction by its pride,
And courts the fall it finds.

V.

Then let me shun th' ambitious deed,
And all the dang'rous paths which lead
To honours falsely won:
Lord in thy sure protection blest,
Submissive will I ever rest,
And may thy will be done!

[*He lays down his harp and rises.*

David. Methinks this shepherd's life were dull and tasteless
Without the charm of soothing song or harp:
With it, not undelightful is the haunt
Of wood, or lonely grove, or russet plain,
Made vocal by the muse. With this lov'd harp,
This daily solace of my cares, I sooth'd
The melancholy monarch, when he lay
Smit by the chill and spirit-quenching hand
Of black despair. God of my fathers, hear me!
Here I devote my harp, my verse, myself,
To thy blest service! gladly to proclaim
Glory to God on high, on earth good-will
To man; to pour my grateful soul before thee;
To sing thy pow'r, thy wisdom, and thy love,
And ev'ry gracious attribute: to paint
The charms of heav'n born virtue! So shall I
(Tho' with long interval of worth) aspire
To imitate the work of saints above,
Of Cherub and of Seraphim. My heart,
My talents, all I am, and all I have,

Is thine, O Father! Gracious Lord, accept
The humble dedication! Offer'd gifts
Of slaughter'd bulls and goats sacrifical
Thou hast refus'd: but lo, I come, O Lord!
To do thy will; the living sacrifice
Of an obedient heart I lay before thee:
This humble off'ring more shall please thee, Lord,
Than horned bullocks, ceremonial rites,
New moons, and sabbaths, passovers, and fasts!
Yet those I too will keep; but not in lieu
Of holiness substantial, inward worth;
As commutation cheap for pious deeds
And purity of life, but as the types
Of better things; as fair external signs
Of inward holiness and secret truth.

But see, my father, good old Jesse comes!
To cheer the setting evening of whose life,
Content, a simple shepherd here I dwell,
Tho' Israel is in arms; and royal Saul,
Encamp'd in yonder field, defies Philistia.

Jesse, David.

Jesse. Blest be the gracious Pow'r who gave my age
To boast a son like thee! Thou art the staff
Which props my bending years, and makes me bear
The heavy burden of declining age
With fond complacence. How unlike thy fate,
O venerable Eli! But two sons,
But only two to gild the dim remains
Of life's departing day, and bless thy age,
And both were curses to thee! Witness, Heaven,
In all the cruel catalogue of pains
Humanity turns o'er, if there be one
So terrible to human tenderness
As an unnatural child!

David. O! my lov'd father!
Long may'st thou live, in years and honours rich;

To

To taste and to communicate the joys,
The thousand fond endearing charities
Of tenderness domestic; Nature's best
And loveliest gift, with which she well atones
The niggard boon of fortune.
Jesse. O! my son!
Of all the graces which adorn thy youth,
I, with a father's fondness must commend
Thy try'd humility. For tho' the Seer
Pour'd on thy chosen head the sacred oil
In sign of future greatness, in sure pledge
Of highest dignity, yet here thou dwell'st
Content with toil and careless of repose;
And (harder still for an ingenuous mind)
Content to be obscure; content to watch,
With careful eye, thine humble father's flock!
O earthly emblem of Celestial things!
So Israel's shepherd watches o'er his fold:
The weak ones in his fost'ring bosom bears:
And gently leads, in his sustaining hand,
The feeble ones with young.
David. Know'st thou, my father,
Aught from the field? for tho' so near the camp,
Tho' war's proud ensigns stream on yonder plain,
And all Philistia's swarming hosts encamp,
Oppos'd to royal Saul, beneath whose banners
My brothers lift the spear,—I have not left
My fleecy charge, by thee committed to me,
To learn the various fortune of the war.
Jesse. And wisely hast thou done. Thrice happy realm,
Who shall submit one day to his command
Who can so well obey! Obedience leads
To certain honours. Not the tow'ring wing
Of eagle plum'd ambition mounts so surely
To fortune's highest summit as obedience.
[*A distant sound of trumpets.*
But why that sudden ardour, O my son?

That

That trumpet's sound (tho' so remote its voice,
We hardly catch the echo as it dies)
Has rous'd the mantling crimson in thy cheek,
Kindled the martial spirit in thine eye;
And my young shepherd feels an hero's fire!

David. Thou hast not told the posture of the war;
And much my beating bosom pants to hear.

Jesse. Uncertain is the fortune of the field.
I tremble for thy brothers, thus expos'd
To constant peril; nor for them alone
Does the quick feeling agonize my heart.
I feel for all—I mourn, that ling'ring war
Still hangs his banner o'er my native land,
Belov'd Jerusalem! O war! what art thou?
At once the proof and scourge of man's fall'n state!
After the brightest conquest, what appears
Of all thy glories? for the vanquish'd, chains!
For the proud victor, what? Alas! to reign
O'er desolated nations! a drear waste,
By one man's crime, by one man's lust of pow'r,
Unpeopled! Ravag'd fields assume the place
Of smiling harvests, and uncultur'd plains
Succeed the fertile vineyard; barren waste
Deforms the spot once rich with luscious fig
And the fat olive.—Devastation reigns.
Here, rifled temples are the cavern'd dens
Of savage beasts, or haunt of birds obscene;
There, pop'lous cities blacken in the sun,
And, in the gen'ral wreck, proud palaces
Lie undistinguish'd, save by the dun smoke
Of recent conflagration. When the song
Of dear-bought joy, with many a triumph swell'd,
Salutes the victor's ear, and soothes his pride,
How is the grateful harmony profan'd
With the sad dissonance of virgins' cries,
Who mourn their brothers slain! of matrons hoar,
Who clasp their wither'd hands, and fondly ask,
With iteration shrill, their slaughter'd sons!

How

How is the laurel's verdure stain'd with blood,
And soil'd with widows tears!
David. Thrice mournful truth!
Yet when our country's sacred rights are menac'd;
Her firm foundations shaken to their base;
When all we love, and all that we revere,
Our hearths and altars, children, parents, wives,
Our liberties and laws, the Throne they guard,
And scorn'd and trampl'd on—then, then, my father!
'Tis then Religion's voice; then God himself
Commands us to defend his injur'd name,
And think the vict'ry cheaply bought with life.
'Twere then inglorious weakness, mean self-love,
To lie inactive, when the stirring voice
Of the shrill trumpet wakes the patriot youth,
And with heroic valour, bids them dare
The foul idolatrous bands, e'en to the death.
Jesse. God and thy country claim the life they gave;
No other cause can sanctify resentment.
David. Sure virtuous friendship is a noble cause!
O were the princely Jonathan in danger,
How wou'd I die, well pleas'd, in his defence!
When, 'twas long since, then but a stripling boy
I made short sojourn in his father's palace,
(At first to soothe his troubled mind with song,
His armour-bearer next,) I well remember
The gracious bounties of the gallant prince.
How wou'd he sit, attentive to my strain,
While to my harp I sung the harmless joys
Which crown a shepherd's life! How wou'd he cry,
Bless'd youth! far happier in thy native worth,
Far richer in the talent Heav'n has lent thee,
Than if a crown hung o'er thy anxious brow.
The jealous monarch mark'd our growing friendship;
And as my favour grew with those about him,
His royal bounty lessen'd, till at length,
For Bethl'hem's safer shades I left the court.
Nor wou'd these alter'd features now be known,

Grown

Grown into manly strength; nor this chang'd form,
Enlarg'd with age, and clad in russet weed.
Jesse. I have employment for thee, my lov'd son!
Will please thy active spirit. Go, my boy!
Haste to the field of war, to yonder camp,
Where in the vale of Elah mighty Saul
Commands the hosts of Israel. Greet thy brothers:
Observe their deeds, note their demeanor well,
And mark if on their actions Wisdom waits.
Bear to them too (for well the waste of war
Will make it needful) such plain healthful viands
As furnish out our frugal shepherd's meal.
And to the valiant captain of their host
Present such rural gifts as suit our fortune:
Heap'd on the board within my tent thou'lt find them.
David. With joy I'll bear thy presents to my brothers;
And to the valiant captain of their host
The rural gifts thy gratitude assigns him.
Delightful task!—for I shall view the camp!
What transport to behold the tented field,
The pointed spear, the blaze of shields and arms,
And all the proud accoutrements of war!
But, oh! far dearer transport wou'd it yield me,
Cou'd this right arm alone avenge the cause
Of injur'd Israel! could my single death
Preserve the guiltless thousands doom'd to bleed!
Jesse. Let not thy youth be dazzled, O my son!
With deeds of bold emprize, as valour only
Were virtue, and the gentle arts of peace,
Of truth, and justice, were not worth thy care.
When thou shalt view the splendors of the war,
The gay caparison, the burnish'd shield,
The plume-crown'd helmet, and the glitt'ring spear,
Scorn not the humble virtues of the shade,
Nor think that Heav'n views only with applause
The active merit and the busy toil
Of heroes, statesmen, and the bustling sons

Of

Of public care. These have their just reward,
In wealth, in honours, and the well earn'd fame
Their high achievements bring. 'Tis in this view
That virtue is her proper recompense:
Wealth, as its natural consequence, will flow
From industry: toil with success is crown'd:
From splendid actions high renown will spring.
Such is the usual course of human things;
For Wisdom Infinite permits, that thus
Effects to causes be proportionate,
And nat'ral ends by nat'ral means achiev'd,
But in the future estimate which Heav'n
Will make of things terrestrial, know, my son,
That no inferior blessing is reserv'd
For the mild passive virtues: meek Content,
Heroic Self-denial, nobler far
Than all th' achievements noisy fame reports,
When her shrill trump proclaims the proud success
Which desolates the nations. But, on earth,
These are not always prosperous—mark the cause:
Eternal Justice keeps them for the bliss
Of final recompence, for the dread day
Of gen'ral retribution. O, my son!
The ostentatious virtues which still press
For notice and for praise; the brilliant deeds
Which live but in the eye of observation,
These have their meed at once. (But there's a joy
To the fond votaries of Fame unknown,
To hear the still small voice of Conscience speak
Its whisp'ring plaudit to the silent soul.)
Heav'n notes the sigh afflicted Goodness heaves;
Hears the low plaint by human ear unheard,
And from the cheek of patient Sorrow wipes
The tear, by mortal eye unseen or scorn'd.

David. As Hermon's dews their grateful freshness shed,
And cheer the herbage, and the flow'rs renew;

So

So do thy words a quick'ning balm infuse,
And grateful sink in my delighted soul.

Jesse. Go then, my child! and may the gracious God
Who bless'd our fathers bless my much lov'd son!

David. Farewell, my father!—and of this be sure,
That not one precept from thy honour'd lips
Shall fall by me unnotic'd; not one grace,
One venerable virtue which adorns
Thy daily life, but I, with watchful care
And due observance, will in mine transplant it.

[*Exit* David.

Jesse. He's gone! and still my aching eyes pursue
And strain their orbs still longer to behold him.
Oh! who can tell when I may next embrace him?
Who can declare the counsels of the Lord?
Or when the moment pre-ordain'd by Heav'n
To fill his great designs, may come? This son,
This blessing of my age, is set apart
For high exploits; the chosen instrument
Of all-disposing Heav'n for mighty deeds.
Still I recall the day, and to my mind
The scene is ever present, when the Seer,
Illustrious Samuel, to the humble shades
Of Bethlehem came, pretending sacrifice,
To screen his errand from the jealous king.
He sanctify'd us first, me and my sons;
For sanctity increas'd should still precede
Increase of dignity. When he declar'd
He came, commission'd from on High, to find,
Among the sons of Jesse, Israel's king,
Astonishment entranc'd my wond'ring soul!
Yet was it not a wild, tumultuous bliss;
Such rash delight as promis'd honours yield
To light vain minds: no, 'twas a doubtful joy,
Chastis'd by tim'rous virtue, lest a gift
So splendid and so dang'rous might destroy
Him it was meant to raise. My eldest born,
Eliab, tall of stature, I presented;

But God, who judges not by outward form,
But tries the heart, forbade the holy prophet
To choose my eldest born. For Saul, he said,
Gave proof, that fair proportion, and the grace
Of limb or feature, ill repaid the want
Of virtue. All my other sons alike
By Samuel were rejected: till, at last,
On my young boy, on David's chosen head,
The prophet pour'd the consecrated oil.
Yet ne'er did pride elate him, ne'er did scorn
For his rejected elders swell his heart.
Not in such gentle charity to him
His haughtier brothers live: but all he pardons.
To meditation, and to humble toil,
To pray'r, and praise devoted, here he dwells.
O may the Graces which adorn retreat
One day delight a court! record his name
With saints and prophets, dignify his race,
And may the sacred songs his leisure frames
Instruct mankind, and sanctify a world!

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

PART II.

SCENE—The Camp.

Eliab, *Abinadab*, *Abner*,—Israelites.

Eliab.

STILL is th' event of this long war uncertain:
Still do the adverse hosts, on either side,
Protract, with ling'ring caution, an encounter,
Which must to one be fatal.

Abinadab. This descent,
Thus to the very confines of our land,
Proclaims the sanguine hope that fires the foe.
In Ephes-dammim boldly they encamp:
Th' uncircumcis'd Philistines pitch their tents
On Judah's hallow'd earth.

Eliab. Full forty days
Has the insulting giant, proud Goliath,
The champion of Philistia, fiercely challeng'd
Some Israelitish foe. But who so vain
To dare such force unequal? who so bent
On sure destruction, to accept his terms,
And rush on death, beneath the giant force
Of his enormous bulk?

Abinadab. 'Tis near the time
When in th' adjacent valley which divides
Th' opposing armies, he is wont to make
His daily challenge.

Eliab.

Eliab. Much I marvel, brother,
No greetings from our father reach our ears,
With ease and plenty bless'd, he little recks
The daily hardships which his sons endure.
But see! behold his darling boy approaches!

Abinadab. How, David here! whence this unlook'd-for guest?

Eliab. A spy upon our actions; sent, no doubt,
To scan our deeds, with beardless gravity
Affecting wisdom; to observe each word,
To magnify the venial faults of youth,
And construe harmless mirth to foul offence.

Enter David.

David. All hail, my dearest brothers!

Eliab. Means thy greeting
True love, or arrogant scorn?

David. Oh, most true love!
Sweet as the precious ointment which bedew'd
The sacred head of Aaron, and descended
Upon his hallow'd vest; so sweet, my brothers,
Is fond fraternal amity: such love
As my touch'd bosom feels at your approach.

Eliab. Still that fine glozing speech, those holy saws,
And all that trick of studied sanctity,
Of smooth-turn'd periods and trim eloquence,
Which charms thy doating father! but confess,
What dost thou here? Is it to soothe thy pride,
And gratify thy vain desire to roam
In quest of pleasures unallow'd? or com'st thou,
A willing spy, to note thy brothers' deeds?
Where hast thou left those few poor straggling sheep?
More suited to thy ignorance and years
The care of those, than here to wander idly:
Why cam'st thou hither?

David. Is there not a cause?
Why that displeasure kindling in thine eye,

My

My angry brother? why those taunts unkind?
Not idly bent on sport; not to delight
Mine eye with all this gay parade of war;
To gratify a roving appetite,
Or fondly to indulge a curious ear
With any tale of rumour, am I come:
But to approve myself a loving brother.
I bring the blessing of your aged sire,
With gifts of such plain cates and rural viands
As suit his frugal fortune. Tell me now,
Where the bold captain of your host encamps?

Eliab. Wherefore inquire? what boots it thee to know?
Behold him there: great Abner, fam'd in arms.

David. I bring thee, mighty Abner, from my father,
(A simple shepherd swain in yonder vale,)
Such humble gifts as shepherd swains bestow.

Abner. Thanks, gentle youth! with pleasure I receive
The grateful off'ring. Why does thy quick eye
Thus wander with unsatisfy'd delight?

David. New as I am to all the trade of war,
Each sound has novelty; each thing I see
Attracts attention; every noise I hear
Awakes confus'd emotions; indistinct,
Yet full of charming tumult, sweet distraction.
'Tis all delightful hurry! Oh! the joy
Of young ideas painted on the mind,
In the warm glowing colours fancy spreads
On objects not yet known, when all is new,
And all is lovely! Ah! what warlike sound
Salutes my ravish'd ear?

[*Sound of trumpet.*

Abner. 'Tis the Philistine,
Proclaiming, by his herald, through the ranks,
His near approach. Each morning he repeats
His challenge to our bands.

David. Ha! what Philistine?
Who is he?
Eliab. Wherefore ask? for thy raw youth
And rustic ignorance, 'twere fitter learn
Some rural art! some secret to prevent
Contagion in thy flocks; some better means
To save their fleece immaculate. These mean arts
Of soft inglorious peace far better suit
Thy low obscurity, than thus to seek
High things pertaining to exploits of arms.
David. Urg'd as I am I will not answer thee.
Who conquers his own spirit, O my brother!
He is the only conqueror.—Again
That shout mysterious! Pray you, *(to Abner,)* tell me who
This proud Philistine is, who sends defiance
To Israel's hardy chieftains?
Abner. Stranger youth!
So lovely and so mild is thy demeanor,
So gentle and so patient; such the air
Of candour and of courage which adorns
Thy blooming features, thou hast won my love:
And I will tell thee.
David. Mighty Abner, thanks!
Abner. Thrice, and no more, he sounds, his daily rule!
This man of war, this champion of Philistia,
Is of the sons of Anak's giant-race:
Goliath is his name. His fearful stature,
Unparallel'd in Israel, measures more
Than twice three cubits. On his tow'ring head
A helm of burnish'd brass the giant wears,
So pond'rous, it wou'd crush the stoutest man
In all our hosts. A coat of mailed armour
Guards his capacious trunk! compar'd with which,
The amplest oak that spreads his rugged arms
In Bashan's groves, were small. About his neck
A shining corslet hangs. On his vast thigh

The

The plaited cuirass, firmly jointed, stands.
But who shall tell the wonders of his spear,
And hope to gain belief! Of massive iron
Its temper'd frame; not less than the broad beam
To which the busy weaver hangs his loom:
Not to be wielded by a mortal hand,
Save by his own. An armour-bearer walks
Before this mighty champion, in his hand
Bearing the giant's shield. Thrice ev'ry morn
His herald sounds the trumpet of defiance!
Off'ring at once to end the long-drawn war
In single combat, 'gainst that hardy foe
Who dares encounter him.

David. Say, mighty Abner,
What are the haughty terms of his defiance?

Abner. Proudly he stalks around th' extremest bounds
Of Elah's vale. His herald sounds the note
Of offer'd battle. Then the furious giant,
With such a voice as from the troubled sky
In vollied thunder breaks, thus sends his challenge:
" Why do you set your battle in array,
Ye men of Israel? Wherefore waste the lives
Of needless thousands? Why protract a war
Which may at once be ended? Are not you
Servants to Saul your king? and am not I,
With triumph let me speak it, a Philistine?
Choose out a man from all your armed hosts,
Of courage most approv'd, and I will meet him;
His single arm to mine. Th' event of this
Shall fix the fate of Israel and Philistia.
If victory favour him, then will we live
Your tributary slaves; but if my arm
Be crown'd with conquest, you shall then live ours.
Give me a man, if your effeminate bands
A man can boast. Your armies I defy!"

David. What shall be done to him who shall subdue
This vile idolater?

Abner. He shall receive
Such ample bounties, such profuse rewards,
As might inflame the old, or warm the coward,
Were not the odds so desperate.
David. Say what are they?
Abner. The royal Saul has promis'd that bold hero
Who should encounter and subdue Goliath,
All dignity and favour; that his house
Shall be set free from tribute, and ennobled
With the first honours Israel has to give.
And for the gallant conqueror himself,
No less a recompense than the fair princess,
Our monarch's peerless daughter.
David. Beauteous Michal!
It is indeed a boon which kings might strive for.
And has none answer'd yet this bold defiance?
What! all this goodly host of Israelites!
God's own peculiar people! all afraid
T' assert God's injur'd honour and their own?
Where is the king, who, in his early youth
Wrought deeds of fame! Where princely Jonathan!
Not so the gallant youth Philistia fear'd
At Bozez and at Sench*; when the earth
Shook from her deep foundations, to behold
The wond'rous carnage of his single hand
On the uncircumcis'd. When he exclaim'd,
With glorious confidence—"Shall numbers awe me?
God will protect his own; with him to save,
It boots not, friends, by many or by few."
This was an hero! Why does he delay
To meet this boaster? For thy courtesy,
Thrice noble Abner, I am bound to thank thee!
Would'st thou complete thy gen'rous offices?
I dare not ask it.
Abner. Speak thy wishes freely:
My soul inclines to serve thee.

David.

* 1 Samuel, xiv.

David. Then, O Abner,
Conduct me to the king! There is a cause
Will justify this boldness!
Eliab. Braggard, hold!
Abner. I take thee at thy word; and will, with speed,
Conduct thee to my royal master's presence.
In yonder tent the anxious monarch waits
Th' event of this day's challenge.
David. Noble Abner,
Accept my thanks. Now to thy private ear,
If so thy grace permit, I will unfold
My secret soul, and ease my lab'ring breast,
Which pants with high designs, and beats for glory.

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

PART III.

SCENE—Saul's tent.

Saul.

WHY was I made a king? what I have gain'd
In envy'd greatness and uneasy pow'r,
I've lost in peace of mind, in virtue lost!
Why did deceitful transports fire my soul
When Samuel plac'd upon my youthful brow
The crown of Israel? I had known content,
Nay happiness, if happiness unmix'd
To mortal man were known, had I still liv'd
Among the humble tents of Benjamin.
A shepherd's occupation was my joy,
And every guiltless day was crown'd with peace.
But now a sullen cloud for ever hangs
O'er the faint sunshine of my brightest hours,
Dark'ning the golden promise of the morn.
I ne'er shall taste the dear domestic joys
My meanest subjects know. True, I have sons,
Whose virtues wou'd have charm'd a private man,
And drawn down blessings on their humble sire.
I love their virtues too; but tis a love
Which jealousy has poison'd. Jonathan
Is all a father's fondness cou'd conceive
Of amiable and good—Of that no more!
He is too popular; the people doat
Upon th' ingenuous graces of his youth.
Curs'd popularity! which makes a father

Detest

Detest the merit of a son he loves.
How did their fond idolatry perforce,
Rescue his sentenc'd life, when doom'd by lot
To perish at Beth-aven*, for the breach
Of strict injunction, that of all my bands,
Not one that day should taste of food and live!
My subjects clamour at this tedious war,
Yet of my num'rous armed chiefs not one
Has courage to engage this man of Gath.
O for a champion bold enough to face
This giant-boaster, whose repeated threats
Strike thro' my inmost soul! There was a time—
Of that no more!—I am not what I was.
Shou'd valiant Jonathan accept the challenge,
'Twould but increase his influence, raise his fame,
And make the crown sit loosely on my brow.
Ill cou'd my wounded spirit brook the voice
Of harsh comparison 'twixt sire and son.

Saul, Abner.

Abner. What meditation holds thee thus engag'd,
O king! and keeps thine active spirit bound;
When busy war far other cares demands
Than ruminating thought and pale despair?

Saul. Abner, draw near. My weary soul sinks down
Beneath the heavy pressure of misfortune.
O for that spirit which inflam'd my breast
With sudden fervour, when, among the seers
And holy sages my prophetic voice
Was heard attentive, and th' astonish'd throng,
Wond'ring, exclaim'd, — 'Is Saul among the Prophets?'
Where's that bold arm which quell'd th' Amalekite,
And nobly spar'd fierce Agag and his flocks?
'Tis past! the light of Israel now is quench'd:
Shorn of his beams, my sun of glory sets!
Rise Moab, Edon, angry Ammon rise!

Come

* 1 Samuel, xiv.

Come Gaza, Ashdod come! let Ekron boast,
And Askelon rejoice, for Saul is—nothing.
Abner. I bring thee news, O king!
Saul. My valiant uncle!
What can avail thy news? A soul oppress'd
Refuses still to hear the charmer's voice,
Howe'er enticingly he charm. What news
Can sooth my sickly soul, while Gath's fell giant
Repeats each morning to my frighten'd hosts
His daring challenge, none accepting it?
Abner. It is accepted.
Saul. Ha! By whom? how? when?
What prince, what gen'ral, what illustrious hero,
What vet'ran chief, what warrior of renown,
Will dare to meet the haughty foe's defiance?
Speak, my brave gen'ral! noble Abner, speak!
Abner. No prince, no warrior, no illustrious chief,
No vet'ran hero dares accept the challenge;
But what will move thy wonder, mighty king,
One train'd to peaceful deeds, and new to arms,
A simple shepherd swain!
Saul. O mockery!
No more of this light tale, it suits but ill
Thy bearded gravity: or rather tell it
To credulous age, or weak believing women;
They love whate'er is marvellous, and doat
On deeds prodigious and incredible,
Which sober sense rejects. I laugh to think
Of thy extravagance. A shepherd's boy
Encounter him whom nations dread to meet!
Abner. Is valour, then, peculiar to high birth?
If Heav'n had so decreed, know scornful king,
That Saul the Benjamite had never reign'd.
No!—glory darts her soul-pervading ray
On thrones and cottages, regardless still
Of all the artificial, nice distinctions
Vain human customs make.

Saul.

Saul. Where is this youth?
Abner. Without thy tent he waits. Such humble sweetness,
Fir'd with the secret conscience of desert;
Such manly bearing, temper'd with such softness,
And so adorn'd with ev'ry outward charm
Of graceful form and feature, saw I never.
Saul. Bring me the youth.
Abner. He waits thy royal pleasure.
[*Exit* Abner.
Saul. What must I think? Abner himself is brave,
And skill'd in human kind: nor does he judge
So lightly, to be caught by specious words
And Fraud's smooth artifice, were there not marks
Of worth intrinsic. But behold, he comes!
The youth too with him! Justly did he praise
The candour which adorns his open brow.

Re-enter Abner *and* David.

David. Hail, mighty king!
Abner. Behold thy proffer'd champion!
Saul. Art thou the youth whose high heroic zeal
Aspires to meet the giant son of Anak?
David. If so the king permit.
Saul. Impossible!
Why, what experience has thy youth of arms?
Where, stripling, didst *thou* learn the trade of war?
Beneath what hoary vet'ran hast *thou* serv'd?
What feats hast *thou* achiev'd, what daring deeds?
What well-rang'd phalanx, say, what charging hosts,
What hard campaigns, what sieges hast thou seen?
Hast thou e'er scal'd the city's rampir'd wall,
Or hurl'd the missile dart, or learn'd to poise
The warrior's deathful spear? The use of targe,
Of helm, and buckler, is to thee unknown.
David. Arms I have seldom seen. I little know
Of war's proud discipline. The trumpet's clang,

The

The shock of charging hosts, the rampir'd wall,
Th' embattled phalanx, and the warrior's spear,
The use of targe and helm to me is new.
My zeal for God, my patriot love of Israel,
My rev'rence for my king, behold my claims!
Saul. But, gentle youth! thou hast no fame in arms.
Renown, with her shrill clarion, never bore
Thy honour'd name to many a land remote;
From the fair regions where Euphrates laves
Assyria's borders to the distant Nile.
David. True, mighty king! I am indeed alike
Unbless'd by Fortune and to Fame unknown;
A lowly shepherd-swain of Judah's tribe:
But greatness ever springs from low beginnings.
That very Nile thou mention'st, whose broad stream
Bears fruitfulness and health thro' many a clime,
From an unknown, penurious, scanty source
Took its first rise. The forest oak, which shades
Thy sultry troops in many a toilsome march,
Once an unheeded acorn lay. O king!
Who ne'er begins can never aught atchieve
Of glorious. Thou thyself wast once unknown,
Till fair occasion brought thy worth to light.
Far higher views inspire my youthful heart
Than human praise: I seek to vindicate
Th' insulted honour of the God I serve.
Abner. 'Tis nobly said.
Saul. I love thy spirit, youth!
But dare not trust thy inexperienced arm
Against a giant's might. The sight of blood,
Tho' brave thou feel'st when peril is not nigh,
Will pale thy ardent cheek.
David. Not so, O king!
This youthful arm has been imbru'd in blood,
Tho' yet no blood of man has ever stain'd it.
Thy servant's occupation is a shepherd.

With

With jealous care I watch'd my father's flock:
A brindled lion and a furious bear
Forth from the thicket rush'd upon the fold,
Seiz'd a young lamb, and tore their bleating spoil.
Urg'd by compassion for my helpless charge,
I felt a new-born vigour nerve my arm;
And, eager, on the foaming monsters rush'd.
The famish'd lion by his gristly beard,
Enrag'd, I caught, and smote him to the ground.
The panting monster struggling in my gripe,
Shook terribly his bristling mane, and lash'd
His own gaunt, goary sides; fiercely he ground
His gnashing teeth, and roll'd his starting eyes,
Blooodshot with agony; then with a groan,
That wak'd the echoes of the mountain, dy'd.
Nor did his grim associate 'scape my arm;
Thy servant slew the lion and the bear;
I kill'd them both, and bore their shaggy spoils
In triumph home: and shall I fear to meet
Th' uncircumcis'd Philistine! No: that God
Who sav'd me from the bears destructive fang
And hungry lion's jaw, will not he save me
From this idolater?

Saul. He will, he will!
Go, noble youth! be valiant and be bless'd!
The God thou serv'st will shield thee in the fight,
And nerve thy arm with more than mortal strength.

Abner. So the bold Nazarite* a lion slew:
An earnest of his victories o'er Philistia!

Saul. Go, Abner; see the youth be well equipp'd
With shield and spear. Be it thy care to grace him
With all the fit accoutrements of war.
The choicest mail from my rich armory take,
And gird upon his thigh my own try'd sword,
Of noblest temper'd steel.

Abner. I shall obey.

David.

* Sampson. See Judges, chap. xiv.

David. Pardon, O king! the coat of plaited mail
These limbs have never known; it would not shield,
'Twould but encumber one who never felt
The weight of armour.
Saul. Take thy wish, my son!
Thy sword then, and the God of Jacob guard thee!

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

PART IV.

SCENE—Another Part of the Camp.

David (kneeling).

ETERNAL Justice! in whose awful scale
Th' event of battle hangs! Eternal Truth!
Whose beam illumines all! Eternal Mercy!
If, by thy attributes I may, unblam'd,
Address thee; Lord of Glory! hear me now:
O teach these hands to war, these arms to fight!
Thou ever present help in time of need!
Let thy broad mercy, as a shield, defend,
And let thine everlasting arms support me!
Strong in thy strength, in thy protection safe.
Then, tho' the heathen rage, I shall not fear.
JEHOVAH, be my buckler! Mighty Lord!
Thou who hast deign'd by humble instruments
To manifest the wonders of thy might,
Be present with me now! 'Tis thine own cause!
Thy wisdom sees events thy goodness plans
Schemes baffling our conception—and, 'tis still
Omnipotence which executes the deed
Of high design, tho' by a feeble arm!
I feel a secret impulse drive me on;
And my soul springs impatient for the fight!
'Tis not the heated spirits, or warm blood
Of sanguine youth with which my bosom burns;
And, tho' I thirst to meet th' insulting foe,
And pant for glory, 'tis not, witness Heaven!

'Tis

'Tis not the sinful lust of fading fame,
The perishable praise of mortal man;
His praise I covet, whose applause is Life.

David, Eliab, Israelites.

Eliab. What do I hear? thou truant! thou hast dar'd
E'en to the awful presence of the king
Bear thy presumption!
David. He who fears the Lord
Shall boldly stand before the face of kings,
And shall not be asham'd
Eliab. But what wild dream
Has urg'd thee to this deed of desp'rate rashness?
Thou mean'st, so I have learn'd, to meet Goliath,
His single arm to thine.
David. 'Tis what I purpose,
Ev'n on this spot. Each moment I expect
His wish'd approach.
Eliab. Go home; return, for shame!
Nor madly draw destruction on thy head.
Thy doating father, when thy shepherd's coat,
Drench'd in thy blood, is brought him, will lament,
And rend his furrow'd cheek and silver hair,
As if some mighty loss had touch'd his age;
And mourn, even as the partial patriarch mourn'd
When Joseph's bloody garment he receiv'd
From his less dear, not less deserving, sons.
But whence that glitt'ring ornament which hangs
Useless upon thy thigh?
David. 'Tis the king's gift.
But thou art right; it suits not me, my brother!
Nor sword I mean to use, nor spear to poise,
Lest men shou'd say I put my trust in arms,
Not in the Lord of Hosts.
Eliab. Then thou indeed
Are bent to seek thy death?

David.

David. And what is death?
Is it so terrible to die, my brother?
Or grant it terrible, is it for that
The less inevitable? If, indeed
We cou'd by stratagem elude the blow,
When some high duty calls us forth to die,
And thus for ever shun it, and escape
The universal lot,—then fond self-love,
Then cautious prudence, boldly might produce
Their fine-spun arguments, their learn'd harangues
Their cobweb arts, their phrase sophistical,
Their subtle doubts, and all the specious trick
Of selfish cunning lab'ring for its end.
But since, howe'er protracted, death will come,
Why fondly study, with ingenious pains,
To put it off!—To breathe a little longer
Is to defer our fate, but not to shun it.
Small gain! which Wisdom with indiff'rent eye
Beholds. Why wish to drink the bitter dregs
Of life's exhausted chalice, whose last runnings,
Ev'n at the best, are vapid! Why not die
(If Heav'n so will) in manhood's op'ning bloom,
When all the flush of life is gay about us;
When sprightly youth with many a new-born joy,
Solicits every sense! So may we then
Present a sacrifice, unmeet indeed,
(Ah, how unmeet!) but less unworthy far,
Than the world's leavings; than a worn-out heart,
By vice enfeebled, and by vain desires
Sunk and exhausted!

Eliab. Hark! I hear a sound
Of multitudes approaching!

David. 'Tis the giant!
I see him not, but hear his measur'd pace.

Eliab. Look, where his pond'rous shield is borne before him!

David. Like a broad moon its ample disk protends.
But soft!—what unknown prodigy appears?
A moving mountain cas'd in polish'd brass!

Eliab.

Eliab (getting behind *David*).

How's this? thou dost not tremble. Thy firm joints
Betray no fear; thy accents are not broken;
Thy cheek retains its red; thine eye its lustre!
He comes more near! Dost thou not fear him now?
David. No.
The vast colossal statue nor inspires
Respect nor fear. Mere magnitude of form,
Without proportion'd intellect and valour,
Strikes not my soul with rev'rence or with awe.
Eliab. Near, and more near he comes! I hold it rash
To stay so near him, and expose a life
Which may hereafter serve the state. Farewell.
[*Exit.*

[Goliath *advances, clad in complete armour. One bearing his shield precedes him. The opposing armies are seen at a distance, drawn up on each side of the valley.* Goliath *begins to speak before he comes on.* David *stands in the same place, with an air of indifference.*]

Goliath. Where is the mighty man of war, who dares
Accept the challenge of Philistia's chief?
What victor king, what gen'ral drench'd in blood,
Claims this high privilege? What are his rights?
What proud credentials does the boaster bring
To prove his claim? What cities laid in ashes?
What ruin'd provinces? What slaughter'd realms?
What heads of heroes, and what hearts of kings,
In battle kill'd, or at his altars slain,
Has he to boast? Is his bright armory
Thick set with spears, and swords, and coats of mail
Of vanquish'd nations, by his single arm
Subdued? Where is the mortal man so bold,
So much a wretch, so out of love with life,
To dare the weight of this uplifted spear,

Which

Which never fell innoxious? Yet I swear,
I grudge the glory to his parting soul
To fall by this right hand. 'Twill sweeten death,
To know he had the honour to contend
With the dread son of Anak. Latest time
From blank oblivion shall retrieve *his* name
Who dar'd to perish in unequal fight
With Gath's triumphant champion. Come, advance.
Philistia's gods to Israel's. Sound, my herald—
Sound for the battle strait.

[*Herald sounds the trumpet.*

David. Behold thy foe!

Goliath. I see him not.

David. Behold him here!

Goliath. Say, where!
Direct my sight. I do not war with boys.

David. I stand prepar'd: thy single arm to mine.

Goliath. Why this is mockery, Minion! it may chance
To cost thee dear. Sport not with things above thee!
But tell me who of all this num'rous host
Expects his death from me? Which is the man
Whom Israel sends to meet my bold defiance?

David. Th' election of my sov'reign falls on me.

Goliath. On thee! On thee! By Dagon, 'tis too much!
Thou curled Minion! thou a nation's champion!
'Twou'd move my mirth at any other time;
But trifling's out of tune. Begone, light boy!
And tempt me not too far.

David. I do defy thee,
Thou foul idolater! Hast thou not scorn'd
The armies of the living God I serve?
By me he will avenge upon thy head
Thy nation's sins and thine. Arm'd with his name,
Unshrinking, I dare meet the stoutest foe
That ever bath'd his hostile spear in blood.

Goliath.

Goliath (ironically).

Indeed! 'tis wondrous well. Now, by my Gods,
The stripling plays the orator! Vain boy!
Keep close to that same bloodless war of words,
And thou shalt still be safe. Tongue-valiant warrior!
Where is thy sylvan crook, with garlands hung,
Of idle field-flowers? Where thy wanton harp,
Thou dainty finger'd hero? better strike
Its notes lascivious, or the lulling lute
Touch softly, than provoke the trumpet's rage.
I will not stain the honour of my spear
With thy inglorious blood. Shall that fair cheek
Be scarr'd with wounds unseemly? Rather go
And hold fond dalliance with the Syrian maids;
To wanton measures dance, and let them braid
The bright luxuriance of thy golden hair;
They for their lost Adonis, may mistake
Thy dainty form.

David. Peace, thou unhallow'd railer!
O tell it not in Gath, nor let the sound
Reach Askelon, how once your slaughter'd lords
By mighty Sampson* found one common grave:
When his broad shoulder the firm pillars heav'd,
And to its base the tott'ring fabric shook.

Goliath. Insulting boy! perhaps thou hast not heard
The Infamy of that inglorious day,
When your weak hosts at Eben-ezer† pitch'd
Their quick-abandon'd tents? Then, when your ark,
Your talisman, your charm, your boasted pledge
Of safety and success, was tamely lost!
And yet not tamely, since by me 'twas won.
When with this good right arm I thinn'd your ranks,
And bravely crush'd, beneath a single blow
The chosen guardians of this vaunted shrine,

Hophni*

* Judges, c. xvi. † Samuel, c. v.

Hophni* and Phineas. The fam'd ark itself
I bore to Ashdod.

David. I remember too,
Since thou provok'st th' unwelcome truth how all
Your blushing priests beheld their idol's shame;
When prostrate Dagon fell before the ark,
And your frail god was shiver'd. Then Philistia,
Idolatrous Philistia, flew for succour
To Israel's help, and all her smitten nobles
Confess'd the Lord was God; and the bless'd ark,
Gladly, with reverential awe restor'd.

Goliath. By Ashdod's fane thou ly'st. Now will I meet thee,
Thou insect warrior, since thou dar'st me thus!
Already I behold thy mangled limbs,
Dissever'd each from each, ere long to feed
The fierce blood-snuffing vulture. Mark me well.
Around my spear I'll twist thy shining locks,
And toss in air thy head all gash'd with wounds,
Thy lip yet quiv'ring with the dire convulsion
Of recent death!—Art thou not terrify'd?

David. No:
True courage is not mov'd by breath of words:
While the rash bravery of boiling blood,
Impetuous, knows no settled principle.
A fev'rish tide, it has its ebbs and flows,
As spirits rise or fall, as wine inflames,
Or circumstances change: But inborn courage,
The gen'rous child of Fortitude and Faith,
Holds its firm empire in the constant soul;
And like the stedfast pole-star, never once
From the same fix'd and faithful point declines.

Goliath. The curses of Philistia's gods be on thee!
This fine-drawn speech is meant to lengthen out
That little life thy words pretend to scorn.

* Commentators say, that the Chaldee Paraphrase makes Goliath boast that he had killed Hophni and Phineas, and taken the ark prisoner.

David. Ha! say'st thou so? Come on then. Mark
us well.
Thou com'st to me with sword, and spear, and
shield:—
In the dread name of Israel's God I come;
The living Lord of Hosts, whom thou defy'st!
Yet tho' no shield I bring, no arms except
These five smooth stones I gather'd from the brook,
With such a simple sling as shepherds use,—
Yet all expos'd, defenceless as I am,
The God I serve shall give thee up a prey
To my victorious arm. This day I mean
To make th' uncircumcised tribes confess
There is a God in Israel. I will give thee,
Spite of thy vaunted strength and giant bulk,
To glut the carrion kites. Nor thee alone;
The mangled carcasses of your thick hosts
Shall spread the plains of Elah, till Philistia,
Thro' all her trembling tents and flying bands,
Shall own that Judah's God is God indeed!
—I dare thee to the trial.
Goliath. Follow me—
In this good spear I trust.
David. I trust in Heav'n!
The God of battle stimulates my arm,
And fires my soul with ardor not its own.

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

PART V.

SCENE—*The Tent of Saul.*

Saul (rising from his couch).

OH! that I knew the black and midnight arts
Of wizard sorcery! that I could call
The slumb'ring spirit from the shades of hell!
Or, like Chaldean sages, cou'd foreknow
Th' event of things unacted! I might then
Anticipate my fortune. How I'm fall'n!
The sport of vain chimeras, the weak slave
Of fear and Fancy; coveting to know
The arts obscene, which foul diviners use.
Thick blood and moping melancholy lead
To baleful Superstition,—that fell fiend,
Whose with'ring charms blast the fair bloom of virtue.
Why did my wounded pride with scorn reject
The wholesome truths which holy Samuel told me?
Why drive him from my presence? he might now
Raise my sunk soul, and my benighted mind
Enlighten with religion's cheering ray.
He dar'd to menace me with loss of empire;
And I, for that bold honesty, dismiss'd him.
"Another shall possess thy throne," he cry'd:
"A stranger!" this unwelcome prophecy
Has lin'd my crown and strew'd my couch with thorns.
Each ray of op'ning merit I discern
In friend or foe, distracts my troubled soul,
Lest he shou'd prove my rival. But this more,

Ev'n my young champion, lovely as he look'd
In blooming valour, struck me to the soul
With Jealousy's barb'd dart. O Jealousy,
Thou ugliest fiend of hell! thy deadly venom
Preys on my vitals, turns the healthful hue
Of my fresh cheek to haggard sallowness,
And drinks my spirit up!

[*A flourish of trumpets, shouting, &c.*

What sounds are those?
The combat is decided. Hark! again
Those shouts proclaim it! Now, O God of Jacob,
If yet thou hast not quite withdrawn from Saul
Thy light and favour, prosper me this once!
But Abner comes! I dread to hear his tale!
Fair Hope, with smiling face but ling'ring foot,
Has long deceiv'd me.

Abner. King of Israel, hail!
Now thou art king indeed. The youth has conquer'd:
Goliath's dead.

Saul. Oh speak thy tale again,
Lest my fond ears deceive me!

Abner. Thy young champion
Has slain the Giant.

Saul. Then God is gracious still,
In spite of my offences! But, good Abner!
How was it? Tell me all. Where is my champion?
Quick let me press him to my grateful heart,
And pay him a king's thanks. And yet, who knows,
This forward friend may prove an active foe!
No more of that. Tell me the whole, brave Abner!
And paint the glorious acts of my young hero!

Abner. Full in the centre of the camp they stood!
Th' opposing armies rang'd on either side
In proud array. The haughty Giant stalk'd,
Stately across the valley. Next, the youth
With modest confidence advanc'd. Nor pomp,
Nor gay parade, nor martial ornament,
His graceful form adorn'd. Goliath strait,

With

With solemn state, began the busy work
Of dreadful preparation. In one place
His closely jointed mail an op'ning left
For air, and only one: the watchful youth
Mark'd that the beaver of his helm was up.
Meanwhile the Giant such a blow devis'd
As wou'd have crush'd him. This the youth perceiv'd
And from his well-directed sling quick hurl'd,
With dext'rous aim, a stone, which sunk, deep lodg'd
In the capacious forehead of the foe,
Then with a cry, as loud and terrible
As Lybian lions roaring for their young,
Quite stunn'd, the furious giant stagger'd, reel'd,
And fell: the mighty mass of man fell prone.
With its own weight his shatter'd bulk was bruis'd,
His clattering arms rung dreadful thro' the field,
And the firm basis of the solid earth
Shook. Chok'd with blood and dust, he curs'd his gods,
And died blaspheming! Strait the victor youth
Drew from its sheath the giant's pond'rous sword,
And from th' enormous trunk the goary head
Furious in death he sever'd. The grim visage
Look'd threat'ning still, and still frown'd horribly.

Saul. O glorious deed! O valiant conqueror!

Abner. The youth so calm appear'd, so nobly firm,
So cool, yet so intrepid, that these eyes
Ne'er saw such temp'rate valour so chastis'd
By modesty.

Saul. Thou dwell'st upon his praise
With needless circumstance. 'Twas nobly done;
But others to have fought!

Abner. None, none so bravely.

Saul. What follow'd next?

Abner. The shouting Israelites
On the Philistines rush'd, and still pursue
Their routed remnants. In dismay, their bands
Disorder'd fly, while shouts of loud acclaim

Pursue

Pursue their brave deliverer. Lo, he comes!
Bearing the Giant's head and shining sword,
His well-earn'd trophies.

Saul, Abner, David.

[David *bearing* Goliath's *head and sword. He kneels and lays both at* Saul's *feet.*]

Saul. Welcome to my heart,
My glorious champion! My deliverer, welcome!
How shall I speak the swelling gratitude
Of my full heart! or give thee the high praise
Thy gallant deeds deserve!
David. O mighty king!
Sweet is the breath of praise when giv'n by those
Whose own high merit claims the praise they give.
But let not this one prosperous event,
By Heav'n directed, be ascrib'd to me;
I might have fought with equal skill and courage,
And not have gain'd this conquest; then had shame,
Harsh obloquy, and foul disgrace, befall'n me:
But prosp'rous fortune gains the praise of valour.
Saul. I like not this. In every thing superior!
He soars above me *(aside)*.—Modest youth thou 'rt right.
And fortune, as thou say'st, deserves the praise
We give to human valour.
David. Rather say
The God of Hosts deserves it.
Saul. Tell me, youth,
What is thy name, and what thy father's house?
David. My name is David; Jesse is my sire:
An humble Bethle'mite of Judah's tribe.
Saul. David, the son of Jesse! Sure that name
Has been familiar to me. Nay, thy voice,
Thy form, and features, I remember too,
Tho' faint and indistinctly.
Abner. In this hero
Behold thy sweet musician; he whose harp

Expell'd

Expell'd the melancholy fiend, whose pow'r
Enslav'd thy spirit.
Saul. This the modest youth,
Whom for his skill and virtues I preferr'd
To bear my armour?
David. I am he, O King!
Saul. Why this concealment? tell me, valiant David,
Why didst thou hide thy birth and name till now?
David. O king! I wou'd not aught from favour claim,
Or on remember'd services presume;
But on the strength of my own actions stand,
Ungrac'd and unsupported.
Abner. Well he merits
The honours which await him. Why, O king,
Dost thou delay to bless his doubting heart
With his well-earn'd rewards? Thy lovely daughter,
By right of conquest his!

Saul (to *David.*)

True: thou hast won her.
She shall be thine. Yes, a king's word is past.
David. O boundless blessing! What! shall she be mine,
For whom contending monarchs might renounce
Their slighted crowns!

[*Sounds of Musical instruments heard at a distance. Shouting and singing. A grand procession. Chorus of Hebrew women.*]

Saul. How's this? what sounds of joy
Salute my ears? What means this needless pomp?
This merry sound of tabret and of harp?
What mean these idle instruments of triumph?
These women, who in fair procession move,
Making sweet melody?

Abner.

Abner. To pay due honour
To David are they come.

Saul (aside.)

A rival's praise
Is discord to my ear! They might have spar'd
This idle pageantry; it wounds my soul!

[*Martial symphony: after which, Chorus of Women sing.*]

I.

Prepare! your festal rites prepare!
Let your triumphs rend the air!
Idol gods shall reign no more:
We the living Lord adore!
Let heathen hosts on human help repose,
Since Israel's God has routed Israel's foes.

II.

Let remotest nations know
Proud Goliath's overthrow.
Fall'n, Philistia, is thy trust,
Dagon mingles with the dust!
Who fears the Lord of Glory, need not fear
The brazen armour or the lifted spear.

III.

See, the routed squadrons fly!
Hark! their clamours rend the sky!
Blood and carnage stain the field!
See, the vanquish'd nations yield!
Dismay and terror fill the frighten'd land,
While conq'ring David routs the trembling band

IV. Lo!

IV.

Lo! upon the tented field
Royal Saul has thousand kill'd!
Lo! upon th' ensanguin'd plain
David has ten thousand slain!
Let mighty Saul his vanquish'd thousands tell,
While tenfold triumphs David's victories swell.

BELSHAZZAR:

A

SACRED DRAMA,

How art thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer, Son of the Morning! How art thou cut down to the ground, who didſt weaken the nations! ISAIAH.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

BELSHAZZAR, King of Babylon.
NITOCRIS, the Queen-Mother,
Courtiers, Astrologers, Parasites.

DANIEL, the Jewish prophet,
Captive Jews, &c. &c.

Scene—Babylon. Time—Night.

The Subject is taken from the Fifth Chapter of the Prophet Daniel.

BELSHAZZAR.

PART I.

SCENE—*Near the Palace of Babylon.*

Daniel and *Captive Jews.*

Daniel.

PARENT of Life and Light! Sole Source of Good!
Whose tender mercies thro' the tide of time,
In long successive order, have sustain'd,
And sav'd the sons of Israel! Thou whose pow'r
Deliver'd righteous Noah from the flood,
The whelming flood, the grave of human kind!
Oh Thou, whose guardian care and out-stretch'd hand
Rescu'd young Isaac from the lifted arm,
Rais'd, at thy bidding to devote a son,
An only son, doom'd by his sire to die:
(O saving faith, by such obedience prov'd
O blest obedience, hallow'd thus by faith!)
Thou, who in mercy sav'dst the chosen race
In the wild desert, and didst there sustain them
By wonder-working love, tho' they rebell'd
And murmur'd at the Miracles that sav'd them!
O hear thy servant Daniel! hear and help!
Thou, whose almighty pow'r did after raise
Successive leaders to defend our race:
Who sentest valiant Joshua to the field,
Thy people's champion to the conqu'ring field,
Where the revolving planet of the night,

Suspended

Suspended in her radiant round, was stay'd;
And the bright sun, arrested in his course,
Stupendously stood still!

Chorus of *Jews.*

I.

What ailed thee, that thou stood'st still,
O Sun! nor did thy flaming orb decline!
And thou, O Moon! in Ajalon's low vale,
Why didst thou long before thy period shine?

II.

Was it at Joshua's dread command,
The leader of the Israelitish band?
Yes—at a mortal bidding both stood still:
T'was Joshua's word, but 'twas Jehovah's will.

III.

What all-controlling hand had force
To stop eternal Nature's constant course?
The wand'ring moon to one fix'd spot confine,
But His whose fiat gave them first to shine?

Daniel. O Thou! who, when thy discontented host,
Tir'd of Jehovah's rule, desir'd a king,
In anger gav'st them Saul; and then again
Didst wrest the regal sceptre from his hand
To give it David—David, best belov'd!
Illustrious David! poet, prophet, king
Thou who didst suffer Solomon the wise
To build a glorious temple to thy name,—
O hear thy servants, and forgive us too!
If, by severe necessity compell'd,
We worship here—we have no temple now:
Altar or sanctuary, none is left.

Chorus of *Jews.*

O JUDAH! let thy captive sons deplore
Thy far-fam'd temples now no more!

Fall'n

Fall'n is thy sacred fane, thy glory gone!
Fall'n is thy temple, Solomon!
Ne'er did Barbaric kings behold,
With all their shining gems, their burnish'd gold,
A fane so perfect, bright, and fair;
For God himself was wont t'inhabit there.
Between the cherubim his glory stood,
While the high-priest alone the dazzling splendor
view'd.

How fondly did the Tyrian artist strive
His name to latest time should live!
Such wealth the stranger wonder'd to behold:
Gold were the tablets, and the vases gold.
Of cedar such an ample store,
Exhausted Lebanon could yield no more.
Bending before the Ruler of the sky,
Well might the royal founder cry,
Fill'd with an holy dread, a rev'rend fear,
Will God in very deed inhabit here?
The heav'n of heav'ns beneath his feet,
Is for the bright inhabitant unmeet:
Archangels prostrate wait his high commands,
And will he deign to dwell in temples made with
hands?

Daniel.

Yes. thou art ever present, Pow'r Supreme!
Not circumscrib'd by time, nor fix'd to space,
Confin'd to altars, nor to temples bound.
In wealth, in want, in freedom or in chains,
In dungeons or on thrones, the faithful find thee!
E'en in the burning cauldron thou wast near
To Shadrach and the holy brotherhood:
The unhurt martyrs bless'd thee in the flames;
They sought, and found Thee; call'd, and thou
wast there.

First Jew. How chang'd our state! Judah, thy
glory's fall'n!

Thy

Thy joys for hard captivity exchang'd;
And thy sad sons breathe the polluted air
Of Babylon, where dieties obscene
Insult the living God; and to his servants,
The priests of wretched idols made with hands,
Shew contumelious scorn.

Daniel. 'Tis Heav'n's high will.

Second Jew. If I forget thee, O Jerusalem!
If I not fondly cherish thy lov'd image,
E'en in the giddy hour of thoughtless mirth;
If I not rather view thy prostrate walls
Than haughty Babylon's imperial tow'rs,—
Then may my tongue refuse to frame the strains
Of sweetest harmony; my rude right hand
Forget, with sounds symphonious, to accord
The harp of Jesse's son to Sion's songs.

First Jew. Oft on Euphrates' ever verdant banks
Where drooping willows form a mournful shade,
With all the pride which prosp'rous fortunes give,
And all th' unfeeling mirth of happy men,
Th' insulting Babylonians ask a song;
Such songs as erst in better days, were sung
By Korah's sons, or heav'n-taught Asaph set
To loftiest measures; then our bursting hearts
Feel all their woes afresh; the galling chain
Of bondage crushes then the free-born soul
With wringing anguish; from the trembling lip
Th' unfinish'd cadence falls; and the big tear,
While it relieves, betrays the woe-fraught soul.
For who can view Euphrates' pleasant stream,
Its drooping willows, and its verdant banks,
And not to wounded memory recall
The piny groves of fertile Palestine,
The vales of Solyma, and Jordan's stream!

Daniel. Firm faith and deep submission to high Heav'n
Will teach us to endure without a murmur,
What seems so hard. Think what the holy host

Of

Of patriarchs saints, and prophets have sustained,
In the blest cause of truth! And shall not we,
O men of Judah, dare what these have dar'd,
And boldly pass thro' the refining fire
Of fierce affliction? Yes, be witness, Heav'n!
Old as I am, I will not shrink at death.
Come in what shape it may, if God so will,
By peril to confirm and prove my faith.
Oh! I wou'd dare yon den of hungry lions,
Rather than pause to fill the task assign'd
By wisdom Infinite. Nor think I boast,
Not in myself, but in thy strength I trust,
Spirit of God!

First Jew. Prophet, thy words support,
And raise our sinking souls.

Daniel. Behold yon place;
There proud Belshazzar keeps his wanton court!
I knew it once beneath another lord,
His grandsire*, who subdu'd Jehoiachin,
And hither brought sad Judah's captive tribes;
And with them brought the rich and precious relics
Of our fam'd temple; all the holy treasure,
The golden vases, and the sacred cups,
Which grac'd in happier times, the santuary.

Second Jew. May HE, to whose blest use they were devoted,
Preserve them from pollution; and once more,
In his own gracious time, restore the temple!

Daniel. I, with some favour'd youths of Jewish race,
Was lodg'd in the king's palace, and instructed
In all the various learning of the east:
But HE, on whose great name our fathers call'd,
Preserv'd us from the perils of a court,
Warn'd us to guard our youthful appetites,

* Nebuchadnezzar.

And still with holy fortitude reject
The pamp'ring viands luxury presented;
Fell luxury! more perilous to youth
Than storms or quicksands, poverty or chains.
Second Jew. He who can guard 'gainst the low baits of sense,
Will find Temptation's arrows hurtless strike
Against the brazen shield of Temperance.
For 'tis th' inferior appetites enthrall
The man, and quench th' immortal light within him;
The senses take the soul an easy prey.
And sink th' imprison'd spirit into brute.
Daniel. Twice*, by the Spirit of God, did I expound
The visions of the king; his soul was touch'd,
And twice did he repent, and prostrate fall
Before the God of Daniel: yet again.
Pow'r, flatt'ry, and prosperity, undid him.
When from the lofty ramparts of his palace
He view'd the splendors of the royal city,
That Magazine of wealth, which proud Euphrates
Wafts from each distant corner of the earth;
When he beheld the adamantine tow'r's,
The brazen gates, the bulwarks of his strength,
The pendant gardens, Art's stupendous work,
The wonder of the world! the proud Chaldean,
Mad with th' intoxicating fumes which rise
When uncontroll'd ambition grasps at once
Dominion absolute and boundless wealth,
Forgot he was a man, forgot his God!
"This mighty Babylon is mine," he cry'd;
"*My* wond'rous pow'r, *my* godlike arm atchiev'd it.
"I scorn submission; own no Deity
"Above my own."—While the blasphemer spoke,

* Daniel, chap. ii. and iv.

The

The wrath of Heav'n inflicted instant vengeance:
Stripp'd him of that bright reason he abus'd,
And drove him from the cheerful haunts of men,
A naked, wretched, helpless, senseless thing;
Companion of the brutes, his equals now.

First Jew. Nor does his impious grandson, proud Belshazzar,
Fall short of his offences; nay he wants
The valiant spirit and the active soul
Of his progenitor; for Pleasure's slave,
Though bound in silken chains, and only tied
In flowery fetters, seeming light and loose,
Is more subdu'd than the rash casual victim
Of anger or ambition; these indeed
Burn with a fiercer but a short-liv'd fire;
While pleasure with a constant flame consumes.
War slays her thousands, but destructive pleasure,
More fell, more fatal, her ten thousands slays:
The young luxurious king she fondly wooes
In ev'ry shape of am'rous blandishment;
With adulation smooth ensnares his soul;
With love betrays him, and with wine inflames.
She strews her magic poppies o'er his couch
And with delicious opiates charms him down,
In fatal slumbers bound. Though Babylon
Is now invested by the warlike troops
Of royal Cyrus, Persia's valiant prince;
Who, in conjunction with the Median king,
Darius, fam'd for conquest, now prepares
To storm the city: not th' impending horrors
Which ever wait a siege have pow'r to wake
To thought or sense th' intoxicated king.

Daniel. E'en in this night of universal dread,
A mighty army threat'ning at the gates;
This very night, as if in scorn of danger,
The dissolute Belshazzar holds a feast
Magnificently impious, meant to honour

Belus, the fav'rite Babylonish idol.
Lewd parasites compose his wanton court,
Whose impious flatt'ries sooth his monstrous crimes:
They justify his vices, and extol
His boastful phrase, as if he were some god.
Whate'er he says, they say; what he commands,
Implicitly they do; they echo back
His blasphemies with shouts of loud acclaim;
And when he wounds the tortur'd ear of Virtue.
They cry "All hail! Belshazzar live for ever!"
To-night a thousand nobles fill his hall,
Princes, and all the dames who grace the court;
All but his virtuous mother, sage Nitocris:
Ah! how unlike the impious king her son!
She never mingles in the midnight fray,
Nor crowns the guilty banquet with her presence.
The royal fair is rich in ev'ry virtue
Which can adorn the queen or grace the woman.
But for the wisdom of her prudent counsels
This wretched empire had been long undone.
Not fam'd Semiramis, Assyria's pride,
Cou'd boast a brighter mind or firmer soul;
Beneath the gentle reign of Merodach*,
Her royal lord, our nation tasted peace.
Our captive monarch, sad Jehoiachin,
Grown grey in a close prison's horrid gloom,
He freed from bondage; brought the hoary king
To taste once more the long-forgotten sweets
Of liberty and light, sustain'd his age,
Pour'd in his wounds the lenient balm of kindness,
And blest his setting hour of life with peace.

[*Sound of trumpets is heard at a distance.*

First Jew. That sound proclaims the banquet is begun.

* 2 Kings, chap. xxv.

Second

Second Jew. Hark! the licentious uproar grows more loud
The vaulted roof resounds with shouts of mirth,
And the firm palace shakes! Retire my friends;
This madness is not meet for sober ears.
If any of our race were found so near,
'Twould but expose us to the rude attack
Of ribaldry obscene and impious jests
From these mad sons of Belial, more inflam'd
To deeds of riot by the wanton feast.
Daniel. Here part we then! but when again to meet
Who knows save Heav'n? Yet O my friends! I feel
An impulse more than human stir my breast.
Rapt in prophetic vision*, I behold,
Things hid as yet from mortal sight. I see
The dart of vengeance tremble in the air,
Ere long to pierce the impious king. E'en now
The desolating angel stalks abroad,
And brandishes aloft the two-edg'd sword
Of retribution keen; he soon will strike,
And Babylon shall weep as Sion wept.
Pass but a little while, and you shall see
This queen of cities prostrate on the earth.
This haughty mistress of the kneeling world,
How shall she sit dishonour'd in the dust,
In tarnished pomp and solitary woe!
How shall she shrowd her glories in the dark,
And in opprobrious silence hide her head!
Lament, O virgin daughter of Chaldea!
For thou shalt fall! imperial queen, shalt fall!
No more Sidonian robes shall grace thy limbs.
To purple garments sackcloth shall succeed;
And sordid dust and ashes shall supply

* See the prophecies of Isaiah, chap. xlvii. and others.

The

The od'rous nard and cassia. Thou, who said'st
I AM, and there is none beside me: thou,
E'en thou, imperial Babylon, shalt fall!
Thy glory quite eclips'd! The pleasant sound
Of viol and of harp shall charm no more;
Nor song of Syrian damsels shall be heard,
Responsive to the lute's luxurious note:
But the loud bittern's cry, the raven's croak,
The bat's fell scream, the lonely owl's dull plaint,
And ev'ry hideous bird, with ominous shriek,
Shall scare affrighted Silence from thy walls:
While desolation, snatching from the hand
Of time the scythe of ruin, sits aloft,
Or stalks in dreadful majesty abroad.
I see th' exterminating fiend advance,
Ev'n now I see her glare with horrid joy,
See towers imperial mould'ring at her touch:
She glances on the broken battlement,
She eyes the crumbling column, and enjoys
The work of ages prostrate in the dust—
Then, pointing to the mischiefs she has made,
Exulting cries, This once was Babylon!

BELSHAZZAR.

BELSHAZZAR.

PART II.

Scene—the Court of Belshazzar. The King seated on a magnificent Throne. Princes, Nobles, and Attendants. Ladies of the Court. Music—A superb Banquet.

FIRST COURTIER *(rises and kneels.)*

HAIL, mighty king!

Second Courtier. Belshazzar, live for ever!

Third Courtier. Sun of the world, and light of kings, all hail!

Fourth Courtier. With lowly rev'rence, such as best becomes
The humblest creatures of imperial power,
Behold a thousand nobles bend before thee!
Princes far fam'd, and dames of high descent:
Yet all this pride of wealth, this boast of beauty,
Shrinks into nought before thine awful eye!
And lives or dies as the king frowns or smiles!

Belshazzar. This is such homage as becomes your love,
And suits the mighty monarch of mankind.

Fifth Courtier. The bending world shou'd prostrate thus before thee;
And pay not only praise but adoration!

Belshazzar

Belshazzar (rises and comes forward.) Let dull philosophy preach self-denial;
Let envious poverty and snarling age
Proudly declaim against the joys they know not.
Let the deluded Jews, who fondly hope
Some fancied heav'n hereafter, mortify,
And lose the actual blessings of this world
To purchase others which may never come.
Our Gods may promise less, but give us more,
Ill cou'd my ardent spirit be content
With meagre abstinence and hungry hope.
Let those misjudging Israelites, who want
The nimble spirits and the active soul,
Call their blunt feelings virtue: let them drudge,
In regular progression, thro' the round
Of formal duty and of daily toil;
And, when they want the genius to be happy,
Believe their harsh austerity is goodness.
If there be gods, they meant we shou'd enjoy:
Why give us else these tastes and appetites?
And why the means to crown them with indulgence!
To burst the feeble bonds which hold the vulgar,
Is noble daring.

First Courtier. And is therefore worthy
The high imperial spirit of Belshazzar.

Second Courtier. Behold a banquet, which the gods might share!

Belshazzar. To-night, my friends, your monarch shall be blest
With ev'ry various joy; to-night is ours;
Nor shall the envious gods, who view our bliss
And sicken as they view, to-night disturb us.
Bring all the richest spices of the East;
The od'rous cassia and the dropping myrrh,
The liquid amber and the fragrant gums,
Rob Gilead of its balms, Belshazzar bids.

And

And leave th' Arabian groves without an odour.
Bring freshest flow'rs, exhaust the blooming spring,
Twine the green myrtle with the short-lived rose;
And ever, as the blushing garland fades,
We'll learn to snatch the fugitive delight,
And grasp the flying joy ere it escape us.
Come—fill the smiling goblet for the king;
Belshazzar will not let a moment pass
Unmark'd by some enjoyment! The full bowl
Let every guest partake!

[*Courtiers kneel and drink.*

First Courtier. Here's to the king!
Light of the world, and Glory of the earth,
Whose word is fate!

Belshazzar. Yes: we are likest gods
When we have pow'r, and use it. What is wealth
But the rich means to gratify desire?
I will not have a wish, a hope, a thought,
That shall not know fruition. What is empire?
The privilege to punish and enjoy;
To feel our pow'r in making others fear it;
To taste of Pleasure's cup till we grow giddy,
And think ourselves immortal! This is empire!
My ancestors scarce tasted of its joys:
Shut from the sprightly world, and all its charms,
In cumbrous majesty, in sullen state
And dull unsocial dignity they liv'd;
Far from the sight of an admiring world,
That world, whose gaze makes half the charms of greatness;
They nothing knew of empire but the name,
Or saw it in the looks of trembling slaves;
And all they felt of royalty was care.
But I will see, and know it of myself;
Youth, Wealth, and Greatness court me to be blest,
And Pow'r and pleasure draw with equal force
And sweet attraction: both I will embrace

In

In quick succession; this is Pleasure's day;
Ambition will have time to reign hereafter;
It is the proper appetite of age,
The lust of pow'r shall lord it uncontroll'd,
When all the gen'rous feelings grow obtuse,
And stern dominion holds, with rigid hand,
His iron rein, and sits and sways alone.
But youth is Pleasure's hour!

First Courtier. Perish the slave,
Who, with officious counsel wou'd oppose
The king's desire, whose slightest wish is law!

Belshazzar. Now strike the loud-ton'd lyre and softer lute;
Let me have music, with the nobler aid
Of poesy. Where are those cunning men
Who boast, by chosen sounds, and measur'd sweetness,
To set the busy spirits in a flame,
And cool them at their will? who know the art
To call the hidden pow'rs of numbers forth,
And make that pliant instrument, the mind,
Yield to the pow'rful sympathy of sound,
Obedient to the master's artful hand?
Such magic is in song! Then give me song;
Yet not at first such soul-dissolving strains
As melt the soften'd sense; but such bold measures
As may inflame my spirit to despise
Th' ambitious Persian, that presumptuous boy,
Who rashly dares e'en now invest our city,
And menaces th' invincible Belshazzar.

[*A grand Concert of Music, after which an Ode.*]

In vain shall Persian Cyrus dare
With great Belshazzar wage unequal war:
In vain Darius shall combine,
Darius, leader of the Median line;
While fair Euphrates' stream our walls protects,
And great Belshazzar's self our fate directs.

War

War and famine threat in vain,
While this demi god shall reign!
Let Persia's prostrate king confess his pow'r,
And Media's monarch dread his vengeful hour.
On Dura's* ample plain behold
Immortal Belus †, whom the nations own;
Sublime he stands in burnish'd gold,
And richest offerings his bright altars crown.
To-night his deity we here adore,
And due libations speak his mighty pow'r.
Yet Belus' self not more we own
Than great Belshazzar on Chaldea's throne.
Great Belshazzar like a god,
Rules the nations with a nod!
To great Belshazzar be the goblet crown'd!
Belshazzar's name the echoing roofs rebound!
Belshazzar. Enough! the kindling rapture fires my brain,
And my heart dances to the flatt'ring sounds.
I feel myself a god! Why not a god?
What were the deities our fathers worshipp'd?
What was great Nimrod our Imperial founder?
What greater Belus, to whose pow'r divine
We raise to-night the banquet and the song;
But youthful heroes, mortal, like myself,
Who by their daring earn'd divinity?
They were but men: nay, some were less than men,

* Daniel, Chap. iii.

† See a very fine description of the temple of this idol.

——— The tow'ring fane
Of Bel, Chaldean Jove, surpassing far
That Doric Temple, which the Elean chiefs
Rais'd to their thunderer from the spoils of war;
Or that Ionic, where th' Ephesian bow'd
To Dian, queen of heaven. Eight towers arise,
Each above each, immeasureable height,
A monument at once of Eastern pride,
And slavish superstition, &c. *Judah Restored*, b. i.

Tho'

Tho' now rever'd as gods. What was Anubis,
Whom Egypt's sapient sons adore? A dog!
And shall not I, young, valiant, and a king,
Dare more? do more? exceed the boldest flights
Of my progenitors?—Fill me more wine,
To cherish and exalt the young idea! *(he drinks.)*
Ne'er did Olympian Jupiter himself
Quaff such immortal draughts.

First Courtier. What cou'd that Canaan,
That heaven in hope, that nothing in possession,
That air-built bliss of the deluded Jews,
That promis'd land of milk and flowing honey;
What cou'd that fancy'd Paradise bestow
To match these generous juices?

Belshazzar. Hold—enough!
Thou hast rous'd a thought. By Heav'n I will enjoy it:
A glorious thought! which will exalt to rapture
The pleasures of the banquet, and bestow
A yet untasted relish of delight.

First Courtier. What means the king?

Belshazzar. The Jews! saidst thou the Jews?

First Courtier. I spoke of that undone, that outcast people,
Those tributary creatures of thy pow'r,
The captives of thy will, whose very breath
Hangs on the sovereign pleasure of the king.

Belshazzar. When that abandon'd race was hither brought,
Were not the choicest treasures of their temple,
(Devoted to their God, and held most precious,)
Among the spoils which grac'd Nebassar's* triumph,
And lodg'd in Babylon?

First Courtier. O king! they were.

* The name of Nebuchadnezzar not being reducible to verse, I have adopted that of Nebassar, on the authority of the ingenious and learned Author of *Judah Restored.*

Second

Sesond Courtier. The Jews, with superstitious awe, behold
These sacred symbols of their ancient faith:
Nor has captivity abated aught
The rev'rend love they bear these holy reliques.
Tho' we deride their law, and scorn their persons,
Yet never have we yet to human use
Devoted these rich vessels set apart
To sacred purposes.

Belshazzar. I joy to héar it!
Go—fetch them hither. They shall grace our banquet.
Does no one stir? Belshazzar disobey'd?
And yet you live? Whence comes this strange reluctance?
This new-born rev'rence for the helpless Jews?
This fear to injure those who can't revenge it?
Send to the sacred treasury in haste,
Let all be hither brought;—who answers dies.

[*They go out.*

The mantling wine a higher joy will yield,
Pour'd from the precious flaggons which adorn'd
Their far-fam'd temple, now in ashes laid.
Oh! 'twill exalt the pleasure into transport,
To gall those whining, praying Israelites?
I laugh to think what wild dismay will seize them
When they shall learn the use that has been made
Of all their holy trumpery!

[*The vessels are brought in.*

Second Courtier. It comes;
A goodly shew! how bright with gold and gems!
Far fitter for a youthful monarch's board
Than the cold shrine of an unheeding God.

Belshazzar. Fill me that massy goblet to the brim.
Now, Abraham! let thy wretched race expect
The fable of their faith to be fulfill'd;

Their

Their second temple, and their promis'd king!
Now will they see the God they vainly serve
Is impotent to help; for had the pow'r
To hear and grant their pray'r, he wou'd prevent
This profanation.

[*As the king is going to drink, thunder is heard; he starts from the throne, spies a hand, which writes on the wall these words,* MENE, MENE, TEKEL UPHARSIN. *He lets fall the goblet, and stands in an attitude of speechless horror. All start and seem terrified.*

First Courtier (*after a long pause*). Oh, transcendent horror!

Second Courtier. What may this mean? The king is greatly mov'd!

Third Courtier. Nor is it strange—who unappall'd can view it?
Those sacred cups! I doubt we've gone too far!

First Courtier. Observe the fear-struck king! his starting eyes
Roll horribly. Thrice he essay'd to speak,
And thrice his tongue refus'd.

Belshazzar (*in a low trembling voice*). Ye mystic words!
Thou semblance of an hand! illusive forms!
Ye wild fantastic images, what are ye?
Dread shadows, speak! Explain your dark intent!
Ye will not answer me—Alas! I feel
I am a mortal now—My failing limbs
Refuse to bear me up. I am no god!
Gods do not tremble thus—Support me, hold me:
These loosen'd joints, these knees which smite each other,
Betray I'm but a man—a weak one too!

First Courtier. In truth, 'tis passing strange, and full of horror!

Belshazzar. Send for the learn'd magicians, every sage

Who

Who deals in wizard spells and magic charms.

[*Some go out.*

First Courtier. How fares my lord the king?

Belshazzar. Am I a king?
What pow'r have I? Ye lying slaves, I am not.
Oh! soul-distracting sight! but is it real?
Perhaps 'tis fancy all, or the wild dream
Of mad distemperature, the fumes of wine!
I'll look upon't no more!—So—now I'm well!
I am a king again, and know not fear.
And yet my eyes will seek that fatal spot,
And fondly dwell upon the sight that blasts them!
Again, 'tis there! it is not fancy's work,
I see it still! 'tis written on the wall!
I see the writing, but the viewless writer,
Who! what is he? Oh, horror! horror! horror!
It cannot be the God of these poor Jews?
For what is He, that he can thus afflict?

Second Courtier. Let not my Lord the king be thus dismay'd.

Third Courtier. Let not a phantom, an illusive shade,
Disturb the peace of him who rules the world.

Belshazzar. No more, ye wretched sycophants! no more!
The sweetest note which flatt'ry now can strike,
Harsh and discordant grates upon my soul.
Talk not of pow'r to one so full of fear,
So weak, so impotent! Look on that wall;
If thou wou'dst sooth my soul explain the writing,
And thou shalt be my oracle, my God!
O tell me whence it came, and what it means,
And I'll believe I am again a king!
Friends! Princes! ease my troubled breast, and say
What do the mystic characters portend?

First Courtier. 'Tis not in us, O king, to ease thy spirit;

We

We are not skill'd in those mysterious arts
Which wait the midnight studies of the sage:
But of the deep diviners thou shalt learn,
The wise astrologers, the sage magicians,
Who, of events unborn, take secret note,
And hold deep commerce with the unseen world.

Enter Astrologers, Magicians, &c. &c.

Belshazzar. Approach, ye sages, 'tis the king commands!

[*They kneel.*

Astrologers. Hail, mighty king of Babylon!

Belshazzar. Nay, rise:
I do not need your homage, but your help;
The world may worship, you must counsel me.
He who declares the secret of the king,
No common honours shall await his skill;
Our empire shall be tax'd for his reward,
And he himself shall name the gift he wishes.
A splendid scarlet robe shall grace his limbs,
His neck a princely chain of gold adorn:
Meet honours for such wisdom: He shall rule
The third in rank throughout our Babylon.

Second Astrologer. Such recompence becomes Belshazzar's bounty.
Let the king speak the secret of his soul;
Which heard, his humble creatures shall unfold.

Belshazzar. (points to the wall. Be't so—look there---behold those characters!
Nay, do not start, for I will know their meaning!
Ha! answer; speak, or instant death awaits you!
What, dumb! all dumb! where is your boasted skill?

[*They confer together.*

Keep them asunder---no confederacy——
No secret plots to make your tales agree.
Speak, slave, and dare to let me know the worst!

[*They kneel.*

First Astrologer. O, let the king forgive his faithful servants!

Second

Second Astrologer. O mitigate our threaten'd doom of death;
If we declare with mingled grief and shame,
We cannot tell the secret of the king,
Nor what these mystic characters portend!

Belshazzar. Off with their heads! Ye shall not live an hour!
Curse on your shallow arts, your lying science!
'Tis thus you practise on the credulous world,
Who think you wise because themselves are weak!
But, miscreants, ye shall die! the pow'r to punish
Is all that I have left me of a king.

First Courtier. Great Sire, suspend their punishment a while.
Behold Nitocris comes, thy royal mother!

Enter QUEEN.

Queen. O my misguided son!
Well may'st thou wonder to behold me here:
For I have ever shunn'd this scene of riot,
Where wild intemperance and dishonour'd mirth
Hold festival impure. Yet, O Belshazzar!
I could not hear the wonders which befel,
And leave thee to the workings of despair:
For, spite of all the anguish of my soul
At thy offences, I'm thy mother still!
Against the solemn purpose I had form'd
Never to mix in this unhallow'd crowd,
The wond'rous story of the mystic writing,
Of strange and awful import, brings me here;
If happ'ly I may shew some likely means
To fathom this dark mystery.

Belshazzar. Speak, O queen
My list'ning soul shall hang upon thy words,
And prompt obedience follow them!

Queen. Then hear me.
Among the captive tribes which hither came
To grace Nebassar's triumph, there was brought

A youth nam'd Daniel, favour'd by high Heav'n
With pow'r to look into the secret page
Of dim Futurity's mysterious volume.
The spirit of the holy gods is in him;
No vision so obscure, so deeply hid,
No sentence so perplex'd, but he can solve it:
He can unfold the dark decrees of fate,
Can trace each crooked labyrinth of thought,
Each winding maze of doubt, and make it clear
And palpable to sense. He twice explain'd
The monarch's mystic dreams. The holy seer
Saw, with prophetic spirit, what befel
The king long after. For his wond'rous skill
He was rewarded, honour'd, and caress'd,
And with the rulers of Chaldea rank'd:
Tho' now, alas! thrown by, his services
Forgotten or neglected.

Belshazzar. Send with speed
A message to command the holy man
To meet us on the instant.

Nitocris. I already
Have sent to ask his presence at the palace;
And, lo! in happy season, see he comes.

Enter DANIEL.

Belshazzar. Welcome, thrice venerable sage! approach.
Art thou that Daniel whom my great forefather
Brought hither with the captive tribes of Judah?

Daniel. I am, O King!

Belshazzar. Then, pardon, holy prophet;
Nor let a just resentment of thy wrongs,
And long neglected merit, shut thy heart
Against a king's request, a suppliant king!

Daniel. The God I worship teaches to forgive.

Belshazzar. Then let thy words bring comfort to my soul.
I've heard the spirit of the gods is in thee;

That

That thou can'st look into the fates of men,
With prescience more than human!
Daniel. Hold, O king!
Wisdom is from above; 'tis God's own gift;
I of myself am nothing; but from Him
The little knowledge I possess, I hold:
To him be all the glory!
Belshazzar. Then, O Daniel!
If thou indeed dost boast that wond'rous gift,
That faculty divine; look there, and tell me!
O say, what mean those mystic characters?
Remove this load of terror from my soul,
And honours, such as kings can give, await thee.
Thou shalt be great beyond thy soul's ambition,
And rich above thy wildest dream of wealth:
Clad in the scarlet robe our nobles wear,
And grac'd with princely ensigns, thou shalt stand
Near our own throne, and third within our empire.
Daniel. O mighty king, thy gifts with thee remain,
And let thy high rewards on others fall.
The princely ensign, nor the scarlet robe,
Nor yet to be the third within thy realm,
Can touch the soul of Daniel. Honour, fame,
All that the world calls great, thy crown itself,
Cou'd never satisfy the vast ambition
Of an immortal spirit; I aspire
Beyond thy pow'r of giving; my high hopes
Reach also to a crown—but 'tis a crown
Unfading and eternal.
First Courtier. Wond'rous man!
Our priests teach no such notions.
Daniel. Yet, O king!
Tho' all unmov'd by grandeur or by gift,
I will unfold the high decrees of Heav'n,
And strait declare the mystery.
Belshazzar. Speak, O Prophet!

Daniel. Prepare to hear what kings have seldom heard:
Prepare to hear what courtiers seldom tell;
Prepare to hear the Truth. The mighty God,
Who rules the sceptres and the hearts of kings,
Gave thy renown'd forefather* here to reign,
With such extent of empire, weight of pow'r,
And greatness of dominion, the wide earth
Trembled beneath the terror of his name,
And kingdoms stood or fell as he decreed.
Oh! dangerous pinnacle of pow'r supreme!
Who can stand safe upon its treach'rous top,
Behold the gazing prostrate world below,
Whom depth and distance into pigmies shrink,
And not grow giddy? Babylon's great king
Forgot he was a man, a helpless man,
Subject to pain, and sin, and death, like others!
But who shall fight against Omnipotence?
Or who hath harden'd his obdurate heart
Against the Majesty of Heav'n, and prosper'd?
The God he had insulted was aveng'd;
From empire, from the joys of social life,
He drove him forth; extinguish'd reason's lamp;
Quench'd that bright spark of deity within;
Compell'd him with the forest brutes to roam
For scanty pasture; and the mountain dews
Fell, cold and wet, on his defenceless head,
Till he confess'd---Let men, let monarchs hear!
Till he confess'd, PRIDE WAS NOT MADE FOR MAN!

Nitocris. O, awful instance of divine displeasure!

Belshazzar. Proceed! my soul is wrapt in fix'd attention!

* Nebuchadnezzar.

Daniel.

Daniel. O king! thy grandsire not in vain had sinn'd,
If, from his error, thou hadst learnt the truth.
The story of his fall thou oft hast heard,
But has it taught thee wisdom? Thou, like him.
Hast been elate with pow'r, and mad with pride.
Like him, thou hast defy'd the living God.
Nay, to bold thoughts hast added deeds more bold.
Thou hast outwrought the pattern he bequeath'd thee,
And quite outgone example; hast prophan'd,
With impious hand, the vessels of the Temple:
Those vessels, sanctify'd to holiest use,
Thou hast polluted with unhallow'd lips,
And made the instruments of foul debauch.
Thou hast ador'd the gods of wood and stone,
Vile, senseless deities, the work of hands,
But HE, THE KING OF KINGS, and LORD OF LORDS,
In whom exists thy life, thy soul, thy breath,
On whom thy being hangs, thou hast deny'd.

First Courtier (aside to the others). With what an holy boldness he reproves him!

Second Courtier. Such is the fearless confidence of virtue!
And such the righteous courage those maintain
Who plead the cause of truth! The smallest word
He utters had been death to half the court.

Belshazzar. Now let the mystic writing be explain'd,
Thrice venerable sage!

Daniel. O mighty king!
Hear then its awful import: *Heav'n has number'd*
Thy days of royalty, and *soon will end them.*
Our God has weigh'd thee in the even balance
Of his own holy law, and *finds thee wanting;*

And

And last, *thy kingdom shall be wrested from thee:*
And know, *the Mede and Persian shall possess it.*
Belshazzar (starts up). Prophet, when shall this be?
Daniel. In God's own time:
Here my commission ends; I may not utter
More than thou'st heard; but O! remember, king!
Thy days are number'd: hear, repent and live!
Belshazzar. Say, Prophet, what can penitence avail?
If Heav'n's decrees immutably are fix'd,
Can pray'rs avert our fate?
Daniel. They change our hearts,
And thus dispose Omnipotence to mercy.
'Tis man that alters; God is still the same.
Conditional are all Heav'n's covenants;
And when the uplifted thunder is withheld,
'Tis pray'r that deprecates th' impending bolt.
Good Hezekiah's* days were number'd too;
But penitence and faith were mighty pleas;
At mercy's throne they never plead in vain.
[*He is going.*
Belshazzar. Stay, Prophet, and receive thy promis'd gift;
The scarlet robe and princely chain are thine:
And let my heralds publish through the land
That Daniel stands, in dignity and pow'r,
The third in Babylon. These just rewards
Thou well may'st claim, tho' sad thy prophecy!
Queen. Be not deceiv'd, my son! nor let thy soul!
Snatch an uncertain moment's treach'rous rest,
On the dread brink of that tremendous gulf
Which yawns beneath thee.

* 2 Chron. chap. xxxiii. Isaiah, chap. xxxviii.

Daniel.

Daniel. O unhappy king!
Know what *must* happen once *may* happen soon.
Remember that 'tis terrible to meet
Great evils unprepar'd! and, O Belshazzar!
In the wild moment of dismay and death,
Remember thou wast warn'd! and, O remember,
Warnings despis'd are condemnations then!
[*Exeunt Daniel and Queen.*

Belshazzar. 'Tis well—my soul shakes off its load of care:
'Tis only the obscure is terrible.
Imagination frames events unknown,
In wild fantastic shapes of hideous ruin;
And what it fears, creates!—I know the worst;
And awful is that worst as fear could feign:
But distant are the ills I have to dread!
What is remote may be uncertain too!—
Ha! Princes! hope breaks in!—This may not be.

First Courtier. Perhaps this Daniel is in league with Persia;
And brib'd by Cyrus to report these horrors,
To weaken and impede the mighty plans
Of thy imperial mind!

Belshazzar. 'Tis very like.

Second Courtier. Return we to the banquet.

Belshazzar. Dare we venture?

Third Courtier. Let not this dreaming seer disturb the king.
Against the pow'r of Cyrus and the Mede,
Is Babylon secure. Her brazen gates
Mock all attempts to force them. Proud Euphrates,
A wat'ry bulwark, guards our ample city
From all assailants. And within the walls
Of this stupendous capital are lodg'd
Such vast provisions, such exhaustless stores,
As a twice ten years siege could never waste!

Belshazzar (embraces him). My better genius!
Safe in such resources,

mock

I mock the prophet.—Turn we to the banquet!

[*As they are going to resume their places at the banquet, a dreadful uproar is heard, tumultuous cries, and warlike sounds. All stand terrified. Enter soldiers, with their swords drawn, and wounded.*

Soldier. Oh, helpless Babylon! Oh, wretched king!
Chaldea is no more, the Mede has conquer'd!
The victor Cyrus, like a mighty torrent,
Comes rushing on, and marks his way with ruin!
Destruction is at hand; escape or perish.

Belshazzar. Impossible! Villain and slave, thou ly'st!
Euphrates and the brazen gates secure us.
While those remain Belshazzar laughs at danger.

Soldier. Euphrates is diverted from its course;
The brazen gates are burst, the city's taken,
Thyself a pris'ner, and thy empire lost.

Belshazzar. Oh, Prophet I remember thee indeed!

[*He runs out. They follow in the utmost confusion. Enter several Jews, Medes, and Babylonians.*

First Jew. He comes, he comes! the long predicted prince,
Cyrus! the destin'd instrument of Heav'n,
To free our captive nation, and restore
JEHOVAH'S Temple. Carnage marks his way,
And conquest sits upon his plume-crown'd helm!

Second Jew. What noise is that?

First Jew. Hark! 'tis Belshazzar's voice!

Belshazzar (without). O soldier, spare my life, and aid my flight!
Such treasures shall reward the gentle deed
As Persia never saw. I'll be thy slave;
I'll yield my crown to Cyrus; I'll adore

His gods and thine—I'll kneel and kiss thy feet,
And worship thee. It is not much I ask—
I'll live in bondage, beggary, and pain,
So thou but let me live.

Soldier. Die, tyrant, die!

Belshazzar. O Daniel! Daniel! Daniel!

Enter SOLDIER.

Soldier. Belshazzar's dead!
The wretched king breath'd out his furious soul
In that tremendous groan.

First Jew. Belshazzar's dead!
Then Judah, art thou free! The tyrant's fall'n!
Jerusalem, Jerusalem is free!

BELSHAZZAR.

PART III.

Enter DANIEL *and* JEWS.

DANIEL.

BELL boweth down*, and haughty Nebo stoops!
The idols fall; the god and worshipper
Together fall! together they bow down!
Each other, or themselves they cannot save.
O, Babylon, where is thy refuge now?
Thy wisdom and thy knowledge, meant to save,
Pervert thee; and thy blessing is thy bane!
Where are thy brutish deities, Chaldea?
Where are thy gods of gold?—Oh, Lord of life!
Thou very God! so fall thy foes before thee!

First Jew. So fell beneath the terrors of th
name
The idol Chemosh, Moab's empty trust;
So Ammonitish Moloch sunk before Thee;
So fell Phillistine Dagon: so shall fall,

Not for myself, O Judah! but for thee,
I shed these tears of joy. For I no more
Must view the cedars which adorn the brow
Of Syrian Lebanon; no more shall see
Thy pleasant stream, O Jordan! nor the flocks
Which whiten all the mountains of Judea;
No more these eyes delighted shall review
Or Carmel's heights, or Sharon's flow'ry vales,
I must remain in Babylon! So Heav'n,
To whose awards I bow me, has decreed.
I ne'er shall see thee, Salem! I am old;
And few and toilsome are my days to come,
But we shall meet in those celestial climes,
Compar'd with which created glories sink;
Where sinners shall have pow'r to harm no more,
And martyr'd Virtue rests her weary head.
Tho' ere my day of promis'd grace shall come,
I shall be try'd by perils strange and new;
Nor shall I taste of death, so have I learn'd,
Till I have seen the captive tribes restor'd.

First Jew. And shall we view, once more, thy hallow'd towers,
Imperial Salem?

Daniel. Yes, my youthful friends!
You shall behold the second temple rise*,
With grateful ecstasy: but we, your sires,
Now bent with hoary age; we, whose charm'd eyes
Beheld the matchless glories of the first,
Shou'd weep, rememb'ring what we once had seen,
That model of perfection!

Second Jew. Never more
Shall such a wond'rous structure grace the earth!

Daniel. Well have you borne affliction, men of Judah!
Well have sustain'd your portion of distress:

* Ezra, chap. i.

And,

And, unrepining, drank the bitter dregs
Of adverse fortune! Happier days await you.
O guard against the perils of success!
Prosperity dissolves the yielding soul,
And the bright sun of shining fortune melts
The firmest virtue down. Beware, my friend's,
Be greatly cautious of prosperity!
Defend your sliding hearts; and, trembling, think
How those, who buffeted affliction's waves
With vig'rous virtue, sunk in pleasure's calm.
He*, who of special grace had been allow'd
To rear the hallow'd fane to Israel's God.
By wealth corrupted, and by ease debauch'd,
Forsook the God to whom he rais'd the fane;
And, sunk in sensual sloth, consum'd his days
In vile idolatrous rites! Nor think, my sons,
That virtue in sequester'd *solitude*
Is always found. Within the inmost soul
The hidden tempter lurks; nor less betrays
In the still seeming safety of retreat,
Than where the world her snares entangling spreads,
More visible to sense. Guard every thought:
Who thinks himself secure is half undone:
For sin, unwatch'd, may reach the santuary:
'Tis not the place preserves us. Righteous Lot
Stem'd the strong current of corruption's tide,
E'en in polluted Sodom; safe he liv'd,
While circumspective Virtue's watchful eye
Was anxiously awake: but in the shade,
Far from the obvious perils which alarm
With palpable temptation, secret sin
Ensnar'd his soul; he trusted in himself;
Security betray'd him, and he fell.

Second Jew. Thy prudent counsels in our hearts shall live,

* Solomon.

As

As if a pen of adamant had grav'd them.
First Jew. The dawn approaches; let us part, my friend,
Secure of peace, since tyranny is fall'n!
Daniel. So perish all thine enemies, O Lord!
So, mighty God, shall perish all who seek
Corrupted pleasures in the turbid waves
Of life's polluted stream, and madly quit
The living fountain of perennial grace!

DANIEL.

A

SACRED DRAMA.

The Righteous is delivered out of trouble, and the wicked cometh in his stead. PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

On peut des plus grands rois surprendre la justice.
Incapable de tromper,
Ils ont peine a s'echapper
Des pieges de l'artifice.
Un cœur noble ne peut soupconner en autrui
La bassesse et la malice
Qu'il ne sent point en lui.
ESTHER. TRAGEDIE de RACINE.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

DARIUS, King of Media and Babylon.

PHARNACES, } Courtiers, enemies to Daniel.
SORANUS, }

ARASPES, a young Median Lord, friend and convert to Daniel.

DANIEL.

Scene—The City of Babylon.

The subject is taken from the Sixth Chapter of the Prophet Daniel.

DANIEL.

PART. I.

PHARNACES, SORANUS.

PHARNACES.

YES!—I have noted with a jealous eye,
The pow'r of this new fav'rite! Daniel reigns,
And not Darius! Daniel guides the springs
Which move this mighty empire! High he sits,
Supreme in favour both with prince and people!
Where is the spirit of our Median lords,
Tamely to crouch and bend the supple knee
To this new god! By Mithras, 'tis too much!
Shall great Arbaces' race to Daniel bow!
A foreigner, a captive, and a Jew?
Something must be devis'd, and that right soon,
To shake his credit.

Soranus. Rather hope to shake
The mountain pine, whose twisting fibres clasp
The earth, deep rooted! Rather hope to shake
The Scythian Taurus from his central base!
No—Daniel sits too absolute in pow'r,
Too firm in favour, for the keenest shaft
Of nicely-aiming jealousy to reach him.

Pharnaces. Rather he sits too high to sit securely.
Yes! he has reach'd that pinnacle of pow'r
Which closely touches on depression's verge.
Hast thou then liv'd in courts? hast thou grown grey
Beneath the mask a subtle statesman wears
To hide his secret soul, and dost not know
That of all fickle Fortune's transient gifts,
Favour is most deceitful? 'Tis a beam,
Which darts uncertain brightness for a moment!
The faint, precarious, sickly shine of pow'r;
Giv'n without merit, by caprice withdrawn.
No trifle is so small as what obtains,
Save that which loses favour; 'tis a breath,
Which hangs upon a smile! A look, a word,
A frown, the air-built tow'r of fortune shakes,
And down the unsubstantial fabric falls!
Darius, just and clement as he is,
If I mistake not, may be wrought upon
By prudent wiles, by Flatt'ry's pleasant cup,
Administer'd with caution.

Soranus. But the means?
For Daniel's life (a foe must grant him that)
Is so replete with goodness, so adorn'd
With every virtue, so exactly squar'd
By wisdom's nicest rules, 'twill be most hard
To charge him with the shadow of offence.
Pure is his fame as Scythia's mountain snows,
When not a breath pollutes them! O Pharnaces,
I've scann'd the actions of his daily life
With all th' industrious malice of a foe;
And nothing meets mine eye but deeds of honour!
In office pure; for equitable acts
Renown'd: in justice and impartial truth,
The Grecian Themis is not more severe.

Pharnaces. By yon bright sun, thou blazon'st forth his praise
As if with rapture thou did'st read the page
Where these fair deeds are written!

Soranus.

Soranus. Thou mistak'st.
I only meant to shew what cause we have
To hate and fear him. I but meant to paint
His popular virtues and eclipsing merit.
Then for devotion, and religious zeal,
Who so renown'd as Daniel? Of his law
Observant in th' extreme. Thrice ev'ry day,
With prostrate rev'rence, he adores his God:
With superstitious awe his face he turns
Tow'rds his belov'd Jerusalem, as if
Some local, partial God, might there be found
To hear his supplication. No affair
Of state, no business so importunate,
No pleasure so alluring, no employ
Of such high import, to seduce his zeal
From this observance due!
Pharnaces. There, there he falls!
Enough, my friend! His piety destroys him.
There, at the very footstool of his God,
Where he implores protection, there I'll crush him!
Soranus. What means Pharnaces?
Pharnaces. Ask not what I mean.
The new idea floating in my brain
Has yet receiv'd no form. 'Tis yet too soon
To give it body, circumstance, or breath.
The seeds of mighty deeds are lab'ring here,
And struggling for a birth! 'Tis near the hour
The king is wont to summon us to council:
Ere that, this big conception of my mind
I'll shape to form and being. Thou, meanwhile,
Convene our chosen friends; for I shall need
The aid of all your counsels, and the weight
Of grave authority.
Soranus. Who shall be trusted?
Pharnaces. With our immediate motive none, except
A chosen band of friends, who most repine

At Daniel's exaltation. But the scheme
I meditate must be disclos'd to all
Who bear high office; all our Median rulers,
Princes and captains, presidents and lords;
All must assemble. 'Tis a common cause;
All but the young Araspes; he inclines
To Daniel and his God. He sits attent,
With ravish'd ears, to listen to his lore:
With rev'rence names Jerusalem, and reads
The volume of the law. No more he bows
To hail the golden Ruler of the Day,
But looks for some great Prophet, greater far,
So they pretend, than Mithras!—From him, therefore,
Conceal whate'er of injury is devis'd
'Gainst Daniel. Be it too thy care to-day,
To keep him from the council.

Soranus. 'Tis well thought.
'Tis now about the hour of Daniel's pray'r:
Araspes too is with him! and to-day
They will not sit in council. Haste we then!
Designs of high importance, once conceiv'd,
Shou'd be accomplish'd. Genius which discerns,
And courage which achieves, despise the aid
Of ling'ring circumspection. The keen spirit
Seizes the prompt occasion, makes the thought
Start into instant action, and at once
Plans and performs, resolves and executes!

DANIEL.

PART II.

Scene—DANIEL's *House.*

DANIEL, ARASPES.

ARASPES.

PROCEED, proceed, thrice venerable sage!
Enlighten my dark mind with this new ray,
This dawning of salvation! Tell me more
Of this expected king! this Comforter!
This Promise of the nations! this great Hope
Of anxious Israel! This unborn Prophet!
This wonderful, this mighty Counsellor!
This everlasting Lord! This Prince of peace!
This Balm of Gilead, which shall heal the wounds
Of universal nature! this MESSIAH!
Redeemer, Saviour, Sufferer, Victim, God!

Daniel. Enough to animate our faith, we know,
But not enough to soothe the curious pride
Of vain philosophy! Enough to cheer
Our path we see, the rest is hid in clouds;
And Heav'n's own shadows rest upon the view!

Araspes.

Arapes. Go on, blest sage! I cou'd for ever hear,
Untir'd, thy admonition! Tell me how
I shall obtain the favour of that God
I but begin to know, but fain wou'd serve.

Daniel. By deep humility, by faith unfeign'd,
By holy deeds, best proof of living faith!
O Faith*, thou wonder-working principle,
Eternal substance of our present hope,
Thou evidence of things invisible!
What cannot man sustain, sustained by thee!
The time wou'd fail, and the bright star of day
Wou'd quench his beams in ocean, and resign
His empire to the silver queen of night;
And she again descend the steep of heav'n,
If I shou'd tell what wonders Faith atchiev'd
By Gideon, Barak, and the holy seer,
Elkanah's son; the pious Gileadite,
Ill-fated Jephthah! He of Zorah too†,
In strength unequall'd; and the shepherd-king,
Who vanquish'd Gath's fell giant! Need I tell
Of holy Prophets, who by conqu'ring Faith,
Wrought deeds incredible to mortal sense;
Vanquish'd contending kingdoms, quell'd the rage
Of furious pestilence, extinguish'd fire!
Victorious Faith! others by thee endur'd
Exile, disgrace, captivity, and death!
Some uncomplaining, bore (nor be it deem'd
The meanest exercise of well-try'd Faith)
The cruel mocking, and the bitter taunt,
Foul obloquy, and undeserv'd reproach;
Despising shame, that death to human pride!

* Hebrews, chap. xi. † Sampson.

Araspes.

Araspes. How shall this faith be sought?
Daniel. By earnest pray'r
Solicit first the wisdom from above:
Wisdom, whose fruits are purity and peace!
Wisdom! that bright intelligence, which sat
Supreme, when with his golden compasses *
Th' Eternal plann'd the fabric of the world,
Produc'd his fair idea into light,
And said, that all was good! Wisdom blest beam!
The brightness of the everlasting light!
The spotless mirror of the pow'r of God!
The reflex image of th' all-perfect Mind!
A stream translucent, flowing from the source
Of glory infinite! a cloudless light!
Defilement cannot touch, nor sin pollute
Her unstrain'd purity! Not Ophir's gold,
Nor Ethiopia's gems can match her price!
The ruby of the mine is pale before her!
And, like the oil Elisha's bounty bless'd,
She is a treasure which doth grow by use,
And multiply by spending! She contains,
Within herself the sum of excellence.
If riches are desir'd, wisdom is wealth!
If prudence, where shall keen invention find
Artificer more cunning? If renown,
In her right hand it comes! If piety,
Are not her labours virtues? If the lore
Which sage experience teaches, lo! she scans
Antiquity's dark truths; the past she knows,
Anticipates the future; not by arts
Forbidden, of Chaldean sorcerer,
But from the piercing ken of deep foreknowledge.
From her sure science of the human heart

* See Paradise Lost, book vii. line 225. Proverbs, chap. viii. ver. 27.

She

She weighs effects with causes, ends with means:
Resolving all into the sovereign will.
For earthly blessings moderate be thy pray'r,
And qualify'd; for light, for strength, for grace,
Unbounded thy petition.

Araspes. Now, O prophet!
Explain the secret doubts which rack my mind,
And my weak sense confound. Give me some line
To sound the depths of Providence! O say,
Why the ungodly prosper? why their root
Shoots deep, and their thick branches flourish fair,
Like the green bay tree? why the righteous man,
Like tender plants to shiv'ring winds expos'd,
Is stripp'd and torn, in naked virtue bare,
And nipp'd by cruel Sorrow's biting blast?
Explain, O Daniel, these mysterious ways
To my faint apprehension! For as yet
I've much to learn. Fair truth't immortal sun
Is sometimes hid in clouds; not that her light
Is in itself defective; but obscur'd
By my weak prejudice, imperfect Faith,
And all the thousand causes which obstruct
The growth of goodness.

Daniel. Follow me, Araspes,
Within, thou shalt peruse the sacred page,
The book of life eternal! *that* will shew thee
The END of the ungodly; thou wilt own
How short their longest period; wilt perceive
How black a night succeeds their brightest day!
Thy purged eye will see God is not slack,
As men count slackness, to fulfil his word.
Weigh well this book; and may the spirit of grace,

Who

Who stamp'd the seal of truth on the bless'd
page,
Descend into thy soul, remove thy doubts,
Clear the perplex'd, and solve the intricate,
Till faith be lost in sight, and hope in joy!

DANIEL.

DANIEL.

PART III.

Darius on his Throne.—Pharnasces, Soramus, Princes, Presidents, and Courtiers.

PHARNACES.

HAIL! King Darius, live for ever!

Darius. Welcome!
Welcome, my princes, presidents, and friends!
Now tell me, has your wisdom aught devis'd
To aid the commonwealth? In our new empire,
Subdued Chaldea, is their aught remains
Your prudence can suggest to serve the state,
To benefit the subject, to redress
And raise the injur'd, to assist th' oppress'd,
And humble the oppressor? If you know
Speak freely, princes! Why am I a king,
Except to poise the awful scale of justice
With even hand; to minister to want;
To bless the nations with a lib'ral rule,
Vicegerent of th' eternal Oromasdes?

Pharnaces. So absolute thy wisdom, mighty king,
All council were superfluous.

Darius.

Darius. Hold, Pharnaces!
No adulation; 'tis the death of virtue;
Who flatters is of all mankind the lowest,
Save he who courts the flattery. Kings are men,
As feeble and as frail as those they rule,
And born, like them, to die. The Lydian monarch,
Unhappy Crœsus, lately sat aloft,
Almost above mortality; now see him!
Sunk to the vile condition of a slave,
He swells the train of Cyrus! I, like him,
To mis'ry am obnoxious. See this throne;
This royal throne the great Nebassar fill'd;
Yet hence his pride expell'd him! Yonder wall,
The dread terrific writing to the eyes
Of proud Belshazzar shew'd; sad monuments
Of heav'n's tremendous vengeance! and shall I,
Unwarn'd by such examples, cherish pride?
Yet to their dire calamities I owe
The brightest gen that glistens in my crown,
Sage Daniel. If my speech have aught of worth,
Or if my life with aught of good be grac'd,
To him alone I owe it.

Soranus (aside to Pharnaces.) Now, Pharnaces,
Will he run o'er, and dwell upon his praise,
As if we ne'er had heard it; nay, will swell
The nauseous catalogue with many a virtue
His own fond fancy coins.

Pharnaces. O, great Darius!
Let thine unworthy servant's words find grace,
And meet acceptance in his royal ear,
Who subjugates the East! Let not the king
With anger hear my pray'r.

Darius. Pharnaces, speak;
I know thou lov'st me; I but meant to chide
Thy flatt'ry, not reprove thee for thy zeal.
Speak boldly, friends, as man shou'd speak to man.

Perish

Perish the barb'rous maxims of the East,
Which basely wou'd enslave the free-born mind,
And plunder man of the best gift of Heav'n,
His liberty of soul.
Pharnaces. Darius! hear me.
Thy princes, and the captains of thy bands,
Thy presidents, the nobles who bear rule
O'er provinces, and I, thine humble creature,
Less than the least in merit, but in love,
In zeal, and duty, equal with the first,
We have devis'd a measure to confirm
Thy infant empire, to establish firmly
Thy pow'r and new dominion, and seeure
Thy growing greatness past the pow'r of change.
Darius. I am prepar'd to hear thee. Speak, Pharnaces.
Pharnaces. The wretched Babylonians long have groan'd
Beneath the rule of princes, weak or rash,
The rod of pow'r was sway'd alike amiss,
By feeble Merodach and fierce Belshazzar.
One let the slacken'd reins too loosely float
Upon the people's neck, and lost his pow'r
By nerveless relaxation. He, who follow'd,
Held with a tyrant's hand the cruel curb,
And check'd the groaning nation till it bled;
On diff'rent rocks they met one common ruin.
Their edicts were irresolute, their laws
Were feebly plann'd, their councils ill advis'd;
Now so relax'd, and now so overstrain'd,
That the tir'd people, wearied with the weight
They long have borne, will soon disdain control,
Tread on all rule, and spurn the hand that guides 'em.
Darius. But say what remedy?
Pharnaces. That too, O king!
Thy servants have provided. Hitherto

They

They bear the yoke submissive. But to fix
Thy pow'r and their obedience, to reduce
All hearts to thy dominion, yet avoid
Those deeds of cruelty thy nature starts at,
Thou shou'd'st begin by some imperial act
Of absolute dominion, yet unstain'd
By aught of barbarous. For know, O king!
Wholesome severity, if wisely fram'd
With sober discipline, procures more reverence
Than all the lenient counsels and weak measures
Of frail irresolution.

Darius. Now proceed
To thy request

Pharnaces. Not I, but all request it.
Be thy imperial edict issued strait,
And let a firm decree be this day pass'd,
Irrevocable, as our Median laws
Ordain, that for the space of thirty days
No subject in thy realm shall aught request
Of God or man, except of thee, O king!

Darius. Wherefore this strange decree?

Pharnaces. 'Twill fix the crown
With lasting safety on thy royal brow,
And, by a bloodless means, preserve th' obedience
Of this new empire. Think how much 'twill raise
Thy high renown! 'Twill make thy name rever'd
And popular beyond example. What!
To be as Heav'n, dispensing good and ill
For thirty days! With thine own ears to hear
Thy people's wants, with thine own lib'ral hands
To bless thy suppliant subjects O, Darius!
Thou'lt seem as bounteous as a giving God!
And reign in ev'ry heart in Babylon
As well as Media! What a glorious state,
To be the sovereign arbiter of good!
The first efficient cause of happiness!
To scatter mercies with a plenteous hand,

And

And to be blest thyself in blessing others!
Darius. Is this the gen'ral wish?
[*Princes and Courtiers kneel.*
Chief President. Of one, of all,
Behold thy princes, presidents, and lords,
Thy counsellors, and captains! See, O king!
[*presenting the edict.*
Behold the instrument our zeal has drawn:
The edict is prepar'd. We only wait
The confirmation of thy gracious word,
And thy imperial signet.
Darius. Say, Pharhaces,
What penalty awaits the man who dares
Transgress our mandate?
Pharnaces. Instant death, O king!
This statute says, "Shou'd any subject dare
"Petition, for the space of thirty days,
"Of God or man, except of thee, O king!
"He shall be thrown into yon dreadful den
"Of hungry lions!"
Darius. Hold! Methinks a deed
Of such importance shou'd be wisely weigh'd.
Pharnaces. We have revolv'd it, mighty king! with care,
With closest scrutiny. On us devolve
Whatever blame occurs!
Darius. I'm satisfy'd.
Then to your wisdom I commit me, princes.
Behold the royal signet: see, 'tis done.
Pharnaces (aside). There Daniel fell! That signet seal'd his doom.
Darius (after a pause). Let me reflect—Sure I have been too rash!
Why such intemp'rate haste? But you are wise;
And wou'd not counsel this severe decree
But for the wisest purpose. Yet, methinks,
I might have weigh'd, and in my mind revolv'd

This

This statute, ere, the royal signet stamp'd,
It had been past repeal. Sage Daniel too!
My counsellor, my guide, my well-try'd friend,
He shou'd have been consulted; he whose wisdom
I still have found oracular.

Pharnaces. Mighty king!
'Tis as it shou'd be. The decree is past
Irrevocable, as the stedfast law
Of Mede and Persian, which can never change,
Those who observe it live, as is most meet,
High in thy grace;—who violate it, die.

DANIEL.

DANIEL.

PART. IV.

Scene—DANIEL's *House.*

DANIEL, ARASPES.

ARASPES.

OH, holy Daniel! prophet, father, friend,
I come, the wretched messenger of ill!
Thy foes complot thy death. For what can mean
This new-made law, extorted from the king
Almost by force? What can it mean, O Daniel,
But to involve thee in the toils they spread
To snare thy precious life?

Daniel. How! was the king
Consenting to this edict?

Araspes. They surpris'd
His easy nature; took him when his heart
Was soften'd by their blandishments. They wore
The mask of public virtue to deceive him.
Beneath the specious name of general good,
They wrought him to their purposes: no time
Allow'd him to delib'rate. One short hour,
Another moment, and his soul had gain'd
Her natural tone of virtue.

Daniel.

Daniel. That great Pow'r
Who suffers evil, only to produce
Some unseen good, permits that this shou'd be:
And, He permitting, I, well pleas'd, resign.
Retire, my friend: this is my second hour
Of daily pray'r. Anon we'll meet again.
Here, in the open face of that bright sun
Thy fathers worshipp'd, will I offer up,
As is my rule, petition to our God,
For thee, for me, for Solyma, for all!

Araspes. Oh, stay! what mean'st thou! sure thou hast not heard
The edict of the king? I thought, but now,
Thou knew'st its purport. It expressly says,
That no petition henceforth shall be made,
For thirty days, save only to the king;
Nor pray'r nor intercession shall be heard
Of any God or man, but of Darius.

Daniel. And think'st thou then my rev'rence for the king,
Good as he is, shall tempt me to renounce
My sworn allegiance to the King of kings?
Hast thou commanded legions? strove in battle,
Defy'd the face of danger, mock'd at death
In all its frightful forms, and tremblest now?
Come, learn of me; I'll teach thee to be bold,
Tho' sword I never drew! Fear not, Araspes,
The feeble vengeance of a mortal man,
Whose breath is in his nostrils; for wherein
Is he to be accounted of? but fear
The awaken'd vengeance of the living Lord;
He who can plunge the everlasting soul
In infinite perdition!

Araspes. Then, O Daniel!
If thou persist to disobey the edict,
Retire and hide thee from the prying eyes
Of busy malice!

Daniel. He who is asham'd
To vindicate the honour of his God,
Of him the living Lord shall be asham'd
When he shall judge the tribes!
Araspes. Yet, O remember,
Oft have I heard thee say, the secret heart
Is fair Devotion's Temple; there the saint,
E'en on that living altar, lights the flame
Of purest sacrifice, which burns unseen,
Not unaccepted.—I remember too,
When Syrian Naaman*, by Elisha's hand,
Was cleans'd from foul pollution, and his mind
Enlighten'd by the miracle, confess'd
The Almighty God of Jacob; that he deem'd it
No flagrant violation of his faith
To bend at Rimmon's shrine; nor did the Seer
Forbid the rite external.
Daniel. Know, Araspes,
Heav'n designs to suit our trials to our strength;
A recent convert, feeble in his faith:
Naaman, perhaps, had sunk beneath the weight
Of so severe a duty. Gracious Heav'n
Forbears to bruise the reed, or quench the flax
When feeble, and expiring. But shall I,
Shall Daniel, shall the servant of the Lord,
A vet'ran in his cause—long train'd to know
And do his will—long exercis'd in woe,
Bred in captivity, and born to suffer;
Shall I, from known, from certain duty shrink
To shun a threaten'd danger? O, Araspes!
Shall I, advanc'd in age, in zeal decline?
Grow careless as I reach my journey's end?
And slacken in my pace, the goal in view?
Perish discretion, when it interferes

* 2 Kings, chap. v.

With

With duty! Perish the false policy
Of human wit, which would commute our safety
With God's eternal honour! Shall His law
Be set at nought, that I may live at ease?
How wou'd the heathen triumph, shou'd I fall
Thro' coward fear! How wou'd God's enemies
Insultingly blaspheme!

Araspes. Yet think a moment.

Daniel. No!—
Where evil may be *done*, 'tis right to ponder;
Where only *suffer'd*, know, the shortest pause
Is much too long. Had great Darius paus'd,
This ill had been prevented. But for me,
Araspes, to deliberate is to sin.

Araspes. Think of thy pow'r, thy favour with Darius:
Think of thy life's importance to the tribes,
Scarce yet return'd in safety. Live! O, live!
To serve the cause of God!

Daniel. God will himself
Sustain his righteous cause. He knows to raise
Fit instruments to serve him. Know, Araspes,
He does not need our crimes to help his cause;
Nor does his equitable law permit
A sinful act, from the prepost'rous plea
That good may follow it. For me, my friend,
The spacious earth holds not a bait to tempt me.
What wou'd it profit me, if I shou'd gain
Imperial Ecbatan, th' extended land
Of fruitful Media, nay, the world's wide Empire,
If mine eternal soul must be the price?
Farewell, my friend! time presses. I have stol'n
Some moments from my duty, to confirm
And strengthen thy young faith! Let us fulfil
What Heav'n enjoins,—and leave to Heav'n th' event!

Your well-feign'd zeal for me.—I shou'd have known
When selfish Politicians, hackney'd long
In fraud and artifice, affect a glow
Of patriot fervour, or fond loyalty,
Which scorns all shew of interest, that's the moment
To watch their crooked projects.—Well thou know'st
How dear I held him; how I priz'd his truth!
Did I not choose him from a subject world,
Unbless'd by fortune, and by birth ungrac'd,
A captive and a Jew? Did I not love him?
Was he not rich in independent worth?
And great in native goodness? That undid him!
There, there he fell! If he had been less great,
He had been safe. Thou cou'd'st not bear his brightness;
The lustre of his virtues quite obscur'd,
And dimm'd thy fainter merit. Rash old man!
Go, and devise some means to set me free
From this dread load of guilt! Go, set at work
Thy plotting genius to redeem the life
Of venerable Daniel!

Pharnaces. 'Tis too late,
He has offended 'gainst the new decree;
Has dar'd to make petition to his God,
Altho' the dreadful sentence of the act
Full well he knew. And by th' establish'd law
Of Media, by that law irrevocable,
Which he has dar'd to violate, he dies!

Darius. Impiety! presumption! monstrous law!
Irrevocable? Is there aught on earth
Deserves that name? Th' eternal laws alone
Of Oromasdes are unchangeable!
All human projects are so faintly fram'd,
So feebly plann'd, so liable to change,
So mix'd with error in their very form,
That mutable and mortal are the same.
But where is Daniel! Wherefore comes he not

To

To load me with reproaches? to upbraid me
With all the wrongs my barb'rous haste has done
him!
Where is he?
Pharnaces. He prepares to meet his fate.
This hour he dies, for so the act decrees.
Darius. Suspend the bloody sentence. Bring
him hither.
Or rather let me seek him, and implore
His dying pardon, and his parting pray'r,

DANIEL.

PART VI.

Scene—Daniel's House.

DANIEL, ARASPES.

ARASPES.

STILL let me follow thee; still let me hear
The voice of Wisdom, ere the silver cord
By Death's cold hand be loosen'd.

Daniel. Now I'm ready!
No grief; no woman's weakness, good Araspes!
Thou should'st rejoice my pilgrimage is o'er,
And the blest haven of repose in view.

Araspes. And must I lose thee, Daniel? must thou die?

Daniel. And what is death, my friend, that I should fear it!
To die! why 'tis to triumph; 'tis to join
The great assembly of the good and just;
Immortal worthies, heroes, prophets, saints!
Oh! 'tis to join the band of holy men,
Made perfect by their sufferings! 'Tis to meet
My great progenitors! 'Tis to behold
Th' illustrious patriarchs; they, with whom the Lord
Deign'd

Deign'd hold familiar converse! 'Tis to see
Bless'd Noah and his children, once a world!
'Tis to behold, oh! rapture to conceive!
Those we have known, and lov'd, and lost, below!
Bold Azariah, and the band of brothers,
Who sought, in bloom of youth, the scorching flames!
Nor shall we see heroic men alone,
Champions who fought the fight of faith on earth;
But heav'nly conquerors, angelic hosts,
Michael and his bright legions, who subdu'd
The foes of Truth! To join their blest employ
Of love and praise! to the high melodies
Of choirs celestial to attune my voice,
Accordant to the golden harps of saints!
To join in blest Hosannahs to their King!
Whose face to see, whose glory to behold,
Alone were heav'n, tho' saint or seraph none
Shou'd meet our sight, and only God were there!
This is to die! Who wou'd not die for this?
Who wou'd not die, that he might live for ever?

Darius, Daniel, Araspes.

Darius. Where is he! where is Daniel? Let me see him!
Let me embrace that venerable form,
Which I have doom'd to glut the greedy maw
Of furious lions!

Daniel King Darius, hail!

Darius. O, injur'd Daniel, can I see thee thus!
Thus uncomplaining! can I bear to hear
That when the ruffian ministers of death
Stopp'd thy unfinish'd pray'r, thy pious lips
Had just invok'd a blessing on Darius,
On him who sought thy life? Thy murd'rers dropt
Tears of strange pity. Look not on me thus
With mild benignity! Oh! I could bear

The

The voice of keen Reproach, or the strong flash
Of fierce resentment; but I cannot stand
That touching silence, nor that patient eye
Of meek Respect.

Daniel. Thou art my master still.

Darius. I am thy murderer! I have sign'd thy death!

Daniel. I know thy bent of soul is honourable:
Thou hast been gracious still! Were it not so,
I wou'd have met th' appointment of high Heav'n
With humble acquiescence; but to know
Thy will concurr'd not with thy servant's fate,
Adds joy to resignation.

Darius. Here I swear
By him who sits enthron'd in yon bright sun,
Thy blood shall be aton'd! On these thy foes,
Thou shalt have ample vengeance.

Daniel. Hold, O king!
Vengeance is mine, th' eternal Lord has said;
Myself will recompense, with ev'n hand,
The sinner for the sin. The wrath of man
Works not the righteousness of God.

Darius. I had hop'd
We shou'd have trod this busy stage together
A little longer, then have sunk to rest
In honourable age! Who now shall guide
My shatter'd bark in safety? who shall now
Direct me? O, unhappy state of kings!
Tis well the robe of majesty is gay,
Or who wou'd put it on? A crown! what is it?
It is to bear the miseries of a people!
To hear their murmurs, feel their discontents,
And sink beneath a load of splendid care!
To have your best success ascrib'd to Fortune,
And Fortune's failures all ascrib'd to you!
It is to sit upon a joyless height,
To every blast of changing fate expos'd!

Too

Too high for hope! too great for happiness!
For friendship too much fear'd! To all the joys
Of social freedom, and th' endearing charm
Of lib'ral interchange of soul unknown!
Fate meant me an exception to the rest,
And, tho' a monarch, bless'd me with a friend;
And I—have murder'd him!

Daniel. My hour approaches.
Hate not my mem'ry, king; protect Araspes:
Encourage Cyrus in the holy work
Of building ruin'd Solyma. Farewell!

Darius. With most religious strictness I'll fulfil
Thy last request. Araspes shall be next
My throne and heart. Farewell! (*They embrace.*
Hear, future kings!
Ye unborn rulers of the nations, hear!
Learn from my crime, from my misfortunes learn,
Never to trust to weak or wicked hands,
That delegated pow'r which Oromasdes
Invests in monarchs for the public good.

DANIEL.

PART VII.

Scene—The Court of the Palace.—The Sun rising.

DARIUS, ARASPES.

DARIUS.

OH, good Araspes! what a night of horror!
To me the dawning day brings no return
Of cheerfulness or peace! No balmy sleep
Has seal'd these eyes, no nourishment has past
These loathing lips, since Daniel's fate was sign'd!
Hear what my fruitless penitence resolves—
The thirty days my rashness had decreed
The edict's force shou'd last, I will devote
To mourning and repentance, fasting, pray'r,
And all due rites of grief. For thirty days
No pleasant sound of dulcimer or harp,
Sackbut or flute, or psaltery, shall charm
My ear, now dead to ev'ry note of joy!
Araspes. My grief can know no period!
Darius. See that den!
There Daniel met the furious lion's rage!

There

There were the patient martyr's mangled limbs
Torn piece-meal! Never hide thy tears, Araspes;
'Tis virtuous sorrow, unallay'd, like mine,
By guilt and fell remorse! Let us approach:
Who knows but that dread Pow'r to whom he pray'd.
So often and so fervently, has heard him!
[*He goes to the mouth of the den.*
O, Daniel, servant of the living God!
He whom thou hast serv'd so long, and lov'd so well,
From the devouring lion's famish'd jaw,
Can he deliver thee?

Daniel [*from the bottom of the den*). He can—he has!

Darius. Methought I heard him speak!

Araspes. O, 'wond'rous force
Of strong imagination! were thy voice
Loud as the trumpet's blast, it cou'd not wake him
From that eternal sleep!

Daniel (in the den). Hail! king Darius!
The God I serve has shut the lion's mouth,
To vindicate my innocence.

Darius. He speaks!
He lives!

Araspes. 'Tis no illusion: 'tis the sound
Of his known voice.

Darius. Where are my servants? Haste,
Fly, swift as lightning, free him from the den;
Release him, bring him hither! Break the seal
Which keeps him from me! See, Araspes! look!
See the charm'd lions!—Mark their mild demeanor:
Araspes, mark! — they have no pow'r to hurt him!
See how they hang their heads and smooth their fierceness
At his mild aspect!

Araspes.

Araspes. Who that sees this sight,
Who that in after-times shall hear this told,
Can doubt if Daniel's God be God indeed?

Darius. None, none, Araspes!

Araspes. Ah, he comes, he comes!

Enter Daniel, followed by multitudes.

Daniel. Hail, great Darius!

Darius. Dost thou live indeed!
And live unhurt?

Araspes. O, miracle of joy!

Darius. I scarce can trust my eyes! How didst thou 'scape?

Daniel. That bright and glorious Being, who vouchsaf'd
Presence divine, when the three martyr'd brothers
Essay'd the caldron's flame, supported me!
E'en in the furious lions' dreadful den,
The prisoner of hope, even there I turn'd
To the strong hold, the bulwark of my strength,
Ready to hear, and mighty to redeem!

Darius (to Araspes). Where is Pharnaces? Take the hoary traitor!
Take too Soranus, and the chief abettors
Of this dire edict: let not one escape.
The punishment their deep-laid hate devis'd
For holy Daniel, on their heads shall fall
With tenfold vengeance. To the lion's den
I doom his vile accusers! All their wives,
Their children, too, shall share one common fate!
Take care that none escape.—Go, good Araspes.

[*Araspes goes out.*

Daniel. Not so, Darius!
O spare the guiltless; spare the guilty too!
Where sin is not, to punish were unjust;
And where sin is, O king, there fell remorse
Supplies the place of punishment!

Darius. No more!

My

My word is past! Not one request, save this,
Shalt thou e'er make in vain. Approach, my friends:
Araspes has already spread the tale,
And see what crowds advance!
People. Long live Darius!
Long live great Daniel too, the people's friend!
Darius. Draw near, my subjects. See this holy man!
Death had no pow'r to harm him. Yon fell band
Of famish'd lions, soften'd at his sight,
Forgot their nature, and grew tame before him.
The mighty God protects his servants thus!
The righteous thus he rescues from the snare!
While Fraud's artificer himself shall fall
In the deep gulf his wily arts devise
To snare the innocent!
A Courtier. To the same den
Araspes bears Pharnaces and his friends;
Fall'n is their insolence! With prayers and tears
And all the meanness of high-crested pride,
When adverse fortune frowns, they beg for life.
Araspes will not hear, "You heard not me,"
He cries, "when I for Daniel's life implor'd;
"His God protected him! see now if yours
"Will listen to your cries!"
Darius. Now hear,
People and nations, languages and realms,
O'er whom I rule! Peace be within your walls!
That I may banish from the minds of men
The rash decree gone out; hear me resolve
To counteract its force by one more just.
In ev'ry kingdom of my wide-stretch'd realm,
From fair Chaldea to th' extremest bound
Of northern Media, be my edict sent,
And this my statute known. My heralds haste,
And spread my royal mandate through the land,
That all my subjects bow the ready knee

To

To Daniel's God—for HE alone is LORD.
Let all adore, and tremble at HIS name,
Who sits in glory unapproachable
Above the heav'ns—above the heav'n of heav'ns!
HIS pow'r is everlasting; and HIS throne,
Founded in equity and truth, shall last
Beyond the bounded reign of time and space,
Thro' wide eternity! With HIS right arm
HE saves, and who opposes? HE defends,
And who shall injure? In the perilous den
HE rescu'd Daniel from the lions' mouth;
HIS common deeds are wonders; all HIS works
One ever-during chain of miracles!

Enter Araspes.

Araspes. All hail, O king! Darius, live for ever!
May all thy foes be as Pharnaces is!

Darius. Araspes speak!

Araspes. O, let me spare the tale!—
'Tis full of horror! Dreadful was the sight!
The hungry lions, greedy for their prey,
Devour'd the wretched princes ere they reach'd
The bottom of the den.

Darius. Now, now confess,
'Twas some Superior Hand restrain'd their rage,
And tam'd their furious appetites.

People. 'Tis true.
The God of Daniel is a mighty GOD!
HE saves and HE destroys.

Araspes. O, friend! O, Daniel!
No wav'ring doubts can ever more disturb
My settled faith.

Daniel. To GOD be all the glory!

REFLECTIONS
OF
KING HEZEKIAH,
IN HIS SICKNESS.

"Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die."
ISAIAH, XXXVIII.

O, poverty of pride! O, foul disgrace
Disgusted Reason, blushing hides her face.
Mortal, and proud! strange contradicting terms!
Pride for death's victim, for the prey of worms!
Of all the wonders which th' eventful life
Of man presents; of all the mental strife
Of warring passions; all the raging fires
Of furious appetites and mad desires,
Not one so strange appears as this alone,
That man is proud of what is not his own!
How short is human life! the very breath,
Which frames my words, accelerates my death.
Of this short life how large a portion's fled!
To what is gone I am already dead;
As dead too all my years and minutes past,
As I, to what remains, shall be at last.
Can I past miseries so far forget,
To view my vanish'd years with fond regret?
Can I again my worn-out fancy cheat!
Indulge fresh hope? solicit new deceit?
Of all the vanities weak man admires,
Which greatness gives, youth hopes, or pride desires,
Of these, my soul, which hast thou not enjoy'd?
With each, with all, thy sated pow'rs are cloy'd!
What can I then expect from length of days?
More wealth, more wisdom, pleasure, health, or praise?
More pleasure! hope not that, deluded king!
For when did age increase of pleasure bring?
Is health, of years prolong'd the common boast?
And dear-earn'd Fame, is it not cheaply lost?
More wisdom! that indeed were happiness;
That were a wish a king might well confess:
But when did Wisdom covet length of days?
Or seek its bliss in pleasure, wealth, or praise?
No:—Wisdom views with an indifferent eye
All finite joys, all blessings born to die.

All

The soul on earth is an immortal guest,
Compell'd to starve at an unreal feast:
A spark, which upward tends by nature's force;
A stream diverted from its parent source;
A drop, dissever'd from the boundless sea;
A moment, parted from eternity;
A pilgrim panting for the rest to come;
An exile, anxious for his native home.
Why shou'd I ask my forfeit life to save?
Is Heav'n unjust, which dooms me to the grave?
Was I with hope of endless days deceiv'd?
Or of lov'd life am I alone bereav'd?
Let all the great, the rich, the learn'd, the wise,
Let all the shades of Judah's monarchs rise,
And say, if genius, learning, empire, wealth,
Youth, beauty, virtue, strength, renown, or health,
Has once revers'd th' immutable decree
On Adam pass'd, of man's mortality?
What—have, these eyes ne'er seen the felon worm
The damask cheek devour, the finish'd form?
On the pale rose of blasted beauty feed,
And riot on the lip so lately red?
Where are our fathers? Where th' illustrious line
Of holy prophets, and of seers divine?
Live they for ever? Do they shun the grave?
Or when did wisdom its professor save?
When did the brave escape? When did the breath
Of Eloquence charm the dull ear of Death?
When did the cunning argument avail,
The polish'd period, or the varnish'd tale;
The eye of lightning, or the soul of fire,
Which thronging thousands crowded to admire?
E'en while we praise the verse the poet dies;
And silent as his lyre great David lies.
Thou, blest Isaiah! who at God's command,
Now speak'st repentance to a guilty land,

Must

Must die! as wise and good thou hadst not been,
As Nebat's son, who taught the land to sin!
And shall I then be spar'd? O monstrous pride!
Shall I escape, when Solomon has died?
If all the worth of all the saints were vain—
Peace, peace, my troubled soul, nor dare complain!
LORD, I submit. Complete thy gracious will!
For if thou slay me, I will trust Thee still.
O be my will so swallow'd up in thine,
That I may do THY will in doing *mine*.

THE

SEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS;

A PASTORAL DRAMA FOR YOUNG LADIES.

—— To rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enliv'ning spirit, and to fix
The gen'rous purpose in the female breast.

THOMSON.

TO

MRS. GWATKIN.

DEAR MADAM,

As the following Poem turns chiefly on the danger of Delay or Error in the important article of Education, I know not to whom I can, with more propriety, dedicate it than to you, as the subject it inculcates has been one of the principal objects of your attention in your own family.

Let not the name of Dedication alarm you; I am not going to offend you by making your Eulogium. Panegyric is only necessary to suspicious characters: Virtue will not accept it; Delicacy will not offer it.

The friendship with which you have honoured me from my childhood, will, I flatter myself, induce you to pardon me for venturing to lay before you this public testimony of my esteem, and to assure you how much I am,

DEAR MADAM,

Your obedient

and obliged humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

THE object of the following poem, which was written in very early youth, was an earnest wish to furnish a substitute for the very improper custom, which then prevailed, of allowing plays, and those not always of the purest kind, to be acted by young Ladies in boarding schools. And it has afforded a serious satisfaction to the Author to learn that this little Poem, and the preceding Sacred Dramas, have very frequently been adopted to supply the place of those more dangerous amusements. If it may be still happily instrumental in promoting a regard to Religion and Virtue in the minds of young persons, and afford them an innocent, and perhaps not altogether unuseful, amusement in the exercise of recitation, the end for which it was originally composed, and the Author's utmost wish in its republication, will be fully answered.

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN BY A YOUNG LADY.

In these grave scenes, and unembellish'd strains,
Where neither sly intrigue nor passion reigns;
How dare we hope an audience will approve
A Drama void of wit and free from love?
Where no soft Juliet sighs, and weeps, and starts,
No fierce Roxana takes by storm your hearts;
No comic ridicule, no tragic swagger,
Not one elopement, not one bowl or dagger!
No husband wrong'd who trusted and believ'd,
No father cheated, and no friend deceiv'd;
No libertine in glowing strains describ'd,
No lying chambermaid that rake had brib'd:
Nor give we, to reward the rover's life,
The ample portion and the beauteous wife:
Behold, to raise the manners of the age,
The frequent moral of the scenic page!
And shall we then transplant these noxious scenes
To private life? to misses in their teens?
The pompous tone, the masculine attire,
The stilts, the buskin, the dramatic fire,
Corrupt the softness of the gentler kind,
And taint the sweetness of the youthful mind.
Ungovern'd passions, jealousy and rage,
But ill become our sex, still less our age;

Whether

Whether we learn *too well* what we describe,
Or *fail* the Poet's meaning to imbibe;
In either case your blame we justly raise,
In either lose, or ought to lose, your praise.
How dull, if tamely flows th' impassion'd strain!
If well—how bad to be the thing we feign!
To fix the mimic scene upon the heart,
And keep the passion when we quit the part!
Such are the perils the dramatic muse,
In youthful bosoms threatens to infuse!
Our timid Author labours to impart
A less pernicious lesson to the heart;
What, tho' no charm of melody divine,
Smooth her round period, or adorn her line;
Tho' her unpolish'd page in vain aspires
To emulate the graces she admires;
Tho' destitute of skill, her sole pretence
But aims at simple truth and common sense;
Yet shall her honest unassuming page
Tell that its Author, in a modish age,
Preferr'd plain virtue to the boast of art,
Nor fix'd one dangerous maxim on the heart.
O if, to crown her efforts, she could find,
They rooted but one error from one mind;
If in the bosom of ingenuous youth
They stamp'd one useful thought, one lasting truth,
'Twou'd be a fairer tribute to her name,
Than loud applauses, or an empty frame.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

EUPHELIA,
CLEORA,
PASTORELLA,
LAURINDA,
} Four young Ladies of distinction, in Search of happiness.

URANIA, an ancient Shepherdess.

SYLVIA,
ELIZA,
} Her Daughters.

FLORELLA, a young Shepherdess.

THE

SEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS.

Scene—A Grove.

EUPHELIA, CLEORA, PASTORELLA, LAURINDA.

Cleora:

WELCOME, ye humble vales, ye flow'ry shades
Ye crystal fountains, and ye silent glades!
From the gay misery of the thoughtless great,
The walks of folly, the disease of state;
From scenes where daring Guilt triumphant reigns,
Its dark suspisions and its hoard of pains;
Where Pleasure never comes without alloy,
And Art but thinly paints fallacious joy;
Where Languor loads the day, Excess the night,
And dull Satiety succeeds Delight;
Where midnight Vices their fell orgies keep,
And guilty Revels scare the phantom Sleep;
Where Dissipation wears the name of Bliss:
From these we fly in search of Happiness.

Euphelia. Not the tir'd Pilgrim all his dangers past,
When he descries the long-sought shrine at last,
E'er felt a joy so pure as this fair field,
These peaceful shades, and smiling vallies yield;

For, sure, these oaks, which old as Time appear,
Proclaim Urania's lonely dwelling near.
Pastorella. How the description with the scene agrees!
Here lowly thickets, there aspiring trees;
The hazel copse excluding noon-day's beam,
The tufted arbor, the pellucid stream;
The blooming sweet-briar, and the hawthorn shade,
The springing cowslips, and the daisy'd mead,
The wild luxuriance of the full-blown fields,
Which Spring prepares, and laughing Summer yields!
Eupheliа. Here simple nature strikes th' enraptur'd eye
With charms, which wealth and art but ill supply;
The genuine graces, which *without* we find,
Display the beauty of the owner's *mind.*
Laurinda. These deep embow'ring shades conceal the cell,
Where sage Urania and her daughters dwell:
Florella too, if right we've heard the tale,
With them resides—the lily of the vale.
Cleora. But soft! what gentle female form appears,
Which smiles of more than mortal beauty wears?
It is the Guardian Genius of the grove?
Or some fair angel from the choirs above?
Enter Florella, who speaks. Whom do I see? ye beauteous virgins say,
What chance conducts your steps this lonely way?
Do you pursue some fav'rite lambkin stray'd?
Or do yon alders court you to their shade?
Declare, fair strangers! if aright I deem,
No rustic nymphs of vulgar rank you seem.
Cleora. No cooling shades allure our eager sight,
Nor lambkins lost, our searching steps invite.

Florella.

Florella. Or is it, haply, yonder branching vine,
Whose tendrils round our low-roof'd cottage twine;
Whose spreading height, with purple clusters crown'd,
Attracts the gaze of ev'ry nymph around?
Have these lone regions aught that charm beside?
Yours are my shades, my flow'rs, my fleecy pride.

Euphelia. Florella! our united thanks receive;
Sole proof of gratitude we have to give:
And since you deign to ask, O courteous fair!
The motive of our unremitting care:
Know then, kind maid, our joint researches tend
To find that sovereign good of life, a friend;
From whom the wholesome counsel we may gain,
How our young hearts may happiness obtain.
By Fancy's mimic pencil oft pourtray'd,
Still have we woo'd the visionary maid:
The lovely phantom mocks our eager eyes;
And still we chace, and still we miss the prize!

Cleora. Long have we search'd throughout this bounteous isle,
With constant ardor and with ceaseless toil;
The various ways of various life we've try'd;
But still the bliss we seek has been deny'd.
We've sought in vain thro' ev'ry diff'rent state;
The murm'ring poor, the discontented great.
If peace, and Joy, in palaces reside,
Or in obscurer haunts delight to hide;
If happiness, with worldly pleasures dwell,
Or shrowds her graces in the hermit's cell:
If Wit, if Science, teach the road to bliss,
Or torpid dullness find the joys *they* miss;
To learn this truth, we've bid a long adieu
To all the shadows blinded men pursue.
—We seek Urania; whose sagacious mind
May lead our steps this latent good to find:

Her worth we emulate; her virtues fire
Our ardent hearts to *be* what we admire:
For tho' with care she shuns the public eye,
Yet worth like *hers*, unknown can never lie.

Laurinda. On such a fair and faultless model form'd,
By prudence guided, and by Virtue warm'd,
Perhaps Florella can direct our youth,
And point our footsteps to the paths of Truth.

Florella. Ill would it suit my unexperienc'd age
In such important questions to engage.
Young as I am, unskilful to discern,
Nor fit to teach, who yet have much to learn.
But would you with maturer years advise,
And reap the counsel of the truly wise,
The dame, in whom such worth and wisdom meet,
Dwells in the covert of yon green retreat:
All that the world calls great she once possess'd,
With wealth, with rank, her prosp'rous youth was bless'd.
In adverse fortune, now, serene and gay,
"Who gave," she said, "had right to take away."
Two lovely daughters bless her growing years,
And, by their virtues, well repay her cares.
With them, beneath her shelt'ring wing I live,
And share the bounties she has still to give;
For Heav'n, who in its dispensations join'd
A narrow fortune to a noble mind,
Has bless'd the sage Urania with a heart
Which Wisdom's noblest treasures can impart;
In duty's active round, each day is past
As if she thought each day might prove her last;
Her labours for devotion best prepare,
And meek Devotion smooths the brow of Care.

Pastorella. Then lead, Florella, to that humble shed
Where Peace resides: from courts and cities fled.

SONG.

SONG.

I.

O Happiness, celestial fair,
Our earliest hope, our latest care,
O hear our fond request!
Vouchsafe, reluctant Nymph, to tell
On what sweet spot thou lov'st to dwell,
And make us truly blest.

II.

Amidst the walks of public life,
The toils of wealth, ambition's strife,
We long have sought in vain;
The crowded city's noisy din,
And all the busy haunts of men,
Afford but care and pain.

III.

Pleas'd with the soft, the soothing pow'r
Of calm Reflection's silent hour,
Sequester'd dost thou dwell!
Where care and tumult ne'er intrude,
Dost thou reside with Solitude,
Thy humble vot'ries tell?

IV

O happiness, celestial fair,
Our earliest hope, our latest care!
Let us not sue in vain!
O deign to hear our fond request,
Come, take possession of our breast,
And there for ever reign.

[*They retire.*

Scene

Scene—The Grove.

URANIA, SYLVIA, ELIZA.

SYLVIA *(singing.)*

I.

SWEET Solitude, thou placid queen
Of modest air, and brow serene!
Tis thou inspir'st the Sage's themes;
The poet's visionary dreams.

II.

Parent of Virtue, nurse of Thought!
By thee were saints and Patriarchs taught;
Wisdom from thee her treasures drew,
And in thy lap fair Science grew,

III.

Whate'er exalts, refines, and charms,
Invites to thought, to virtue warms;
Whate'er is perfect, fair, and good,
We owe to thee, sweet Solitude!

IV.

In these blest shades, O still maintain
Thy peaceful, unmolested reign!
Let no disorder'd thoughts intrude
On thy repose, sweet Solitude!

V.

With thee the charm of life shall last,
Altho' its rosy bloom be past;

Shall

Shall still endure when Time shall spread
His silver blossoms o'er my head.

VI.

No more with this vain world perplex'd,
Thou shalt prepare me for the next;
The springs of life shall gently cease,
And Angels point the way to peace.

Urania. Ye tender objects of maternal love,
Ye dearest joys my widow'd heart can prove.
Come, taste the glories of the new-born day,
And grateful homage to its author pay!
O! ever may this animating sight
Convey instruction while it sheds delight!
Does not that sun, whose cheering beams impart
Joy's glad emotions to the pure in heart;
Does not that vivid pow'r teach ev'ry mind
To be as warm, benevolent, and kind;
To burn with unremitted ardor still,
Like him to execute their Maker's will?
Then let us, Pow'r Supreme! thy will adore,
Invoke thy mercies, and proclaim thy pow'r.
Shalt thou these benefits in vain bestow?
Shall we forget the fountain whence they flow?
Teach us thro' these to lift our hearts to Thee,
And in the gift the bounteous giver see.
To view Thee as thou art, all good and wise,
Nor let thy blessings hide Thee from our eyes.
From all obstructions clear our mental sight;
Pour on our souls thy beatific light!
Teach us thy wond'rous goodness to revere,
With love to worship, and with rev'rence fear!
In the mild works of thy benignant hand,
As in the thunder of thy dread command.
In common objects we neglect thy pow'r,
While wonders shine in ev'ry plant and flow'r.

—Tell

—Tell me, my first, my last, my darling care,
If you this morn have rais'd your hearts in pray'r?
Say did you rise from the sweet bed of rest,
Your God unprais'd, his holy name unblest?
Sylvia. Our hearts with gratitude and rev'rence fraught,
By those pure precepts you have ever taught;
By your example more than precept strong,
Of pray'r and praise have tun'd their matin song.
Eliza. With ever new delight, we now attend
The counsels of our fond maternal friend.

Enter FLORELLA, *with* EUPHELIA, CLEORA, PASTORELLA, LAURINDA.

FLORELLA *(aside to the Ladies.)*
See how the goodly dame, with pious art,
Makes each event a lesson to the heart!
Observe the duteous list'ners how they stand!
Improvement and delight go hand in hand.
Urania. But where's Florella?
Florella. Here's the happy she,
Whom Heav'n most favour'd when it gave her thee.
Urania. But who are these, in whose attractive mien,
So sweetly blended, ev'ry grace is seen?
Speak, my Florella! say the cause why here
These beauteous damsels on our plains appear?
Florella. Invited hither by Urania's fame,
To seek her friendship, to these shades they came.
Straying alone at morning's earliest dawn,
I met them wand'ring on the distant lawn.
Their courteous manners soon engag'd my love:
I've brought them here your sage advice to prove.
Urania. Tell me, ye gentle nymphs, the reason tell,
Which brings such guests to grace my lowly cell?

My

My pow'r of serving, tho' indeed but small,
Such as it is, you may command it all.
Cleora. Your counsel, your advice, is all we ask;
And for Urania that's no irksome task.
'Tis happiness we seek: O deign to tell
Where the coy fugitive delights to dwell!
Urania. Ah, rather say where you have sought this guest,
This lovely inmate of the virtuous breast?
Declare the various methods you've essay'd
To court and win the bright celestial maid.
But first, tho' harsh the task, each beauteous fair
Her ruling passion must with truth declare.
From evil habits own'd, from faults confess'd,
Alone we trace the secrets of the breast.
Euphelia. Bred in the regal splendors of a court,
Where pleasures, dress'd in every shape, resort,
I try'd the pow'r of pomp and costly glare,
Nor e'er found room for thought, or time for pray'r:
In diff'rent follies ev'ry hour I spent;
I shunn'd Reflection, yet I sought Content,
My hours were shar'd betwixt the park and play,
And music serv'd to waste the tedious day;
Yet softest airs no more with joy I heard,
If any sweeter warbler was preferr'd;
The dance succeeded, and, succeeding, tir'd.
If some more graceful dancer were admir'd.
No sounds but flatt'ry ever sooth'd my ear:
Ungentle truths I knew not how to bear.
The anxious day induc'd the sleepless night,
And my vex'd spirit never knew delight,
Coy Pleasure mock'd me with delusive charms;
Still the thin shadow flea my clasping arms:
Or if some actual joy I seem'd to taste,
Another's pleasures laid my blessings waste;
One truth I prov'd, that lurking Envy hides
In ev'ry heart where vanity presides.

A fairer

A fairer face would rob my soul of rest,
And fix a scorpion in my wounded breast.
Or, if my elegance of form prevail'd,
And haply her inferior graces fail'd;
Yet still some cause of wretchedness I found,
Some barbed shaft my shatter'd peace to wound.
Perhaps her gay attire exceeded mine—
When she was finer, how could I be fine?

Sylvia. Pardon my interruption, beauteous maid!
Can truth have prompted what you just have said?
What! can the poor pre-eminence of dress
Ease the pain'd heart, or give it happiness?
Or can you think your robes, tho' rich and fine,
Possess intrinsic value more than mine?

Urania. So close our nature is to vice ally'd
Our very comforts are the source of pride;
And dress, so much corruption reigns within,
Is both the consequence and cause of sin.

Cleora. Of Happiness untound I too complain,
Sought in a diff'rent path, but sought in vain!
I sigh'd for fame, I languish'd for renown,
I wou'd be flatter'd, prais'd, admir'd, and known.
On daring wing my mounting spirit soar'd,
And Science through her boundless fields explor'd:
I scorn'd the salique laws of pedant schools,
Which chain our genius down by tasteless rules:
I long'd to burst these female bonds, which held
My sex in awe, by vanity impell'd:
To boast each various faculty of mind,
Thy graces, Pope! with Johnson's learning join'd;
Like Swift, with strongly pointed ridicule,
To brand the villain, and abash the fool:
To judge with taste, with spirit to compose,
Now mount in epic, now descend to prose;
To join, like Burke, the Beauteous and Sublime,
Or build, with Milton's art, "the lofty rhyme;"

Thro'

Thro' Fancy's fields I rang'd; I strove to hit
Melmoth's chaste style, and Prior's easy wit:
Thy classic graces, Mason, to display,
And court the Muse of Elegy with Gray:
I rav'd of Shakespear's flame, and Dryden's rage,
And ev'ry charm of Otway's melting page.
I talk'd by rote the jargon of the schools,
Of critic laws, and Aristotle's rules;
Of passion, sentiment, and style, and grace,
And unities of action, time, and place.
The daily duties of my life forgot,
To study fiction, incident, and plot:
Howe'er the conduct of my life might err,
Still my dramatic plans were regular.

Urania. Who aims at ev'ry science, soon will find
The field how vast, how limited the mind!

Cleora. Abstruser studies soon my fancy caught,
The poet in th' astronomer forgot:
The schoolmen's systems now my mind employ'd,
Their chrystal Spheres, their Atoms and their Void.
Newton and Halley all my soul inspir'd,
And numbers less than calculations fir'd;
Descartes, and Euclid, shar'd my varying breast,
And plans and problems all my soul possess'd.
Less pleas'd to sing inspiring Phœbus' ray
Than mark the flaming comet's devious way.
The pale moon dancing on the silver stream,
And the mild lustre of her trembling beam,
No more could charm my philosophic pride,
Which sought her influence on the flowing tide.
No more ideal beauties fir'd my thought,
Which only facts and demonstrations sought.
Let common eyes, I said, with transport view
The earth's bright verdure, or the heav'n's soft blue,
False is the pleasure, the delight is vain,
Colours exist but in the vulgar brain.

I now

I now with Locke trod metaphysic soil,
Now chas'd coy Nature thro' the tracts of Boyle;
To win the wreath of Fame, by Science twin'd,
More than the love of Science fir'd my mind.
I seized on Learning's superficial part,
And title page and index got by heart;
Some learn'd authority I still would bring
To grace my talk, and prove—the plainest thing:
This the chief transport I from science drew,
That all might know how much Cleora knew.
Not love, but wonder, I aspir'd to raise,
And miss'd affection, while I grasp'd at praise.

Pastorella. To me, no joys could pomp or fame impart;
Far softer thoughts possess'd my virgin heart.
No prudent parent form'd my ductile youth,
Nor led my footsteps in the paths of truth.
Left to myself to cultivate my mind,
Pernicious novels their soft entrance find:
Their pois'nous influence led my mind astray:
I sigh'd for something, what, I could not say.
I fancy'd virtues which were never seen,
And dy'd for heroes who have never been;
I sicken'd with disgust at sober sense,
And loath'd the pleasures worth and truth dispense;
I scorn'd the manners of the world I saw;
My guide was fiction, and romance my law.
Distemper'd thoughts my wand'ring fancy fill,
Each wind a zephyr, and each brook a rill;
I found adventures in each common tale,
And talk'd and sigh'd to ev'ry passing gale;
Convers'd with echoes, woods, and shades, and bow'rs,
Cascades, and grottos, fields, and streams, and flow'rs.
Retirement, more than crowds, had learn'd to please;
For treach'rous Leisure feeds the soft disease.

There,

There, plastic Fancy ever moulds at will
Th' obedient image with a dang'rous skill;
The charming fiction, with alluring art,
Awakes the passions, and infects the heart.
A fancy'd heroine, an ideal wife;
I loath'd the offices of real life.
These all were dull and tame, I long'd to prove
The gen'rous ardours of unequal love;
Some marvel still my wayward heart must strike,
Or prince, or peasant, each had charms alike:
Whate'er inverted nature, custom, law,
With joy I courted, and with transport saw.
In the dull walk of Virtue's quiet round.
No aliment my fever'd fancy found,
Each duty to perform observant still
But those which God and Nature bade me fill.

Eliza (to Urania.) O save me from the errors of deceit,
And all the dangers wealth and beauty meet.

Pastorella. Reason perverted, Fancy on her throne,
My soul to all my sex's softness prone;
I neither spoke nor look'd as mortal ought;
To Sense abandon'd and by Folly taught:
A victim to imagination's sway,
Which stole my health, and rest, and peace away:
Professions, void of meaning, I receiv'd,
And still I found them false—and still believ'd:
Imagin'd all who courted me approv'd;
Who prais'd, esteem'd me; and who flatter'd, lov'd.
Fondly I hop'd, (now vain those hopes appear,)
Each man was faithful, and each maid sincere.
Still Disappointment mock'd the ling'ring day;
Still new-born wishes led my soul astray.
When in the rolling year no joy I find,
I trust the next, the next will sure be kind.
The next, fallacious as the last appears,
And sends me on to still remoter years.

They

They come, they promise—but forget to give:
I live not, but I still intend to live.
At length, deceiv'd in all my schemes of bliss,
I join'd these three in search of Happiness.
Eliza. Is this the world of which we want a sight?
Are these the beings who are call'd polite?
Sylvia. If so, oh gracious Heav'n! hear Sylvia's prayer:
Preserve me still in humble virtue here!
Far from such baneful pleasures may I live,
And keep, O keep me, from the taint they give!
Laurinda. No love of Fame my torpid bosom warms,
No Fancy sooths me, and no Pleasure charms!
Yet still remote from Happiness I stray,
No guiding star illumes my trackless way.
My mind, nor wit misleads, nor passion goads,
But the dire rust of indolence corrodes;
This eating canker, with malignant stealth,
Destroys the vital pow'rs of moral health.
Till now, I've slept on Life's tumultuous tide,
No principle of action for my guide.
From Ignorance my chief misfortunes flow;
I never wish'd to learn, or car'd to know.
With every folly slow-pac'd Time beguil'd:
In size a woman, but in soul a child.
In slothful ease my moments crept away,
And busy trifles fill'd the tedious day;
I liv'd extempore, as Fancy fir'd,
As Chance directed, or Caprice inspir'd:
Too indolent to think, too weak to choose,
Too soft to blame, too gentle to refuse;
My character was stamp'd from those around;
The figures they, my mind the simple ground.
Fashion, with monstrous forms, the canvas stain'd,
Till nothing of my genuine self remain'd;

My

My pliant soul from Chance receiv'd its bent,
And neither good perform'd, or evil meant.
From right to wrong, from vice to virtue thrown,
No character possessing of its own.
To shun fatigue I made my only law;
Yet ev'ry night my wasted spirits saw,
No plan e'er mark'd the duties of the day,
Which stole in tasteless apathy away:
No energy inform'd my languid mind!
No joy the idle e'er must hope to find.
Weak indecision all my actions sway'd;
The day was lost before the choice was made.
Tho' more to folly than to guilt inclin'd
A dreat vacuity possess'd my mind.
Too old with infant sports to be amus'd,
Unfit for converse, and to books unus'd,
The wise avoided me, they could not hear
My senseless prattle with a patient ear.
I sought retreat, but found, with strange surprise,
Retreat is pleasant only to the wise;
The crowded world by vacant minds is sought,
Because it saves th' expence and pain of thought.
Disgusted, restless, ev'ry plan amiss,
I come with these in search of Happiness.

Urania. O happy they for whom, in early age,
Enlight'ning knowledge spreads her letter'd page!
Teaches each headstrong passion to control,
And pours her lib'ral lesson on the soul!
Ideas grow from books their nat'ral food,
As aliment is chang'd to vital blood.
Tho' faithless Fortune strip her vot'ry bare,
Tho' Malice haunt him, and tho' Envy tear,
Nor time, nor chance, nor want, can e'er destroy
This soul-felt solace, and this bosom joy!

Cleora. We thus united by one common fate,
Each discontented with her present state,

One

One common scheme pursue; resolv'd to know
If Happiness can e'er be found below.
Urania. Your candour, beauteous damsels, I approve,
Your foibles pity, and your merits love.
But ere I say the methods you must try
To gain the glorious prize for which you sigh,
Your fainting strength and spirits must be cheer'd
With a plain meal, by Temperance prepar'd.
Florella. No luxury our humble board attends;
But Love and Concord are its smiling freinds.

SONG.

I.

HAIL artless Simplicity, beautiful maid,
In the genuine attractions of Nature array'd;
Let the rich and the proud, and the gay and the vain,
Still laugh at the graces that move in thy train.

II.

No charm in thy modest allurements they find;
The pleasures they follow a sting leave behind.
Can criminal passion enrapture the breast
Like virtue, with peace and serenity blest?

III.

O would you Simplicity's precepts attend,
Like us, with delight at her altar you'd bend;
The pleasures she yields would with joy be embrac'd;
You'd practice from virtue, and love them from taste.

IV

IV.

The linnet enchants us the bushes among;
Tho' cheap the musician, yet sweet is the song;
We catch the soft warbling in air as it floats,
And with ecstacy hang on the ravishing notes.

V.

Our water is drawn from the clearest of springs,
And our food, nor disease nor satiety brings;
Our mournings are cheerful, our labours are blest,
Our ev'nings are pleasant, our nights crown'd with rest.

VI.

From our culture yon garden its ornament finds,
And we catch at the hint for improving our minds;
To live to some purpose we constantly try,
And we mark by our actions the days as they fly.

VII.

Since such are the joys that Simplicity yields,
We may well be content with our woods and our fields:
How useless to us then, ye great, were your wealth,
When without it we purchase both pleasure and health!

[*They retire into the Cottage.*

V

When age shall steal on me, and youth is no more,
And the moralist Time shakes his glass at my door,
What charm in lost beauty or wealth should I find?
My treasure, my wealth, is a sweet peace of mind.

VI.

That peace I'll preserve then, as pure as was giv'n,
And taste in my bosom an earnest of Heav'n;
Thus Virtue and Wisdom can warm the cold scene,
And sixty may flourish as gay as sixteen.

VII.

And when long I the burthen of life shall have borne,
And death with his sickle shall cut the ripe corn,
Resign'd to my fate, without murmur or sigh,
I'll bless the kind summons, and lie down and die.

Euphelia. Thus sweetly pass the hours of rural ease!
Here life is bliss, and pleasures truly please!

Pastorella. With joy we view the dangers we have past,
Assur'd we've found felicity at last.

Florella. Esteem none happy by their outward air;
All have their portion of allotted care.
Tho' Wisdom wears the semblance of content,
When the full heart with agony is rent,
Secludes its anguish from the public view,
And by secluding, learns to conquer too;

Denied the fond indulgence to complain,
The aching heart its peace may best regain.
By love directed, and in mercy meant,
Are trials suffer'd and afflictions sent;
To stem impetuous Passion's furious tide,
To curb the insolence of prosp'rous Pride,
To wean from earth, and bid our wishes soar
To that blest clime where pain shall be no more;
Where weary'd Virtue shall for refuge fly,
And ev'ry tear be wip'd from ev'ry eye.

Cleara. List'ning to you, my heart can never cease
To rev'rence Virtue, and to sigh for peace.

Florella. Know, e'en Urania, that accomplish'd fair,
Whose goodness makes her Heav'n's peculiar care,
Tho' born to all that affluence can bestow,
Has felt the deep reverse of human woe:
Yet meek in grief, and patient in distress,
She knew the hand that wounds has pow'r to bless.
Grateful she bows, for what is left her still,
To HIM whose love dispenses good and ill;
To HIM who, while his bounty thousands fed,
Had not himself a place to lay his head;
To HIM who, that he might our wealth insure,
Tho' rich himself, consented to be poor.
Taught by his precepts, by his practice taught,
Her will submitted, and resign'd her thought,
Through faith, she looks beyond this dark abode,
To scenes of glory near the throne of God.

Enter URANIA, SYLVIA, ELIZA.

Urania. Since gentle Nymphs, my friendship to obtain,
You've sought with eager step this peaceful plain,
My honest counsel with attention hear,

Tho'

Tho' plain, well meant, imperfect, yet sincere;
What from maturer years alone I've known,
What time has taught me, and experience shewn.
No polish'd phrase my artless speech will grace,
But uneffected candour fill its place:
My lips shall flatt'ry's smooth deceit refuse;
And truth be all the eloquence I'll use.
Know then, that life's chief happiness and woe,
From good or evil education flow;
And hence our future dispositions rise;
The vice we practise, or the good we prize.
When pliant Nature any form receives,
That precept teaches, or example gives,
The yielding mind with virtue should be grac'd,
For first impressions seldom are effac'd.
Then holy habits, then chastis'd desires,
Shou'd regulate disorder'd Nature's fires.
If ignorance then, her iron sway maintain,
If prejudice preside, or passion reign,
If Vanity preserve her native sway,
If selfish tempers cloud the op'ning day.
If no kind hand impetuous pride restrain,
But for the wholsome curb we give the rein;
The erring principle is rooted fast,
And fix'd the habit that thro' life may last.

Pastorella. With heartfelt penitence we now deplore
Those squander'd hours, that time can ne'er restore.

Urania. Euphelia sighs for flatt'ry, dress, and show:
Too common sources these of female woe!
In Beauty's sphere pre-eminence to find,
She slights the culture of th' immortal Mind:
I would not rail at Beauty's charming pow'r,
I would but have her aim at something more;
The fairest symmetry of form or face,
From intellect receives its highest grace;

The

The brightest eyes ne'er dart such piercing fires
As when a soul irradiates and inspires.
Beauty with reason needs not quite dispense,
And coral lips may sure speak common sense;
Beauty makes Virtue lovelier still appear;
Virtue makes Beauty more divinely fair!
Confirms its conquest o'er the willing mind,
And those your beauties gain, your virtues bind.
Yet would Ambition's fire your bosom fill,
Its flame repress not—be ambitious still;
Let nobler views your best attention claim,
The object chang'd, the energy the same:
Those very passions which our heart invade,
If rightly pointed, blessings may be made.
Indulge the true ambition to excel
In that best art—the art of living well.
But first extirpate from your youthful breast
That rankling torment which destroys your rest:
All other faults may take a higher aim,
But hopeless envy must be still the same.
Some other passions may be turn'd to good,
But Envy must subdue, or be subdu'd.
This fatal gangrene to our moral life,
Rejects all palliatives, and asks the knife;
Excision spar'd, it taints the vital part,
And spreads its deadly venom to the heart.

Euphelia. Unhappy those to bliss who seek the way,
In pow'r superior, or in splendor gay!
Inform'd by thee, no more vain man shall find
The charm of flatt'ry taint Euphelia's mind:
By thee instructed, still my views shall rise,
Nor stop at any mark beneath the skies.

Urania. In fair Laurinda's uninstructed mind,
The want of culture, not of sense, we find;

Whene'er

When'er you sought the good, or shunn'd the ill,
'Twas more from temper than from principle:
Your random life to no just rules reduc'd,
'Twas chance the virtue or the vice produc'd.
The casual goodness *Impulse* has to boast,
Like morning dews, or transient show'rs, is lost;
While Heav'n-taught virtue pours her constant tide,
Like streams by living fountains still supply'd.
Be wisdom still, tho' late, your earnest care,
Nor waste the precious hours in vain despair:
Associate with the good, attend the sage,
And meekly listen to experienc'd age.
What, if acquirements you have fail'd to gain,
Such as the wise may want, the bad attain;
Yet still religion's sacred treasures lie
Inviting, open, plain to ev'ry eye;
For ev'ry age, for ev'ry genius fit,
Nor limited to science nor to wit;
Not bound by taste, to genius not confin'd,
But all may learn the truths for all design'd.
Tho' low the talents, and th' acquirements small,
The gift of grace divine is free to all;
She calls, solicits, courts you to be blest,
And points to mansions of eternal rest.
And when, advanc'd in years, matur'd in sense,
Think not with farther care you may dispense;
'Tis fatal to the int'rests of the soul
To stop the race before we've reach'd the goal;
For nought our higher progress can preclude
So much as thinking we're already good.
The human heart ne'er knows a state of rest:
Bad leads to worse, and better tends to best.
We either gain or lose, we sink or rise,
Nor rests our struggling Nature till she dies:
Then place the standard of Perfection high;
Pursue and grasp it, e'en beyond the sky.

Laurinda.

Laurinda. O that important Time could back return
Those mis-pent hours whose loss I deeply mourn!
Accept, just Heav'n, my penitence sincere,
My heartfelt anguish, and my fervent pray'r!

Urania. I pity Pastorella's hapless fate,
By nature gentle, gen'rous, mild, and great:
One false propension all her pow'rs confin'd,
And chain'd her finer faculties of mind;
Yet ev'ry virtue might have flourish'd there
With early culture and maternal care.
If good we plant not, Vice will fill the place,
And rankest weeds the richest soils deface.
Learn, how ungovern'd thoughts the mind pervert,
And to disease all nourishment convert.
Ah! happy she, whose wisdom learns to find
A healthful fancy, and a well train'd mind!
A sick man's wildest dreams less wild are found
Than the day-visions of a mind unsound.
Disorder'd phantasies indulg'd too much,
Like harpies, always taint whate'er they touch.
Fly soothing Solitude! fly vain Desire!
Fly such soft verse as fans the dang'rous fire!
Seek action; 'tis the scene which virtue loves:
The vig'rous sun not only shines, but moves.
From sickly thoughts with quick abhorrence start,
And rule the fancy if you'd rule the heart:
By active goodness, by laborious schemes,
Subdue wild visions, and delusive dreams.
No earthly good a Christian's views shou'd bound,
For ever rising shou'd his aims be found.
Leave that fictitious good your fancy feigns
For scenes where real bliss eternal reigns:
Look to that region of immortal joys,
Where fear disturbs not, nor possession cloys:
Beyond what Fancy forms of rosy bow'rs,
Or blooming chaplets of unfading flow'rs;

Fairer

Fairer than e'er imagination drew,
Or poet's warmest visions ever knew.
Press eager onward to those blissful plains
Where life eternal, joy perpetual reigns.

Pastorella. I mourn the errors of my thoughtless youth,
And long, with thee, to tread the paths of truth.

Urania. Learning is all the bright Cleora's aim;
She seeks the loftiest pinnacle of fame;
On interdicted ground presumes to stand,
And grasps at Science with a vent'rous hand:
The privilege of Man she dares invade,
And tears the chaplet from his laurel'd head.
Why found her merit on a foreign claim?
Why lose a substance to acquire a name?
Let the proud sex possess their vaunted pow'rs;
Be other triumphs, other glories, ours!
The gentler charms which wait on female life,
Which grace the daughter and adorn the wife,
Be these our boast; yet these may well admit
Of various knowledge, and of blameless wit:
Of sense, resulting from a nurtur'd mind,
Of polish'd converse, and of taste refin'd:
Of that quick intuition of the best,
Which feels the graceful, and rejects the rest:
Which finds the right by shorter ways than rules;
An art which Nature teaches—not the schools.
Thus conq'ring Sevignè the heart obtains,
While Dacier only admiration gains.
Know, fair Aspirer, could you even hope
To speak like Stonhouse, or to write like Pope,
To all the wonders of the Poet's lyre,
Join all that taste can add, or wit inspire,
With every various pow'r of learning fraught,
The flow of style and the sublime of thought;
Yet, if the milder graces of the mind,
Graces peculiar to the sex design'd,

Good

Good-nature, patience, sweetness void of art;
If these embellish'd not your virgin heart,
You might be dazzling, but not truly bright;
Might glare, but not emit an useful light;
A meteor, not a star, you would appear;
For Woman shines but in her proper sphere.
Accomplishments by Heav'n were sure design'd,
Less to adorn than to amend the mind:
Each should contribute to this gen'ral end,
And all to virtue, as their centre, tend.
Th' acquirements, which our best esteem invite,
Shou'd not project, but soften, mix, unite:
In glaring light not strongly be display'd,
But sweetly lost, and melted into shade.

Cleora. Confus'd with shame, to thy reproofs I bend,
Thou best adviser, and thou truest friend!
From thee I'll learn to judge and act aright,
Humility with Knowledge to unite:
The finish'd character must both combine,
The perfect woman must in either shine.

Urania. Florella shines adorn'd with every grace,
Her heart all virtue, as all charms her face:
Above the wretched, and below the great,
Kind Heav'n has fix'd her in a middle state;
The dæmon Fashion never warp'd her soul,
Her passions move at Piety's control;
Her eyes the movements of her heart declare,
For what she dares to be, she dares appear;
Unlectur'd in Dissimulation's school,
To smile by precept, and to blush by rule:
Her thoughts ingenuous, ever open lie,
Nor shrink from close Inspection's keenest eye;
No dark disguise about her heart is thrown;
'Tis Virtue's int'rest fully to be known;
Her nat'ral sweetness ev'ry heart obtains
What Art and Affectation miss, she gains.

She

She smooths the path of my declining years,
Augments my comforts, and divides my cares.

Pastorella. O sacred Friendship! O exalted state!
The choicest bounty of indulgent fate!

Urania. Let woman then her real good discern,
And her true int'rests of Urania learn:
As some fair violet, loveliest of the glade,
Sheds its mild fragrance on the lonely shade,
Withdraws its modest head from public sight,
Nor courts the Sun, nor seeks the glare of light;
Should some rude hand profanely dare intrude,
And bear its beauties from its native wood,
Expos'd abroad its languid colours fly,
Its form decays, and all its odours die;
So woman born to dignify retreat,
Unknown to flourish, and unseen be great,
To give domestic life its sweetest charm,
With softness polish, and with virtue warm,
Fearful of fame, unwilling to be known,
Should seek but Heav'n's applauses and her own;
Hers be the task to seek the lonely cell
Where modest want and silent anguish dwell;
Raise the weak head, sustain the feeble knees
Cheer the cold heart, and chace the dire disease.
The splendid deeds, which only seek a name,
Are paid their just reward in present fame;
But know, the awful all-disclosing day,
The long arrear of secret worth shall pay;
Applauding Saints shall hear with fond regard,
And He, who witness'd here, shall there reward.

Euphelia. With added grace she pleads Religion's cause,
Who from her life her virtuous lesson draws.

Urania. In vain, ye fair, from place to place you roam
For that true peace which must be found at home:

Nor

Nor change of fortune, nor of scene can give
The bliss you seek, which in the soul must live.
Then look no more abroad; in your own breast
Seek the true seat of happiness and rest.
Nor small, my friends! the vigilance I ask;
Watch well yourselves, this is the Christian's task.
The cherish'd sin by each must be assail'd,
New efforts added, where the past have fail'd:
The darling error check'd, the will subdu'd,
The heart by penitence and pray'r renew'd.
Nor hope for *perfect* happiness below;
Celestial plants on earth reluctant grow:
He who our frail mortality did bear,
Tho' free from sin was not exempt from care.
Cleora. Let's join to bless that Pow'r who brought us here,
Adore his goodness, and his will revere;
Assur'd, that Peace exists but in the mind,
And Piety alone that Peace can find.
Urania. In its true light this transient life regard:
This is a state of trial, not reward.
Tho' rough the passage, peaceful is the port,
The bliss is perfect, the probation short.
Of human wit beware the fatal pride:
An useful follower, but a dang'rous guide:
On holy Faith's aspiring pinions rise;
Assert your birth-right, and assume the skies.
Fountain of Being! teach us to devote
To Thee each purpose, action, word, and thought!
Thy grace our hope, thy love our only boast,
Be all distinctions in the Christian lost!
Be this in ev'ry state our wish alone,
Almighty, Wise and Good, Thy will be done!

ODE TO CHARITY.

TO BE PERFORMED BY THE CHARACTERS OF THE PIECE.

I.

O CHARITY, divinely wise,
Thou meek-ey'd Daughter of the skies!
From the pure fountain of eternal light,
Where fair, immutable, and ever bright,
The Beatific vision shines,
Where Angel with Archangel joins
In choral songs to sing HIS praise,
Parent of life, Ancient of Days,
Who was ere Time existed, and shall be
Thro' the wide round of vast Eternity,
Oh come, thy warm celestial beams impart,
Enlarge my feelings, and expand my heart!

II.

Descend from radiant realms above,
Thou effluence of that boundless love
When joy and peace in streams unsully'd flow,
Oh deign to make thy lov'd abode below!
Tho' sweeter strains adorn'd my tongue
Than Saint conceiv'd or Seraph sung,
And tho' my glowing fancy caught
Whatever Art or Nature taught,
Yet if this hard unfeeling heart of mine
Ne'er felt thy force, O Charrty divine!

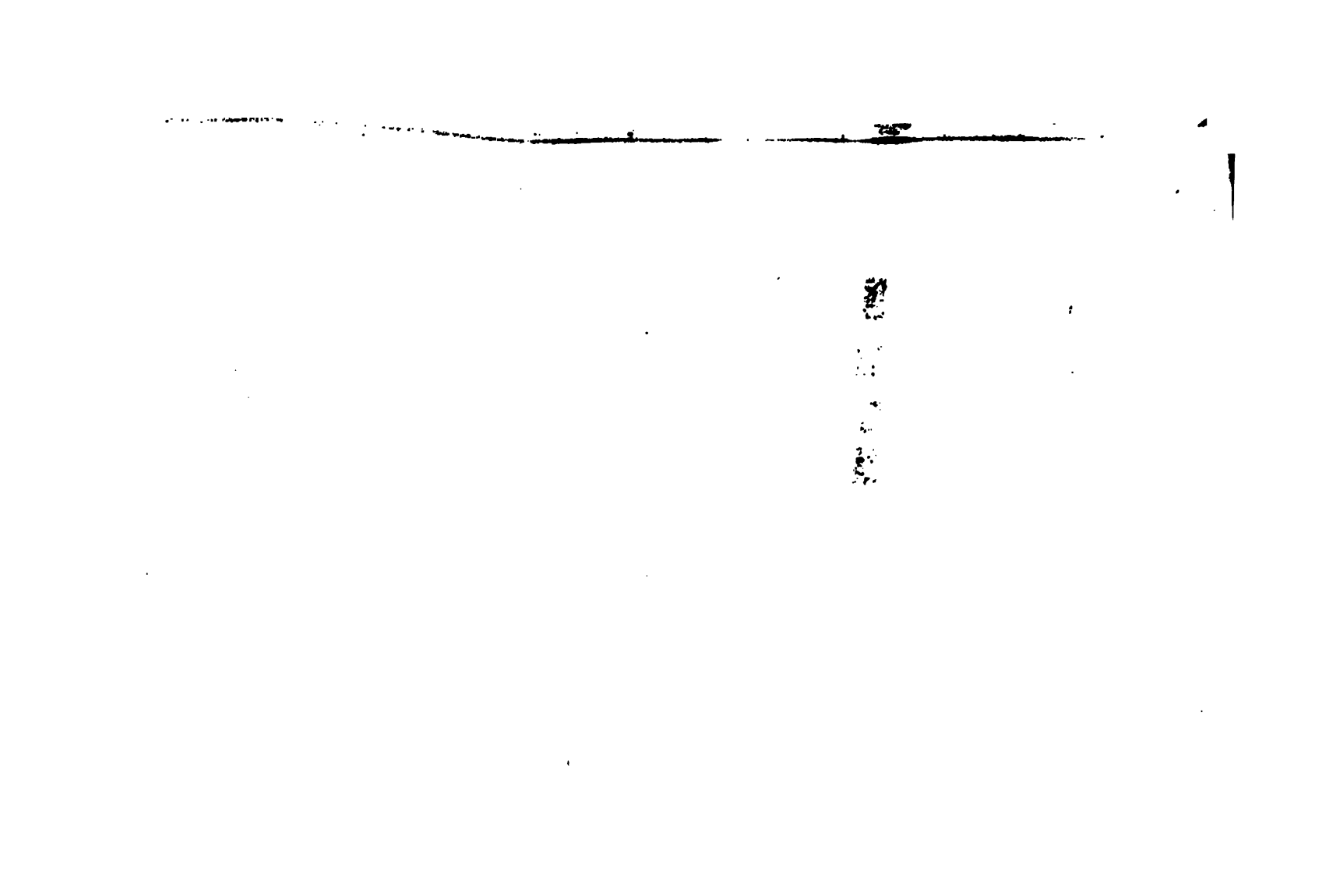
An

An empty shadow Science would be found;
My knowledge ignorance, my wit a sound!

III.

Tho' my prophetic spirit knew
To bring futurity to view,
Without thy aid e'en this would nought avail,
For Tongues shall cease, and prophecies shall fail.
Come then, thou sweet immortal guest,
Shed thy soft influence o'er my breast,
Bring with thee Faith, divinely bright,
And hope, fair harbinger of light,
To clear each mist with their pervading ray,
To fit my soul for Heav'n, and point the way;
There Perfect Happiness her sway maintains;
For there the God of Peace for ever reigns.

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



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